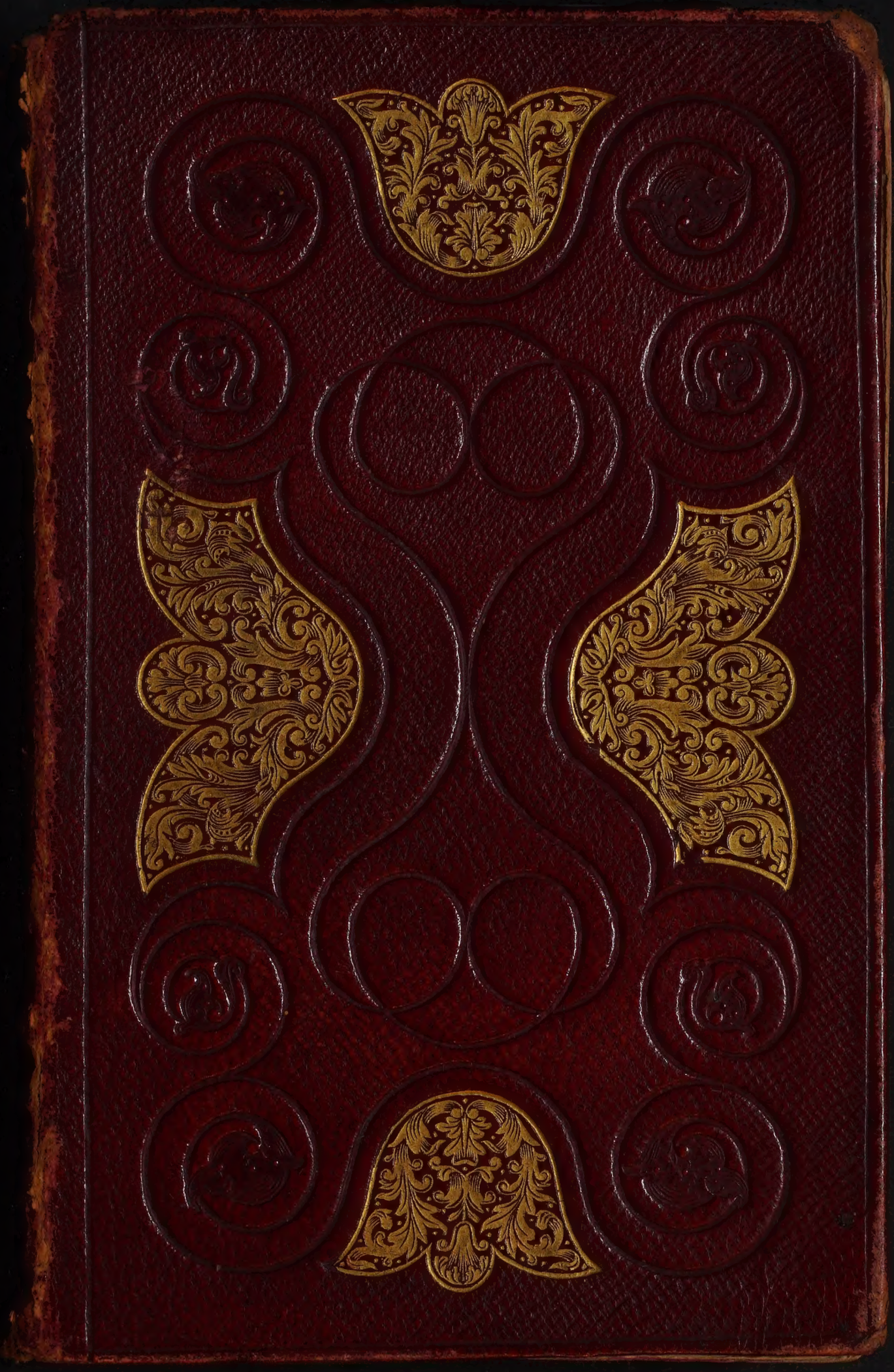

FORGET
ME
NOT.
1839

1839 Plates

Full roan binding

Presented
to

1839.

LONDON PUBLISHED BY ACKERMANN & Co

ALMERIA.

FORGET ME NOT;

A CHRISTMAS,

NEW YEAR'S, AND BIRTHDAY PRESENT,

FOR

MDCCCXXXIX.

Appealing, by the magic of its name,
To gentle feelings and affections, kept
Within the heart, like gold.
L. E. L.

EDITED BY

FREDERIC SHOBERL.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

Forget Me Not for 1839! ..... O yes, if we could number the hearts which each successive portion of this work has caused to throb with gladness; if we could calculate the kindly affections, the gratitude, the love, and all those charities which constitute the charm of social life, which it has tended to generate or to foster, as well as the delight which the contents of its pages have afforded, since its first appearance in the year 1822; well might we be forgiven if something of pride should mingle with the gratification which we cannot help feeling, when we consider that to our instigation its establishment was principally

owing; and that to us belongs some share in the merit of the happiness which it has been the means of dispensing! How long it may yet be our lot to co-operate in this agreeable duty we know not — but of this we are confident, that, whenever the connexion may cease, we shall be able to say, as at the present moment: We are not aware that the work contains a single expression or sentiment which we could wish expunged.

The Volume now before the Public calls for little particular remark. It will be seen that the fair American contributors whom we last year introduced to our readers have again favoured us with productions of their accomplished minds. To them, as well as to several valued correspondents at home, we have to apologize for omissions, which circumstances beyond our control have imperatively required, and for which in our next Volume we hope to make due amends.

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THE GENIUS OF WEALTH.

THE GENIE OF WEALTH.

I had just returned from Anatolia, and had gone to the bath in the Hali Khane Square of Constantinople. On my return, I sat down on one of the benches in front of the coffee-house, to enjoy my pipe and my cup. A dozen Armenians, Greeks, and Turks, were sitting grouped round a little Smyrniote, who was performing his part *à l'improviste*, for their amusement. Whatever his jests were, they were sufficiently pungent to stimulate oriental ears, for I never saw so many beards move so heartily:

> "Oh 'tis merry in the hall,
> When beards wag all,"

is the old song, but its reality is now to be looked for only among the sons of Islam, the gravest of all animals existing, the owl and the donkey not excepted. However, at last, the little Smyrniote — perhaps, thinking that he was rendering himself too amenable to that law of the Prophet which forbids that any true believer shall be made ridiculous before the infidel—

"tried a softer strain," a true Eastern romance; as the poet says:

> "He changed his hand; and now a lover flies,
> And now, the dear deserted fair one dies:
> How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
> No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love."

I obtained a sketch of his romance, which was of remorseless length, for the Turks are so little of Sheridan's opinion, that they think they can never have "too much of a good thing." I curtailed it, cut out all the apostrophes to Mahomet, the histories of the hero's private devotions, his regular ablutions; cancelled hymns enough to have worn out the lungs of a monk, and abolished raptures that would have raised a blush on the cheek of a prima donna. And here it is.

Blessed be the memory of Hassan ben Sadi, ben Achmed, ben Omar! May his bones lie undisturbed in the valley of peace, may his memory be green as the turban of the prophet, and may the fragrance of his fame spread round the world like the odour of the rosebeds of the Houries! He is gone; and we must follow: let it be our praise in the lips of our sons that we were like Hassan ben Sadi, ben Achmed, ben Omar.

Hassan was a camel-driver, the son of a camel-driver, the grandson of a camel-driver. One evening, as he was marching with his camels, laden with bales of Indian silk, along the terrible plains that stretch

from the shore of the Persian Gulph to Bagdad, the air became doubly hot; it rose in wild gusts, and rushed round him like blasts from a furnace. The blueness of the sky turned fiery red, the desert before him seemed to rise and swell like the sea which he had left behind, and the immense sweep of the sands seemed to be ploughed by a thousand shares. All was instantly tumult and terror. Hassan had seen the storms of the wilderness in other days, but the fierceness of the scene round him was terrible. The sands rolled up in sheets, that looked like clouds of flame in the air.

His alarm and astonishment were such as he had never felt till that moment. In three hours more he should have reached Bagdad, and in that city of delights, the "City of the Gardens," should have rested from all his labours. But, what power of earth was now to carry him through those three hours? The Angel of Darkness rode the howling wind. The Angel of Death was in the pillars of sand that in the glare of the sky looked as if they were molten iron. There, he thought, he must perish beside his camels, that lay on the ground with their lungs convulsed, their eyes straining on their master as if in reproach for their agonies, and their long howls echoing dismally through the storm.

But, in the midst of the tempest, a still wilder cry pierced his ear. Descending the side of a hill, a few hundred yards off, a company of horsemen had been

seen for some time cautiously threading their way among the rocks and brambles. But a column of sand suddenly burst upon them, and buried the troop in an instant. They could not have perished more utterly if they had been annihilated. Not a cry was heard; not a vestige of them was to be seen. Yet, at last, an arm was observed to push itself through the sand, and move wildly, as if the frame below was in the last convulsion.

Hassan, though fainting with the heat, was bold and humane. He struggled from the place where he thought that he had found his grave, to the pile of sand that lay like the tomb on his fellow man; caught the hand, drew the body to the light, and, after a long effort, and moistening the parched lips with the last drop in his watersack, gladly saw the stranger restored to sense and motion.

This had been the last fury of the storm. The wind, as if subdued by the will of the prophet, in compassion to a deed of mercy, sunk away. The desert grew calm, the sun threw a last gleam, and that gleam showed the minarets of Bagdad.

The search for life in the remainder of the troop was vain. They were found parched up as if they had been burned in a furnace. Hassan's camels lay dead; he had lost all that he was worth in the world! But he shared his bag of dates with the stranger, and side by side they walked onward in silence and awe to the gate of the city.

As they stopped under the shadow of its frowning battlements, Hassan's companion asked him how he meant to get his livelihood in future.

"I know not," was the answer. "I have but few wants. The desert was enough for my dwelling, and the camel for my camp."

"But," said his companion, "you have lost your camels, and, until you can bring back those with which you set out on this unlucky journey, you cannot return to your tents."

"Well, I must try to earn something by hiring myself out to the merchants of the city; and the man who can live on dates and water, whose bed has been the sand, and whose roof the sky, needs not be in much despair, even in cities."

"You are a philosopher," was the stranger's reply. "But, as even philosophers may be taken up by the city guard, and the most gallant of mankind may be severely bastinadoed unless he can give an account of himself, I recommend it to you to take this purse, and depend upon the love that all men bear to piastres and dinars."

But Hassan was bred in a school which pronounced kindness to the stranger the first of duties; and the young Arab would not stain his honour by taking the coin.

The stranger insisted, but all was to no purpose. At length the drum of the city guard was heard approaching the gate. In another moment it would be

shut. The stranger suddenly pushed the Arab within-side the gate, then, apparently pressing himself close to one of its pillars of black basalt, bade Hassan fix his eye on the evening star. The Arab gazed with habitual delight on the beautiful planet, which then shone with extraordinary lustre. When he turned his eye to the ground again, he was alone. His friend had vanished, but whether into the solid pillar, or into the air—whether he were a man, or one of the spirits that take upon them the shape of man—Hassan could not determine—he was gone!

It was now necessary to find a habitation. The night was magnificent, and Hassan had often slept with no other canopy than that which he shared with his camels; but the approach of the city guard who came on, striking the ground with the iron-shod ends of their lances, soon told him that he must submit to civilized life, and sleep in a hovel. He wandered through some of the obscure streets of Bagdad, where his first taste of society was furnished by a whole pack of dogs, famishing for food, and evidently much inclined to make their supper of the stranger. But Hassan's staff and stout arm kept his pursuers at bay, until he reached the door of a caravansera. There he entered, luckily found the fragments of some traveller's meal, a cup of water, and a corner to lie down in. "What more," said he, when refreshed by his meal, "what more can man ask, than dates, bread, a cup to drink, and a roof to shelter him!"

He wrapt his head in his cloak, and prepared to sleep; but sleep, that comes to the weary, seldom comes to the excited. The adventure of the day had put a fever in the Arab's blood. Before his closed eye, every incident of his perilous escape passed in rapid succession; and, between his extraordinary danger, the imaginative nature of that hour, when all is still but the mind, and the poetic temper of the sons of the desert, he found himself unable to get rid of the idea, that there was something supernatural in the whole event. The character of his strange companion assumed an additional strangeness; he remembered the singular dignity of his countenance, the decisive tone of his voice, the form whose majesty his simple clothing could not disguise, and, above all, his sudden disappearance. "Spirits and angels," said the Arab, "have visited men in old times, why can they not visit them still?"

With those impressions gathering on his mind, he at last fell into slumber, but there the whole world of imagination was opened on him. In his dreams he saw his companion, a palpable son of Paradise, descending on earth, to rescue innocence, to restrain the rage of the tempest, and to protect the humble alike from the violences of man and the inclemencies of Nature. He saw him riding on the wings of the tempest, which had destroyed his camels, and leading himself from the edge of the grave. In the thick coming fancies of the hour, he saw this descended

guardian lead his steps through life, protect him against evil, shower wealth upon him, propose the loftiest honours of the East, and finally place him on the throne of the Caliphs. All now was splendour and luxury; but the sky suddenly darkened, thunder roared, a flash of lightning struck the throne, the whole fell in ruins, and a gulph of unsearchable depth and darkness yawned at his feet.

Hassan opened his eyes with a cry of terror, and saw round him a groupe of Armenian merchants, whose place he had taken in the caravansera, and whose kicks and curses, when they found him there, had made the thunder and lightning of his dream. He sprang on his feet, and explained how he had come there. His bold form, which could have struggled with the tiger, made the Armenians recoil, but his handsome face and good-humoured smile soon conciliated them. They were about to leave Bagdad in the course of the day, and the Arab, expert in his vocation, was soon engaged to assist in loading their camels. This work employed him until evening: the merchants took their departure, and the Arab, richer by some piastres, returned with a bag of dates and a pitcher of water to his corner in the caravansera, which was now empty. But even in this day he had seen something of the luxuries of city life, and, after attending the merchants from the bazaar where they had purchased their goods to the coffee-house where they had taken their parting meal, Hassan felt by no means disposed to

set his customary value upon dates and water. However, hunger cannot wait to reason; he swallowed his simple supper, and wished that he had been born a merchant instead of a camel-driver. "What a miserable thing," said he, "it is, to have nothing but a naked floor to lie on, and dates and water for supper for ever!"

As he uttered the words, a slight sound near him made him raise his eyes; the moon was in her glory, and a broad stream of light poured into the chamber. In its central illumination stood the figure of the stranger. The light fell with such strong radiance on his turban and countenance, that Hassan was almost convinced at the moment of the reality of his dream, and that the stranger was a son of Paradise, come either for rebuke or for reward. He prostrated himself before him; the stranger spoke. "I have heard thy complaint. What wouldst thou?"

"Great Spirit!" said Hassan, still prostrate, "I ask for nothing but what will support life. I ask for a roof for my head, sandals for my feet, and a meal once a day."

"And with those thou wilt be content? How much money wilt thou require for them?"

"A piastre a day," was the answer of the Arab, "will supply them all." He heard a slight noise as of something falling on the ground.

"I will see thee again," said the voice, "on the Sabbath of the Prophet."

There was silence. Hassan in awe dared not raise his eyes for a while. He at length looked up — the chamber was empty, but close to his head lay a small purse of green silk; he eagerly grasped it; it contained seven piastres wrapt in a slip of paper, on which was written the well-known verse of the Koran. "He is rich who wants little; he is richest who wants nothing."

The Arab started from the ground in an ecstacy of delight. Seven piastres were a larger sum than he had possessed since he had been a camel-driver, but those were more than piastres—they were signs of the favour of Heaven. He determined to sleep no more in the caravansera. He instantly sallied forth, and, in a short time, found a chamber, in which there was a bed; and that night, at least, he did not lie on the floor. He arose with the dawn, went to look for work, obtained some, with the price of which he purchased food, and returned duly at night.

But even his new chamber did not altogether please him so much on the second night as it had done the first. He had worked during the day, carrying parcels from one warehouse to another, and in the rooms of the clerks he had seen tables, sofas, and other furniture, which made the naked walls of his dwelling seem doubly desolate. In the mean time, he had paid a piastre a day for his lodging, and his purse was rapidly sinking to the dregs. On the sabbath no work was to be done, and he spent the day in lamenting over his poverty.

"How hideous," said he, "are these walls, naked as the rock! A man might as well be in his grave as sit between these mounds of earth; yet, bad as they are, I am come to the last piastre. I was better off when I slept on the sands by the side of my camel."

The night had fallen, and the question with Hassan was, whether he should expend his last piastre to buy a lamp, or sit in darkness and save it for the morrow. Suddenly a gleam of light darted through a chink in the door, the door opened, and he saw a burst of dazzling illumination filling the cell. When his eyes had recovered from the sudden glare, he saw that the light proceeded from a singularly powerful lamp in the hand of the stranger. "Hassan," said he, in a voice of dignity, "I have heard thy complaints; what wantest thou?"

"Son of Light," said Hassan, bowing to the ground, "I am not worthy that thou shouldst behold me. Thy servant wants but that he should not perish within these damp and chilling walls. I ask but a divan to rest upon when I am tired, a table whereon to take my meals when I am hungry, a cup of milk for my refreshment, and fire when the dews have wet through my cloak!"

"Thou hast well said," uttered the stranger; "dost thou not want more?"

"Nothing in the world," was the answer.

"Well, then," said the stranger, "ask no more.

Those things shall be given to thee. But remember the verse of the Koran—

> 'To weariness the turf is a throne.
> To idleness the throne is but a seat of thorns.'"

As the figure departed, Hassan raised his head to follow the retreating steps of this being of power and dignity. He found beside him a heavy purse, with seven gold coins, wrapped in a slip of paper, containing the words of Hafiz—

> "To-morrow comes,
> To all men trouble;
> But to the fool sorrow,
> To the wise man wisdom.
>
> "To-morrow flies,
> To all men twenty-four hours gone,
> But to the fool a day lost,
> To the wise a day gained."

Hassan, perplexed by the warning, remained sleepless for a while, thinking on the morrow. But the purse was in his hand, and every man is soon reconciled to the future that begins by giving him a purse of gold. He placed it, with a care new to him, in the folds of his turban.

His dreams that night were strange and stormy. He thought that he walked out into the place of tombs, and that there, taking the purse from his turban, to delight his eyes with the sight of the coin once more, it suddenly swelled till it burst, and scattered the gold round it in all directions; that he had picked up all the coins but one, which continued to escape

from him in the most extraordinary manner; it sometimes rolled under his foot, at others slipped from his fingers when they were ready to close upon it; at other times sprang up, and whirled round his head in circles so rapid that they dazzled his eye. All the world knows the oddity of dreams, and that in sleep the mind never cares for realities. At length the coin rose high above his head, burst asunder, and in its centre showed a small spark of light, beyond all the brilliancy of a diamond. The spark increased, shaped itself into form, and, at length, instead of the coin, exhibited to Hassan a figure of exquisite beauty, with purple wings, floating high upon air, and a wand from which, whenever it touched the earth, a stream of gold seemed to pour. Its face was incomparably beautiful, but the words which issued from lips richer than all the roses of Cashmere were the reverse of flattering to his vanity.

"Hassan, you are a fool!" said the phantom.

In dreams we often have strange courage, and Hassan asked "Why?"

"Because you have time, money, and talent, the three things that give every thing to their possessors in this world. Which will you have, wealth, wit, or wisdom?"

"Wit," said Hassan.

"Blockhead!" said the phantom; "wits die for want of bread."

"Wisdom, then," said Hassan; "a wise man wants nothing but existence."

"Blockhead again!" said the spirit; "choose wealth, and you will have both wit and wisdom; or, if you have neither, the world will give you credit for both."

"Wealth, then," exclaimed Hassan.

No sooner had he uttered the words than he heard a clap of thunder. The moon seemed to be suddenly darkened by a cloud, and he heard a rushing sound like that of a remarkably heavy shower. In the next moment he found himself struck on all sides by a shower of metal. Coins fell round and upon him thick as hailstones. By the glimpse of light that remained, he could see that the first handful he took up was bright new-minted gold. His delight was unspeakable; he gathered it from the ground, stuffed his sash, his bosom, and his turban, with it. The shower still fell; he now grasped it in his hands — his hands could hold no more, he crammed it into his mouth; he must have gathered at least ten thousand pieces of gold. This, thought he, is enough to make me rich for life; but I shall never have such another chance. The shower still fell, and the gold had risen as high as his knees; his neck was weary with the weight of his turban; his hands could scarcely hold what they had already seized; he was, besides, nearly choked — but was he to lose the shower, which was coming down at the rate of thousands a minute? The gold had by this time risen up to his neck—in another moment it would have suffocated him. He was now in terror; the terror rose to agony, the blood burned in his brain;

his eyes were straining in their sockets; he was on the point of perishing. By a last effort, dropping the gold from his hands, and loosing his girdle, his robe fell off, and with one wild bound he extricated himself from the heap, but came out more naked than he went in. He heard another thunder-clap, opened his eyes, and found that he had fallen on the floor — in the violence of his agony he had overturned his crazy bed, and they had rolled down together.

It was now daybreak, and Hassan went to work as usual in the bazaar. A quantity of fine furniture, preparing for the Prince of Lahore, filled one of the chief stalls. "Dreams are for the night," said Hassan, as he looked at the crystal lustres, chests of exquisitely wrought ivory, and pearl-fringed curtains, for the summer pavilions of this luxurious sovereign. "If he had more legs or arms than I," said Hassan to himself, "or if he had wings and rode the clouds, there might be some reason for his having all those things, and my having none of them; but, as the matter now stands, for the soul of me I cannot discover why I should lie on sackcloth, while he lies on silk."

The consequence of those meditations was that, before sunset, Hassan had expended one half of the purse in furnishing his chamber. Day by day, as it was found that he was a purchaser, the dealers in second-hand divans, mirrors, and tables, helped him to discover that his chamber still wanted something which they alone could supply. At length the seven

zechins would go no farther, and it was just then that he found out that they had gone too far. The silks and gilding of his furniture, faded as they were, formed an intolerable contrast with the dark and rough walls. He had, besides, filled the chamber until he found it difficult to move. He now attempted to sell them back again, but the dealers refused to look at them, affirming that it was their business to sell, and not to buy. And as for others, the price they offered was so low, that he might as well have given them away.

The week closed on Hassan in bitter vexation. He had a chamber of his own, it is true, and that chamber handsomely furnished, and yet he was more unhappy than when he lay on the sands. On the eighth day, at sunset, he again saw his mysterious benefactor; he would have run to kiss the hem of his robe, but a forbidding gesture showed him that this august personage was not to be approached with impunity.

"What wantest thou?" said the voice.

"This furniture is thy bounty," said Hassan in awe, "but I have too late learned that it is too much for me, yet I cannot sell it; to destroy it would be criminal, and what is to be done?"

"I read thy thoughts," said the form; "thou wouldst have a house instead of a chamber."

"I must not call thee angel," said Hassan, "I dare not call thee man — but thou knowest the secret of the thoughts that I scarcely know myself!"

The stranger silently took from his girdle a purse,

laid it on one of the tables, and disappeared. Hassan sprang from the ground and grasped it; it contained a hundred zechins.

Daylight saw him on his feet, but he had scarcely made his morning ablutions, when he heard a crier pass through the street, saying that Ben Ali, the merchant, was going to India for a year, and wanted a tenant for his house. Hassan followed, was led to the house, a small but elegant building, in a garden of the suburbs, paid down fifty of his zechins on the spot for the year's rent, had his furniture removed to it instantly, hired a household, and that night slept under his own roof, master of a mansion. Half the new week was given up to the examination into all the advantages of his new purchase.

"Here," said the delighted master, "I am at my ease for life. A bath, a delicious garden, a summer apartment, with a fountain cool as the snows of the Caucasus, a winter apartment catching every ray of the golden south—I have now obtained every true enjoyment that wealth can give. For what can it give more than health, quiet, and comfort! Let the grand Mogul himself enjoy more, if he can."

He was sitting in full view of a brilliant sunset, on the fourth day, as he uttered those words for at least the four hundredth time. A keener observer might have found in the frequency of the repetition some growing doubt of the fact; for we seldom talk much of things where we are fully convinced. And on this

evening Hassan certainly repeated the reflection considerably oftener than before. The last repetition was rather ominously rounded with a prodigious yawn. To the astonishment of the philosopher, the yawn was followed by a peal of laughter. He had evidently been overheard. No man's feelings are much gratified by being turned into ridicule. But the laugh was evidently female, and what ridicule is so intolerable?

Hassan sprang from the marble kiosk where he had played the philosopher so unluckily, and glided in the direction of the sound. A lofty wall, which enclosed the gardens of his neighbour, once the Pasha of Erivan, prohibited his going further on his voyage of discovery; besides, the guards were vigilant, and curiosity is soon cooled where it may cost the curious his head. Hassan retired, strangely disconcerted, to his chamber; and, for the first time, began to think that fine houses and fine furniture ought by no means to satisfy the wishes of a man of taste, who was but twenty-five, and whom the mirror in which he now gazed with double interest declared to be a remarkably showy personage besides.

Morn rose on him after a feverish night, in which Mahomed's paradise, and the Sultan's dungeons, seemed alternately to pass before him, houries to smile with ineffable charms, and executioners to bastinado with indefatigable bamboos; the scenes closed with a marriage, in which he had led the Caliph's daughter to a palace, and, as he was approaching the bridal

chamber, was suddenly seized, sowed up in a sack, and flung into the Tigris. In desperate agitation, he had started from his couch, and rushed into the garden.

It was the loveliest of all hours, the daybreak of an eastern summer's day. Every rose breathed doubly delicious fragrance. The sky was a sheet of hyacinths. The air was a breeze of perfume, whose exquisite coolness reached the very soul. Yet, in the midst of this moment of peace, over which the very clouds of morn seemed to bend in calm delight, the voice of sorrow suddenly rose. It was the lamentation of woman for unhappy love. It soon sank in whispers, as if the spirit of the mourner was worn down. The Arab's native imagination awoke, his brain was on fire, and he pronounced, that the woman who sang with a voice so tender must be very young, very much wronged, and, in all probability, very pretty. He now listened with increased attention. To his astonishment he heard—what? Could it be his own name? He listened again—the fact was confirmed. It was now impossible to doubt that the weeper was a woman of taste. Yet there were as many Hassans in Arabia as coffee-berries on the trees in Yemen. The thought was perfectly correct and extremely mortifying at the same time. But patience must explain the mystery. Yet what a miserable comforter is patience?

During the rest of that day, he would have sold all the patience in the world for a single glance at the

matchless creature; for, that she was matchless who had pronounced his name with such unconscious melody, he could no longer have any imaginable doubt. Nightfall found him looking at the moon, a sure sign of a growing passion; and shaping to himself a hundred different forms of beauty in the air, the most beautiful of them all inevitably belonging to his love.

Again a sound struck his ear; the low thrilling of a lute accompanied a charming yet a timid voice. But the words were more charming still. They told to the shades of twilight, in the wild yet touching style of Oriental song, that 'the love of Hassan was the cause of the minstrel's sorrow; that his fame, his wit, and his beauty, were the wonder of all mankind, but fatal to her peace; that the cruelty of a tyrant had discovered her passion for the handsomest of men; and that she must weep like a fountain till her heart was dry, or melt in the glow of unrequited love, like the peaches of Trebizond before the blaze of the noon-day sun.'

To resist all this, Hassan must be more or less than man. He was neither. He sprang up an elm, which flourished in rich foliage over the wall; and, with the loss of his turban and the hazard of his head, he gained the battlement, and had a full view of the singer. His fancy had, for once, not deceived him. She was a Georgian, and extremely beautiful. The Georgian is to all other women of the East what the

Arabian is to all other steeds. She is the stateliest, the most elegant in form, and the most high-spirited. To rescue this loveliest of all possible Georgians from her captivity was worth fifty mansions, or five hundred pashas. While Hassan gazed, the Georgian continued alternately touching her lute, and raising her black eyes to the twilight, which now came slowly dropping its veil over the glittering sun-mists of the hills, like a velvet covering dropt over the jewelled ornaments of a Sultana's toilet; or the gold plate of a royal banquet, when the guests have departed, and the hall of feasting is still. He perceived that her quick glance had caught his, and he thought that a blush, lovelier than all the carnations of Damascus, glowed on her cheek. His whole fancy was in a flame. He gazed, unconscious of the time, the danger, and the twilight, until he was warned of the whole three by the discharge of a remarkably well loaded carbine, which rattled the branches of his tree round his ears, half choked him with a shower of falling leaves, and put the Georgian to flight at full speed.

Love is an excuse for silence, sullenness, and a propensity to hang or drown one's-self, in every corner of the habitable world. For the rest of the week, Hassan spent his hours in vain efforts to see the dark eyes of his divinity, and, of course, in despair. The sun of course lost its brightness, and the stars withdrew their light; the flowers were turned into weeds, and the peace that was to be found alone at the bottom of

the crystal river which flowed in front of his mansion became more and more the subject of his meditations.

The end of the week approached, and Hassan never longed so much for the coming of the benevolent yet grave minister of the Prophet, who had so often relieved his embarrassed soul. Yet what could either man or angel do for him now!

Hassan rose from a sleepless couch on the last morning of a week, which had been the most feverish of his existence. He lingered through the day, thinking that it would never be done.

But, if time hung heavily on his hands, it was sufficiently rapid with others. At sunset, all in his neighbour the pasha's palace was sudden uproar. His Highness had been convicted of making a fortune rather too rapidly even for Oriental tastes; the Caliph had accordingly ordered him to refund; the thing was impossible, for the lordly officer had spent the money as fast as he had raised it by the help of the bamboo. Justice is sometimes still more rapid in the East than fortune-making. Justice on this occasion grasped the house, the household, and the harem, of the delinquent; and the public crier was heard, half an hour after the announcement of the Pasha's exile, proclaiming the public sale, for the next day, of every slipper and slipper-wearer that he was worth in the world.

The night was stormy, and the tempest which had fallen on the Pasha was no imperfect emblem of the storm which swept over the luxurious groves and gar-

dens from which he had been driven. As Hassan roamed through the chambers of his mansion, thinking of things that rushed on his brain like the mingled torrents and whirlwinds that rushed from the skies, a flash of unusual brightness turned the darkness of the apartment into day, and showed him the stately figure of his visitant standing before him, and surveying his countenance with a fixed calmness of look, which seemed the result of long contemplation.

"You are unhappy," at length he broke silence. "Yet you have what thousands would envy, and what you never could have expected to possess."

"I am the most miserable of human beings," was the sudden answer of the Arab, with his dark eye turned on the stranger. "What are to me those trifles, a house, slaves, horses? What is life without society? what is youth without hope? what is man without wife, child, or kindred?"

"Were those among your original demands?" asked the stranger. "I thought that your wants were rather more simple; food, clothing, and shelter."

"What!" retorted the Arab. "Is life to consist of nothing but those? Is man to be no better cared for than the camel; or, rather, a thousand times worse? Are the mere appetites, the mere senses, to be all that we must supply? Is the mind nothing, the heart nothing? Is the one to sleep, and the other to be frozen, or are both to be famished? and then is man to be told that his happiness is amply provided for?

Spirit, Angel, or Genie, whatever thou art, give me the power of possessing but the one lovely being who has turned my soul into an inextinguishable fire, or take all. I was happier, immeasurably happier, before I ever saw thee."

The mysterious visitant frowned and turned his head as if to depart, but the Arab's feelings, though keen, were not ungenerous. He rushed after the retiring form, grasped the hem of his robe, and implored him with such eloquent distress to return, that he at length prevailed.

"I have tried thee, Hassan," said the stranger, in a stern tone; "I have supplied thy wants; they have continually multiplied; the desire of each new possession has made all the past worthless. What to-day is an enjoyment, to-morrow becomes a necessity. Abstain in time."

"But this once," exclaimed Hassan, with all the impetuosity of passion. As he spoke the words, a heavy purse fell on the ground at his feet. When he stooped to grasp it, the stranger had vanished.

The next day was one of universal animation in this quarter of Bagdad. The fall of the Pacha was an event which put all the great men of the city in motion; the populace followed the great men; and the sale of the Pacha's effects by order of the Caliph was a scene of jests, of scoffs, a struggle of bidders, and a triumph of rivals. The fallen find few friends any where, but in the East none; the word of the

Sultan is law, and those who share in the spoil easily find it justice. Hassan was, of course, first on the spot.

As each successive beauty of the harem was brought forward veiled, he was in a fever of expectation. At length the Georgian came. As the veil was drawn from her forehead, a general cry of admiration rose. The connoisseurs of Bagdad were never so much on the alert before. The great officers of the court pronounced her beauty to be worthy of the Caliph alone; the rich merchants immediately speculated on the prodigious per-centage which they were to make by transporting her to the court of some Indian king. She was certainly a superb creature, tall and stately, yet with all the flexibility and elegance of youth; her long hair, dark as the raven's plume; and her brilliant eye, flashing from under her finely-pencilled brow, like the morning star glancing from under the cloud of twilight.

Hassan was more madly in love with her than ever, yet to those who observed her beauties with a cooler glance, there was a haughtiness on her brow, and occasionally a slight curl of contempt on her lip, which showed that the spirit of the Sultana was there, under all the softness of the beauty. But the bidding began —it rose rapidly. Hassan, impatient of the delay, flung his purse into the hands of the Caliph's officer who presided at the sale; the officer poured its contents upon the table—it was a thousand zechins. All looked

at each other in astonishment, for all were appalled at the price. The great men, ashamed of being publicly outdone, glided one by one out of the hall. The merchants shook their heads at the extravagance of the young spendthrift, who had bid twice the market value of this tempting commodity; but the Georgian gave her purchaser a glance and a smile, for which he would have given the purse over again. The hall was now empty: Hassan led his brilliant purchase to his own home. To prevent the possibility of her being torn from him by the hand of power, he married her on the same evening, and the day closed in festivity.

For three days all was oriental amusement, but on the fourth, the wife began to exert her matrimonial privileges. The palace of the Pacha was still empty, and she had enjoyed its splendours too lately not to feel the contrast of her present dwelling. She discovered — that her husband's house was small, with but little elegance and no splendour; that his gardens were neither shaded enough for shelter, nor large enough for enjoyment. On the fifth day, she found "that her health was rapidly declining," and that a continuance of what she termed her confinement in that dungeon must endanger her life. Hassan at first deprecated, she pouted at the deprecation; he then argued, she frowned at the argument. He next remonstrated, and talked of a husband's authority; her bright eyes flashed at the remonstrance, and her tongue poured forth a stream of such eloquent indig-

nation, that Hassan, equally terrified and astonished, rushed out of the house; pondering as he roved through his gardens on the extraordinary haste with which men throw away their zechins, and the remarkable ill-luck with which they now and then throw themselves away after them.

The remainder of the week was past in mutual recrimination, at length amounting to a declaration of war on both sides; Hassan pronouncing that his mansion, such as it was, was infinitely too good for his wife, such as she was; that she should look upon herself as only too happy in escaping the tyranny of an old Pacha, overwhelmed with years and iniquities; and that she ought to thank her stars, for having found a young husband before she had lost all that made her tolerable — her beauty! The Georgian flamed tenfold at this; declared that, however old the Pacha might be, he was incomparably more captivating than his successor; that he was as generous as that successor was mean; and, as the finale, that, let what would come of the matter, she must have a house fit for her reception, or she would make him feel "that the daughters of Georgia, who were princesses in their own country by birth, and fit to be princesses in every other country by beauty, were not to be insulted by every low adventurer, who thought fit to bribe a Caliph's officer by money which he had probably gained on the high road."

On the last day of the week, the pair kept apart

from each other; the Georgian's eyes were red with angry weeping, and her cheeks were pale with fretted passion. Hassan roamed about the house, with his turban pulled over his brows, biting his lip, and gloomily wishing that his wife would come to her senses, or that his zechins would come to him again. The last evening of the week found him roving along the bank of a small but deep stream, which, after watering his gardens, poured itself into the Tigris. "One plunge," said he, "and all would be over. I have now bound the chain upon myself for life, I have committed the last act of human imprudence with my eyes open. What if Fatima is beautiful, the tiger is beautiful, but its beauty disappears before its teeth and claws. The poisoned flower may be beautiful, but who will touch it, when to touch is to die? I cannot call upon my good Genie — he warned me, I disdained his warning. And I am undone!"

The passions of the Oriental belong to his climate; they are hot as its sun, and wild as its whirlwind. Hassan started from the spot where he had bequeathed his spirit to the Prophet, and made but one bound to the bank of the stream. In another instant, he would have been in its depths, but a strong hand grasped his robe. He turned indignantly, and dagger in hand. It was the stranger who had seized him! The Arab, abashed, and overwhelmed with this new proof of a presence which he now believed to be unceasing, however invisible, cast his eyes on the ground.

"If you had made that plunge," said the stranger, "you would have wanted no more mansions, money, or wives, but you would have wanted — what is of more importance than any of the three — common sense, common courage, and common virtue. But I shall not upbraid you now. The power of Beauty is irresistible, and the wise man can as little resist it as the fool; but the wise man avoids the temptation, the fool solicits it."

"I feel it all," exclaimed Hassan. "Beauty is the serpent, and it is too late to shrink from the poison, when the fangs are in our heart. The lightning is brilliant, but it is too late to fly to shelter, when the flash has struck the brain. The diamond hilt of the dagger will not cure the wound inflicted by its blade. Genie, I have been mad, but I have now recovered my senses. Leave me to die."

"What is thy new want?" said the stranger.

"A want so extravagant," was Hassan's answer, "that I dare not name it before thee. What less than a palace could please a woman born with the haughtiness, pride, and ambition of a Sultana!"

The stranger's large dark eye cast on him a glance of compassion, and something of a smile was seen upon his severe lip. The customary purse was dropped at his feet, and he retired. Hassan would have followed to thank him for this rescue from utter ruin, but a gesture of the hand drove him back, and in the next moment he was alone. With a palpitating heart he

opened the purse; it contained a larger sum than he had ever before received, and with it a paper, containing these words:—"To-morrow the palace of the Pacha is to be sold. Purchase it, and try if happiness consists in gilded roofs, pompous gardens, and the cares of riches."

"The precept is incomparable," thought Hassan, in the joy of the moment. "But the experiment is incomparable, too. If riches fail to give happiness, it is when they fall into the hands of fools. They command all things except wise men, and wise men command them." He hastened to communicate to his wife the intelligence that he was about to purchase the palace. The Georgian's indignation was softened at once. Her magnificent eyes no longer blazed with resentment; her cheek no longer displayed the alternate paleness and hectic of thwarted domination; she flung herself into his arms, dropped her snowy brow upon his bosom, and over their supper of sherbet and peaches recounted the splendours, luxuries, and delights of those stately halls of her late master, which were so soon to be in possession of him, whom she ardently pronounced to be the most delightful, handsome, and generous, of husbands!

The morrow had scarcely come, when the purchase was made; and the purchase was scarcely made before the Georgian had run through every chamber, examined every jewel cabinet, and scolded every slave in the vast and glittering mansion.

All this was charming, till it grew tiresome. And it must be acknowledged that there are few things of which one grows sooner tired than of looking at huge rooms and fine furniture. In forty-eight hours, every apartment had been examined, every fountain had been set playing, every musical clock had performed its tunes; and the superb Georgian had found that there was no novelty in doing the same thing over again for the tenth time.

On the third evening, supper was ordered in an exquisite apartment overlooking the gardens. The hour was delicious, the cool air breathed in loaded with living fragrance, the nightingale performed the serenade to the rose. "Is not all this delightful?" at length said Hassan, after a lapse in the conversation which had lasted a considerable time.

"Very!" said the Georgian, with an incipient yawn.

"There is no hour so touching as this, when all nature seems sinking to repose," said the husband, suiting the action to the word, and stretching his fine form along the sofa.

"You are quite right, my love; the air itself seems remarkably sleepy," said the wife, with a yawn of the most undisguised kind.

The evening was enlivened with a dance by the slaves, a song on the lute, and a moonlight walk to hear the nightingales pouring out a whole concert among the pasha's bowers of roses. But the charm

was fairly worn out, and the fair Fatima pronounced against another day's solitude, as a matter utterly beyond the patience of any woman not absolutely bed-rid.

Hassan explained the disadvantages of attempting to invite guests of whom they knew nothing; of giving banquets for which they had neither money nor credit; and giving themselves an infinity of trouble only to be laughed at in the first instance, and put in jail in the second. But he explained to no purpose whatever. He was certainly a rather languid advocate on the point; and his wife, calmly, but resolutely, insisting that they should live in solitude no longer, Hassan spent the next morning in sending his slaves to invite all the leading personages of the city to a feast; while the fair Fatima superintended the preparations.

Evening came, and the fair Fatima, having inspected her form in the largest mirror in Bagdad, settled the matter with herself, that before that mirror stood the handsomest face and figure in the dominions of the Caliph. But Hassan, having inspected the banquet, was terror-struck by its splendour. He saw in it not merely the expenditure of his last coin, but a prison in the perspective. But it was now too late to murmur; and, drest in a sumptuous costume from the pasha's wardrobe, he followed his brilliant wife into the hall where they were to be so soon restored to all that was showy in society. But the hours passed, and not a turban was to be seen but their own. Mid-

night came, but all was solitude. The high personages of the city, the pashas and officers of the court, the emirs and Beys, had evidently scoffed at the presumption of an upstart daring to expect the honour of their presence. The banquet stood untouched, and the scene closed in Fatima's giving a curtain lecture of remarkable length and pungency, on her own ill luck in losing the most magnificent of pashas to be sold to the most pitiful of renegadoes, and on the intolerable insolence of Hassan's attempting to monopolise a woman whose beauty was worthy of the Caliph's throne.

The unfortunate Arab was totally overwhelmed by this species of attack. It was quite clear that his attempt to act the great man had failed. Next day the city rang with laughter at the absurdity of his banquet, and the effrontery of presuming that the nobles of the Caliphate would stoop to honour with their presence an adventurer of whom the world knew nothing. He hid his head in shame. But his wife had found out her talent for domestic eloquence, and, with a force which made her ill-omened husband wish that he had been born without ears, she gave him the opinions of a wife in the tone of a sovereign.

Two days of this trial fortunately brought the week to an end. A third day would have seen Hassan in the bottom of the Tigris. As the time approached when the visits of the mysterious stranger had been hitherto made, the Arab felt at once an anxiety be-

yond all that he had ever felt before to disburden his mind to him, and an unusual dread of his presence.

The twilight came, but not with the soft serenity which makes it the loveliest hour of the East. The sky was turbid with vast ridges of heavy clouds; wild gusts swept the cedars that shaded the marble kiosks of the pasha's gardens, broad shafts of lightning shot from cloud to cloud, and the Tigris, swelled by the torrents of rain, roared and swept along, covered with surges and foam. Hassan, fevered with anxiety, rushed out of the palace, and took a strange delight in encountering the uproar of the elements; but the storm suddenly increased to such intensity, that even his daring courage was shaken, and he attempted to take shelter in a mosque which, partly temple and partly tomb, had been the burial place of a long line of Pashas. But he was too late. As he reached the threshold, a burst of thunder, and a broad sheet of lightning, striking at the same moment, seemed to envelop him in flame; he saw the mosque reel backward and forward in the shock for an instant, and, in the next, found himself buried in the ruins, and thought that all his earthly cares were over.

How long he remained in this swoon he knew not, but, on awaking, he found himself lying on a sofa, with a female of singular loveliness watching over him. At his first movement she retired. As he looked round the spot where he lay, his dazzled and disturbed senses conceived that he had at length reached the

place of Moslem rest, that the earth had been left behind, and that he was in paradise.

The chamber was a pavilion of the most delicate yet rich materials; curtains of green silk waved gently to let in the aromatic breeze; flowers of the richest luxuriance seemed to cover the ground wherever he glanced beyond the pavilion; a light, which seemed to his eyes lovelier than moon or star had ever given, showed the faint outlines of groves, lakes, and mountains; and shapes, clothed in all that he had ever imagined of celestial splendour, were seen moving singly or in groupes through endless ranges of pavilions, that glowed as if they were built of solid pearl topaz, and diamond. But the strangest source of this brilliant illusion was in the recollection of that countenance which had hung over him, and vanished like a spirit in the instant of being seen.

It was just one year since Hassan had seen that countenance on earth, and seen it swept from him by the angel of death. It was just one year since he had been the most devoted lover in his tribe, had been on the point of becoming the husband of the loveliest girl of that tribe; and had, to his agony, seen her and her camel swept away in an attempt to cross the Tigris after a storm like that which had so lately overwhelmed himself. All search had been in vain. The camel was thrown up dead on the shore, Esme's veil and shawl were found floating on the waters; and there all trace was at an end. But Hassan was con-

vinced that he had now found her, where the spirits of love and beauty are alone to be found — in paradise. Transient as the glance was, it revived all his passion at the instant. What were the haughty captivations of the Georgian, or the luxuries of earthly opulence, to the loveliness which had first thrilled his heart, and was now where anguish, distrust, or coldness could come no more!

But while he gazed on the splendours around him with the mystic raptures of a vision, he was suddenly wrapt in darkness, and heard the well-known voice of the stranger.

"Hassan," said the solemn tones, "what wish hast thou still ungratified? The pasha is dead. His pashalik awaits the disposal of the Caliph. Speak the word, and it is thine."

The whole picture of power instantly offered itself to the Arab's mind. Once pasha, he should accomplish every desire. The nobles of Bagdad, instead of insulting him by their refusal, would crowd to his halls; his talents, of which he had begun to conceive a high idea, would find a field for their display. "The world was still a showy world, and the man who threw away fortune deserved to see it abandon him for ever."

For a moment the flame of ambition dazzled his eyes, and he was about to pronounce the final acceptance of the superb offer. He had actually bent the knee before the dim outline of the stately figure,

which now began to grow on the darkness; when the thought of his Arab maiden rushed on his mind.

"Mighty being," he exclaimed, "whether thou treadest the earth or comest from the clouds, whether thou art wise among the wisest of the sons of men or bringest wisdom from the stars of heaven — hear the humblest of thy slaves!" Strong emotions, of a nature which he had never felt before, checked his voice. Life seemed at once to have assumed a new colour. His mental eye had acquired a new faculty of discovering the truth of things. Even the stranger's majestic form grew more majestic, as, with one hand uplifted and bearing a wand, it appeared to be preparing some high ceremony of incantation.

"Deliberate well, son of the dust, before thou refusest pomp, pleasure, and power," were his words.

"Will they give love?" murmured the awe-struck Hassan. "Will they fill up the vacancy of the heart? will they give contentment? will they cool the fever of ambition? will they make me happier than I was, when, with the woman I loved by my side, I wandered along our valley, lord of nothing but a tent, a camel, and a contented mind?"

"Think of the pashalik!" repeated the solemn visitant. "Think of the command of armies, of the adoration of the multitude, of the troops of slaves, of the jewelled courtiers, of the popular shout, of the splendid banquet, of the matchless harem; of being the envied, the honoured, the dazzling, and the renowned!"

"Demon!" exclaimed the Arab, starting upon his feet, "tempt me no more; I know thee now. Terrible was the hour when first I met thee. Storm and death, the rage of the elements, and the power of the grave, were the fit harbingers of that temptation which has driven me on from one wild wish to another, and held me in a chain of perpetual cravings, perpetual disappointments, and perpetual torture. Begone! I will be tempted no more. Let me but be as I was on the fatal day when first I saw thee."

"The pashalik!" repeated the stranger, in a still more powerful tone.

"Fiend, begone!" was the single outcry of Hassan; who, at the same moment, felt his arms pinioned, bandage flung over his mouth, his head wrapped in a thick covering, totally divested of the power of seeing or struggling, and hurried away, he knew not whither.

After what he conceived an interval of some hours, he found this wild progress suddenly stop. He heard the sound of funereal music, the chant of voices mingled with the yell of slaves, and scented the heavy odours of incense. The coverings were taken from his eyes, and he found himself lying under a vast canopy, curtained with huge folds of black velvet. A faint light quivered through a lofty hall, round which stood slaves with their heads bent upon their bosoms, and all the costume of oriental mourning for one of the great men of the land.

Bewildered at the sight, Hassan gazed awhile, in doubt whether all were not but another portion of his dream; but, when he attempted to rise, a burst of horror, mingled with astonishment, swelled through the hall; he sprang from the sofa, and all was instant flight, the lamps were struck down in the confusion, all was darkness once more, and Hassan, in still deeper perplexity, remained fixed to the spot, until he should recover his faculties sufficiently to unravel this most mysterious of all his adventures.

But, in feeling his way round the vast chamber, he touched a door, which gave way before him. What there met his wandering and delighted eye? That door opened on a landscape, bathed in the purple beauty of twilight; the sun was shedding a flood of rose-coloured light from the west, and in the softened radiance shone a cottage, embowered with all the fragrant fruitage of the eastern garden. Every feature of that cottage was familiar to his eye; but, as he gazed with enjoyment such as he thought he was never to feel again, he saw a form gliding through the thicket of flowers and moving towards him. With an exclamation of delight, he sprang forward, and found that the lovely vision was no shape of air, that his Arab maid was restored to him, was in his arms, was breathing out her joy in sighs a thousand times more eloquent than words, and weeping those tears which happiness sends from the heart — Hassan had found life, love, and his cottage, restored at the same instant.

When he could at length find words—"Light of my soul!" he exclaimed, raising the blushing girl's face from his bosom, that he might behold its beauties with new rapture; "my Esme, what beneficent angel, what bounty of the Prophet, has brought thee back to life and me?"

The lover's speech was broken short by a loud laugh. He looked up indignantly: the mysterious stranger was looking down from an arbour immediately above his head. "Thank the Prophet for something else, Hassan," said he; "for this was my doing. Come, no prostration; I am neither angel, nor magician, nor even the demon, which you did me the honour to think me so lately. I am but a man after all, and have to thank you for a new and amusing display of human absurdity."

"What art thou, then?" said Hassan, partly resuming his self-possession.

"Every thing and nothing, as it may happen," was the answer. "I am fond of originals, and you struck me as one of the oddest of them. Chance threw us together—chance made some of the adventures that drew you out; the rest owed themselves to whims of my own."

"Am I dreaming or awake? is all this magic or reality?" asked the astonished hearer; then, throwing his arm round the slender waist of Esme—"But here at least is no deception. This is true woman, true beauty, true delight!"

"Oh, beyond all question," was the stranger's reply. "The girl is beautiful, loves you, is worth all the heart that you have to give, and is worth a hundred Georgians besides."

Hassan's cheek coloured, and Esme fixed the darkest pair of eyes in all Arabia on him with an inquiring look.

"To prevent any further inquiries on that point," said the stranger with a smile, "the Georgian is gone, exactly twenty-four hours since. She had, like nine-tenths of her charming sex, a remarkable fondness for rank, so, as the pasha of Tripoli was passing her palace, she ran off with him; he is only old enough to be her father, but she will be the wife of a pasha; he is a human baboon, a superannuated blockhead, a toothless tyrant, but she will be the wife of a pasha!"

"But why supply me with such sums of money, why indulge all my follies, why plunge me into one absurdity after another?" asked Hassan.

"I give you a woman's answer, yet the true one. It was my caprice. I wished to see how far man would go in pursuing his eagerness for possession, and leaving his happiness behind. I should have gone further still, and tried my experiment on human nature to the last extreme, but for the thunder-storm which had so nearly put an end to all your oddities, and which, by accidentally throwing the woman of your heart in your way, showed me that you had a heart. The thing is so rare that it was worth respecting, and,

after having discovered that you were not altogether a fool, I amused myself again by assisting you to become a sage. Besides, you had saved my life, and I owed you something. You are now in the gardens of the Caliph Omar."

"Generous and noble being!" exclaimed Hassan, "while the Caliph has such men in his dominions, well may he be called the most illustrious prince of mankind. And who art thou?"

"The Caliph Omar."

Ximenes.

HOPE AND DEATH.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

Hope is a legacy the Dead bestow
On us who mourn their quick and early flight;
It whispers comfort in Affliction's night,
And, like the angel at the Saviour's tomb,
Sheds heaven-sent light upon our mortal gloom!

Death marks his prey when least they think of him;
He rushes, like a lion, from his lair—
The blooming cheek grows pale, the bright eye dim,
And the brow darkened with a wild despair.
We shudder with a sense of mortal pain—
We weep, as if our tears could wake the dead;
—Then white-robed Hope descends: "Ye meet again
In the far clime where those ye mourn have sped!"

THE STARS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Make friendship with the Stars.—
Go forth at night,
And talk with Aldebaran, where he flames
In the cold forehead of the wintry sky.
Turn to the sister Pleiades, and ask
If there be death in heaven? a blight to fall
Upon the brightness of unfrosted hair?
A severing of fond hearts? a place of graves?—
Our sympathies are with you, stricken Stars,
Clustering so closely round the lost one's place.
Too well we know the hopeless toil to hide
The chasm in love's fond circle—the lone seat
Where the meek grandsire, with his silver locks,
Reclined so happily—the fireside chair
Whence the fond mother fled—the cradle turn'd
Against the wall, and empty—well we know
The untold anguish, when some dear one falls.
Too oft the life-blood, trickling from our hearts,
Reveals a kindred spirit torn away.

Tears are our birthright, gentle sister train,
And more we love you that like us ye mourn.

Belted Orion! with thy lion-shield!
What tidings from the chase? what monster slain?
Runnest thou a tilt with Taurus? or dost rear
Thy weapon for more stately tournament?

Fair queen Cassiopeia! is thy court
Well peopled with chivalrous hearts, that pay
Due homage to thy beauty? Thy levee,
Still is it thronged as in thy palmy youth?
Is there no change of dynasty? no dread
Of revolution 'mid the titled peers
That age on age have served thee? Teach us how
To make our sway perennial in the hearts
Of those who love us, so that, when our bloom
And spring-tide wither, they, in phalanx firm,
May gird us round, and make life's evening bright.

But thou, oh Sentinel, with changeless eye,
Guarding the northern battlement of Heaven,
For whom the seven pure spirits nightly burn
Their torches, marking out, with glittering spire,
Both hours and seasons on thy dial-plate;
How turns the storm-tost mariner to thee!
The poor, lost Indian, having nothing left
In this his ancient realm — not even the bones
Of his dead fathers—lifts his brow to thee,

And glads his broken spirit with thy beam.
The weary caravan, with chiming bells,
Making strange music 'mid the desert-sands,
Guides, by thy pillared fires, its nightly march.
Reprov'st thou not *our* faith, so oft untrue,
To the Great Pole-Star, when some surging wave
Foams o'er our feet, or thorns beset our way?

Speak out the wisdom of thy hoary years,
Arcturus! patriarch! monarch of the train,
That gather radiance from thy golden urn.
We're but of yesterday — short-sighted sons
Of this dim orb, and all our proudest lore
Is but the alphabet of ignorance:
Yet, ere we trace its little round, we die—
Give us good counsel, ere we pass away.

Lyra! sweet Lyra! sweeping on with song,
While glorious summer decks the listening flowers,
Teach us thy melodies; for sinful cares
Make discord in our hearts. Hast thou the ear
Of the fair planets that encircle thee
As children round a hearth-stone? Canst thou quell
Their woes with music? or their infant eyes
Lull to soft sleep? Do thy young daughters join
Thine evening hymn? Or does thine Orphean art
Touch the warm pulses of thy neighbour stars
And constellations, till they higher lift
The pilgrim staff, to run their glorious way?

Hail, mighty Sirius! monarch of the stars!
Whose golden sceptre subject worlds obey.
May we, in this poor planet, speak to thee?
Thou highest dweller in the highest heaven,
Say, art thou nearer to His throne, whose nod
Doth govern all things? Hear'st thou the strong wing
Of the archangel, as it broadly sweeps
The empyrean to the furthest orb,
Bearing Heaven's watchword? Knowest thou what report
The red-haired Comet, on his car of flame,
Brings the recording seraph? Hast thou heard
One whisper through the opening gate of heaven,
When the pale stars shall fall, and yon blue arch
Be as a shrivell'd scroll? Thou answerest not!
Why question we with thee, Eternal Fire!
We, frail and blind, to whom our own dark moon,
With her red phases, is a mystery?

Back to the dust, most arrogant! Be still!
Deep silence is thy wisdom! Ask no more!
But let thy life be one long sigh of prayer,
One hymn of praise, till, from the broken clay,
At its last gasp, the unquenched spirit rise,
And, unforgotten 'mid unnumbered worlds,
Ascend to Him from whom its essence came.

Hartford, Connecticut. (U.S.)

THE SIEGE.

THE SIEGE.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"THIS morning, Reinhold Dort, the money-changer, was found dead in his bed."—

"Yesterday, Helena Hecht, the fair young wife of Peter Hecht, the clothier, in the market-place, was taken from him."—

"Old Abraham, the apothecary at the Elephant, is gone too."—

"And the pretty babe of Martha Gratz."—

"And the burgomaster's page."—

"And Gottfried, the blind beggar at the western gate."—

"Shame! shame!" cried twenty voices in according chorus, and some frowned their discontent, and some idly shook their clenched hands above their heads.

"Ye are bold citizens, to cry thus out on death, and death's works," said a young man, who, leaning against a door, listened with thoughtful face to the tragic gossip of the talkers.

"Death's works!" exclaimed one of the knot; "marry, yes—death and the governor."

'And the governor? A money-ringer of three-

score and odd sleeps into death; a young wife defies the doctors; the man of rhubarb finds all physic vain; a baby dies teething; a beggar of eighty needs at last a grave; and all these deeds," cried the young man, with a contemptuous laugh, "ye lay upon the governor!"

"And on none but him," replied one of the crowd; and a shout from his fellows approved his answer. "On none but him. There is no hope of relief for the city."

"How know you that?" calmly asked the youth.

"I—I have no hope," said the man doggedly.

"Happily, Simon Holzkopf, though, as I believe, the quickest tailor of your quarter, the safety of the city rests not upon you. It may be saved, though you have lost all hope."

"And we are to behold our wives and children fall down dead before our faces!" cried Simon; "hear ye that, my masters? we are to starve, and starve in silence too!"

"The governor, I doubt not," cried another of the crowd, "finds patience in his larder."

"I saw him yesterday," said a third, "and it made my blood boil to see how sleek and fat he looked. Ha, Simon! I wish that you and I, and every honest burgher among us, had no more than a lark for every capon swallowed by his governorship since the siege—only one mouthful of sour wine for every quart he has taken of the best Rhenish."

"Ay, ay," cried the tailor, and he clutched his jerkin, "our clothes would hang with better credit to the makers, eh, Master Caspar? for I think I have seen the day when your feathers have been finer, ay, and have shone upon plumper limbs. That's hardly the leg of Martinmas last," and Simon Hólzkopf glanced askant at the attenuated figure of the young man, who had braved the displeasure of his fellow-townsmen by advocating the policy of the determined governor.

"Never heed the leg, Simon," said Caspar airily, "it may dwindle to a rush, still my heart shall not be too heavy for it."

"And is there no hope of a capitulation? will the governor not relent?" asked more than one of the mob.

"Another week—only another week—'tis said, he purposes to keep the enemy out.—If, by that time, no succour comes—"

"It matters not," cried an old man, "what banner floats upon our walls, since death, death will be at all our hearths."

"Men!" exclaimed Simon Holzkopf, "shall we endure this? Shall we drop into our graves, whilst the pampered governor——"

"Down with the tyrant!" shouted the mob, and Simon, animated by the cry, proceeded in his oration.

"Whilst the pampered governor feasts upon the best? What cares he for our shrieking babes, our

weeping wives?—he, gorged with the fat of the earth, drunk with the wine of——"

"Peace, fool!" cried Caspar, and, at his indignant voice, the eloquent tailor stood suddenly silent with open mouth; "peace—this is no hour to babble falsehood, foolish at any time, most base and wicked at a time like this. We have all suffered—all must suffer; not one throughout the city but has felt the fierceness of the war. In every place has hunger had its victims."

"The nuns of St. Ursula have eaten their grey parrot," exclaimed Hans Potts, an idle wag, known to many of the mob; and, whilst some laughed at the sally, some, condemning it, called out for Caspar to proceed.

"Not one among us," cried the young man, "hath fared more hardly than the governor. You—you, Simon Holzkopf, who know every dish upon the governor's table, every flask of wine in the governor's cellar, tell me the dainty that he fed on yesterday. You cannot guess—no; it is too rich, too costly, for your simple apprehension—you cannot dream of such a rarity! Fellow townsmen!" and young Caspar turned for a moment from the abashed Simon to the still increasing crowd, "you remember the holiday at Easter last? The governor rode through our city, and feasted with the merchants at their hall. The horse he sat a king might have backed—a beautiful, a glorious thing, a creature that scarcely touched the

earth — an animal of perfect frame and blood. You all remember how your eyes were fixed upon it, and the brute, as conscious of its beauty, pranced to your shouts. Yesterday the governor dined off that horse; with the meanest of his men he drew lots for a choice morsel of that noble steed."

"A burgomaster's wife," cried Hans Potts, "has made a roast of her monkey. Hard times, my masters, when the siege sends our best friends to the spit!"

"Silence, hound!" exclaimed an old man; "is this an hour to fling about your sorry jests, when those we love are dropping dead around us? Peace, mummer! Speak you truly, Caspar? is the garrison so straitened?"

"Go you to the walls—ask not of me," replied the youth; "go, and behold the sight I've quitted; if that convince ye not, hang up the governor, and call in the foe."

"What sight? what sight?" roared the mob.

"Famine feeding on a thousand men — burly soldiers, shrunk almost to skeletons; their flashing, hopeful eyes deep set, and flickering with a horrid glare; their manly cheeks pinched in with want; their hearty, jocund voice sunk to a hoarse whisper; their gallant bearing changed to slow decrepitude; their looks of victory to the blank stare of coming death."

"Horrible! horrible! down with the governor!" exclaimed the crowd.

"They suffer this, but suffer nobly," cried Caspar; "not a murmur, not a look of treason to the stern will of him who rules them. Martyrs to the glory of their arms, they stand resolved—come what will, they have sworn with the governor to hold the citadel another week."

"Glory! a pretty word, i'faith! Shall we dry our wives' eyes with it? will it fill our children's bellies?" cried one of the crowd.

"I trow they've something more toothsome than glory for supper," said a second; "or does the governor's lady and his delicate daughter feed off the insipid dish? If so, 'twill spoil their pretty looks." A derisive shout followed this remark, and again the crowd called for vengeance on the governor.

"Let's to the citadel!" cried fifty voices, and "To the citadel!" hallooed the mob. With the words, the crowd rushed onwards, but soon halted in their course.

Many paused, as they avowed, to reconsider their determination; the greater part slunk home; and when, at length, the discontented townsmen halted at the outer gate, few were to be seen save the half-dozen immediate partizans and admirers of Simon Holzkopf and Hans Potts. Whether they demanded instant audience of the governor, at the time surrounded by his family, gazing wistfully from the walls for expected succour, or whether, contented with his stern answer just rendered to the civic authorities then in the garrison, they held their peace, the archives of

the city give no note. Quitting the discontented, self-dubbed deputies, let us return to the hero of our story, Caspar Brandt.

"And the good widow, Caspar?" asked the old man who had rebuked the wit of Hans Potts, and who, on the flight of the crowd, walked slowly towards the market-place with the youth; "these are sorry times for necessities like her's; how fares she?"

Caspar answered not — strove with manly strength to repress the emotion; but a deep groan burst from his lips—he paused, and quivered like a struck reed.

"Caspar—Caspar Brandt!" cried the old man, and caught the youth in his arms. "Blessed Virgin! what ails the boy?"

"Nothing — nothing; a sudden faintness, nothing more;" and Caspar, with a sickly smile, pressed the old man's hand.

"By all the saints! your hand burns like heated stone. Come—come to my house—I have yet half a cup of wine, that, for the love of old times, for the grateful thoughts I bear your mother, kind in the days of misery and death to me and mine, shall be spared you. Tell me, how fares the widow?"

"Sick, Master Martin, sick almost to death," answered Caspar. "For two months she has kept her chamber—for two months has been almost helpless. Still, her state brings this poor comfort with it; she knows not the extreme misery of the town—knows not the bitter suffering of her friends and neighbours."

"And her wants, Caspar? Alas!" cried the old man, "affliction has made me selfish — steeled my heart to old acquaintance, else I had sought you long since. Now, Heaven help me! I can do nothing. Her wants — how are they supplied?"

"She needs but little, of the simplest kind, and that—Heaven be thanked!—I have obtained, may still obtain, for her. She will die—she cannot wrestle with the sickness that consumes her; she will die!" repeated the young man, in a hollow, hopeless voice, and big tears started from his eyes, "but not — not with famine;" and, as he spoke, the youth clenched his hand, and trod the earth with new strength.

"Nay, her years give every thing to hope," said Martin. "At little more than seventeen—ah me! it seems but yesterday — she was your mother. And still she has kept her youthful face—still, in looks, has seemed no other than your elder sister."

"Ay, Master Martin, ay. God pardon me!" exclaimed the youth, and the tears poured anew down his cheeks, "God pardon me, and make me humble! but now—now I cannot think of losing her, and pray for meekness."

"Hope should be the young man's staff, as 'tis the old man's crutch," said Martin. "You will not lose her, trust me, no; the present troubles past, all will be well again. Come—in a half-cup of poor wine," said Martin, lowering his voice as he passed a passenger, who paused a moment, and leered with the

malice of keen want at the old man, talking too loudly of a priceless luxury, "let us, good Caspar, drink to better times. A half-cup, boy, a poor half-cup," and the old man sighed, as he paused at his threshold. Drawing the key from his pocket, he unlocked the door, and led the way into a house, where once comfort and heaped plenty gave a constant welcome. "Sit down, Caspar; your father has sat in that chair, when the roof quaked with the laughter of fifty throats — when Fortune herself served at the hearth, and seemed my handmaid. Well, well, the hearth is quenched now; the old, old faces are passed like morning shadows; the sweet, constant voices are heard but in my dreams; and I sit at my cold fireside, an old, grey-headed, solitary man. But come, boy, the wine!" and Martin took a small flask from a shelf. "What stirs you?" asked the old man, seeing Caspar start.

"Your pardon, Master Martin—is not that bread?" and Caspar pointed to a small loaf by the flask on the shelf; at the same moment a deep blush crimsoned the young man's face, and he sat as though detected in an act of shame.

Martin took the loaf, and, gazing in Caspar's face, a tear shone in the old man's eye, and his voice trembled as he spoke. "Is it so, lad? God help you! is it so?"

"Forgive me, pray, forgive me!" stammered Caspar.

"I have another," said Martin; "your mother was

the playmate of Margaret, my own bright girl — tended her in sickness — would, with the love of early girlhood, watch her in death; I tell you, boy, I have another," cried the old man with vehemence; "take it, and God increase it to you!"

"Never! I am not that sordid, selfish wretch to rob old age," cried Caspar, and he sought to reach the door.

"I tell you, boy, I have another," exclaimed Martin; "you hear? another," and he placed himself before the youth.

"Where is it?" asked Caspar; "make me see it; and so bitterly has the time wrung us, that, for her dear sake, I will, I must, despoil you."

"The loaf is—'tis—'tis locked up — the key in my chamber; I have wine — have feasted twice to-day," said Martin; but Caspar mournfully shook his head, and, hurriedly embracing the old man, attempted to depart. "You do not quit me thus," cried Martin, holding the youth. "Heaven forgive me! I knew not that things had gone so hardly with you. Hear me; to-morrow I have a new supply—a friend, an old, old friend has promised me. If, boy, if you would see your mother live, cast not away her life upon an idle form. Caspar Brandt, in the name of your dead father, whose spirit at this moment lingers at this hearth, share this with your father's friend." Saying this, old Martin forced the loaf into Caspar's hand, and broke it. "Now, boy, get you home," said

Martin, seating himself; "bear my good wishes to your mother, and leave me to my supper."

Again Caspar embraced the old man, and, swallowing a half-cup of wine forced upon him by the hospitable host — for surely hospitality was in that broken bread, that meagre vintage — hastened from the house. Martin, for the first time, tasted food that day, but he sat not in solitude at his deserted fireside, for he ate his crust, and drank his humble draught, with the spirits of the dead gathered about his board; and the dry bread became manna, and the wine a draught for saints.

Caspar hurried to a distant quarter of the city, where, at the commencement of the siege, he had secured an asylum for his sick mother; where, day and night, he had watched her sinking health. The rent of three small houses, bequeathed to her by her father, most frugally applied, had enabled the widow to support herself and child; but, since the war had closed about the city, all trade had ceased, debts were no longer paid, social obligations no longer respected or acknowledged. It had been the chief care of Caspar to disguise from his mother the extent of the calamities that pressed around them; and though, deceived by his filial tenderness, she knew not half the misery that threatened them — half the horrors raging in the city — she read with a mother's eye the haggard story written in her son's face: it was plain that he was sinking beneath the task of administering to her com-

fort, her repose. He had, on the day on which our story opens, been many hours from home; and the widow sat with a beating heart, and with a thousand thoughts of undefined danger busy in her brain, watching the declining rays of a spring sun. Every sound smote her soul with disappointment, for it was not Caspar's footstep. Thus she sat, until suspense became a torture, until, with her overwrought fancy, she had filled her chamber with phantoms of terror, until she was surrounded by a host of fears.

"Caspar! Caspar!" she shrieked, and sprang from her chair as the youth entered the house.

"Mother!" exclaimed the boy, and in a moment he stood in the chamber, embracing his parent.

"Now, God be praised!" cried the woman, "God be thanked, and may my doubts — the fears of a widowed mother — meet forgiveness! Oh, this is a blessing!" and the widow again caressed her son.

"Mother, how is this? Why did you rise to-day— and what is here?" and Caspar pointed to the widow's cloak, for the mother, worn with anxious watching, had resolved to seek her son abroad.

"You have stayed late, Caspar, very late," said the widow, evading an answer to his question—"very late. What has happened? what news from the walls?"

"We shall beat them yet, mother," said Caspar, with a forced smile; "fear not — still we shall have

merry days. The governor is strong in hope — we shall beat them yet."

"Alas! my boy, you are pale and weary — need rest and nourishment."

"A little rest, mother, only a little rest," said Caspar, "for to-day I have fared nobly with our old friend, Martin, of the market-place. I have drunk wine to-day, mother; and see, here is bread for supper," and the boy placed a portion of the loaf upon the table, and hastily quitted the room. Descending a staircase, he unclosed a door which opened into a little stone-paved court; a goat ran to him, and gambolled about him. Caspar, breaking the bread which he had received from Martin, gave it to the animal to eat. "Come what will," said the youth, looking mournfully upon the feeding creature, "come what will, you must not go supperless;" and Caspar, reserving only a small piece of the loaf for himself, gave the remainder to the hungry goat. He then, with new looks of cheerfulness, returned to his mother.

"Yes, Caspar," said the widow, "I feel that this misery will end — it would be wickedness to doubt it. Your love, your tenderness, my brave boy, must find the recompense of happy days. Such virtue cannot pass away unknown and unrewarded."

"I am rewarded, ten times overpaid, dear mother, by your fond words — your doting looks. There, you are better to-day, I am sure, much better; your voice is stronger—your eyes brighter," said the son. "Let

this hateful war once cease — let these horrid tumults end—this sickening, desolating want give place to old, familiar comforts, and you will be strong, be happy, once again."

"I am happy, Caspar—believe it, boy, profoundly happy. But for these times of peril I had never known my son. Good, gentle, and tender, I ever thought him, but I had not known his full nobility of soul, his generous contempt of wrong, his scorn of selfishness in selfish times."

"Mother!" cried the youth, blushing at the praise, and playfully placing his hand to her lips. As they sat, embraced in each other's arms, the still young and beautiful face of the widow, a face to which even sickness had added a soft and melancholy sweetness, and the flushed, animated, manly countenance of the youth, presented a picture of the purest love, the holiest affection, dignifying human hearts—the love of mother for her child, the answering devotion of child to parent. Never was maternal tenderness more exquisitely manifested — never filial duty more devoutly paid. Thus they sat, and Caspar, looking in his mother's face, taught himself to hope for coming health—never had she looked so sweetly beautiful. "Let the war be ended," he thought, "and all will be well again." With these new hopes Caspar rose, and, taking a small earthen vessel from a shelf, quitted the room. An hour and more had elapsed since the goat had taken her scanty meal, and Caspar was again

about to descend the stairs that led into the court, when he was startled by a loud, quick knocking at the door.

"Who knocks there? what seek you?" asked Caspar, his hand upon the door-bolt.

"Open the door, Caspar Brandt; we would speak with you," answered a voice without. "We are sent by the burgomaster: honest men fear not the magistrate."

At these words, Caspar drew the bolt, and opened wide the door. Instantly the passage was filled with the under-officers of justice. "Caspar Brandt," said one of them, "you must come with us."

"First tell me for what," answered Caspar, drawing back.

"That you shall know in proper season," said the officer; "in the mean time, you are our prisoner."

"Prisoner! Impossible! With what am I charged? What have I done?" asked Caspar.

"Tut, tut, you have heard the proclamation; for all your innocent looks, you know well the governor's orders; hark, my masters! do ye hear it?" and the officer pointed his staff towards the court, where the goat was at that moment heard to cry.

"Away with him!" exclaimed one of the officers, a gigantic burly fellow; and as he spoke he seized the youth by the collar, and suddenly dragged him into the street, where he was instantly surrounded by the guards.

"Be still, be patient, Caspar Brandt," said one of the officers; "for, if the people should learn your crime, they'll tear you piecemeal."

"Crime! crime!" cried the bewildered Caspar.

"The proclamation of yesterday makes your offence a fatal one. What! at a time like this, feed a beast with fine wheaten bread!—when Christian babes are withering with want, cast loaves to goats!" cried the officer. "But come, and take my counsel—come peaceably—the judge will hear you."

Caspar, conscious of the innocence, nay, of the goodness, of his intentions, resigned himself into the custody of his guards, and, assured that he could satisfactorily justify the seeming wastefulness condemned by the officer, felt confident of speedy liberty. His only anxiety, his only fear, was lest his mother had overheard the parley between himself and his captors, lest his sudden absence from the house should cause her new alarm. As he was led to the justice hall, the following crowd continued to increase, and with eagerness inquired the offence of the prisoner. At length one of the guards — he had been roughly handled by Caspar when hauled into the street — dropped a few malicious hints to two or three earnest inquirers, who were not slow to piece out an ample enormity wherewith to charge the culprit. The story ran from mouth to mouth, losing nothing as it went.

"Oh! the monster! feed cattle with bread! nourish dogs on loaves, and men and women perishing with hunger!" cried one.

"Dogs!" exclaimed a second, "feed dogs! I doubt not he hath somewhere a whole pack of hounds, fat and sleek with food stolen from Christians."

"Ha! ha!" shouted Simon Holzkopf, "and this is the rare fellow, who preached patience to us this morning; who gave us a sermon on the goodness of starvation. Look at the villain, townsmen—did ye ever see so stout, so burly a rogue, filled to the lips with the fat of the land?—but that is not enough; 't is not sufficient that he must lard his own stomach, but he must rob the poor to feed his beasts."

"What said the proclamation?" asked another; "the governor's proclamation of yesterday?"

"What said it?" echoed Hans Potts; "why, it said death to all who should keep a dog, a cat, nay, so much as a linnet, to consume the food that Christian lips are white for. And you heard the knave this morning talk of the dinner of the governor. Well, he forsooth must keep a pet goat — ay, must run away from schooling us, to throw I know not how many loaves to his pretty favourite. Well, well, if there 's justice left in the city, we shall see a hanging-day!"

"To the gallows with him!" cried a dozen voices, and the cry was immediately taken up by the whole crowd. "No trial! to the gallows with him!"

The crowd increased, and the shouts for vengeance on the unfortunate Caspar became loud and incessant. The square before the justice hall was filled with the multitude, whose roaring voices pealed through the building.

"Let the governor judge the prisoner; the governor's proclamation makes him guilty. Let the governor

be judge," said the burgomaster, unwilling to bear the obloquy, which, in better times, would be certain to rise against him, should he condemn Caspar.

"The people cry for his death," said an officer; "we had hard work to keep him from their nails."

"Ay, but let the famine cease, and the same people will curse the judge who sentenced him. Let the governor, who makes such laws, execute them; to the garrison with the prisoner!"

Such were the words of the burgomaster, who with his officers had that morning vainly endeavoured to move the governor to capitulate, and who now sought to aggravate the evils of his obstinacy. "Hang a man for keeping a milch goat!" said the magistrate. "No; again I say, since the sword makes laws, let the sword execute them. Take your prisoner to the garrison."

"The prisoner, Caspar Brandt, to the gallows!" again rose from the crowd, and rang through the hall.

"Take him through the western passage, and so you will avoid the mob," said the magistrate: and Caspar — who had now resigned himself to certain death — was led away to the garrison, the hall still echoing the cries and curses of the multitude, who, when they learned the escape of their victim — or, we should rather say, his brief reprieve — followed, hallooing and shouting, to the walls, their rage redoubled by disappointment.

The governor, his officers, their men-at-arms, were

speedily assembled, and Caspar Brandt, with pale yet unclouded and undaunted brow, stood before his judge.

"Young man," said the governor, "I am sorry for you; but these are times when the duty of the citizen becomes religion. Did you not hear the proclamation?"

"Ay, my lord," said Casper, calmly.

"And braved it? I am sorry for you. The penalty is death."

"I am prepared to die," answered Caspar, "and yet—yet——"

"Speak," said the governor, "and boldly. If there be any doubt of your guilt—nay, if there be the slightest—"

"My lord," interrupted one of the officers, "we have brought testimony sufficient. Room there," and the officer beckoned to one of his followers, who, making his way through the crowd, flung from his back the carcase of the slaughtered goat.

Caspar sprang like a hound upon the fellow. "May the hand wither," he exclaimed, "that did this!" and, when again seized by his guards, his eyes fell upon the slaughtered animal, he burst into tears, and, covering his face with his hands, groaned, "Mother! dear mother!"

"This is no time to cast bread to beasts. Let the prisoner have a confessor, and then," and the governor paused, surveying the youth with looks of pity, "and then despatch him."

"Here 's Father Franz," said the officer, as an old

monk broke through the crowd, and, without a word hurrying to Caspar, embraced him.

"My son! my dear son! Oh, my lord governor, what would you with this youth? A nobler creature, a gentler soul, a youth in whom more virtuous gifts are mingled, lives not in the city. And here! a captive! What is his crime?" asked the monk.

"Look there, father," said the governor, and he pointed to the dead goat. "You have heard the proclamation, you know the measures which our care for the common good imposes upon all."

"Mine — mine is the fault," cried the monk.

"Thine!" said the governor.

"This youth—he has a mother — yet a young and comely woman, but that is little — it is her goodness, her tenderness, her more than motherly affection for the brave lad, that have made him forfeit his life for her from whom he drew it."

"But your share in his fault?" asked the governor.

"I was his mother's confessor, and, when her means failed, her physician too; for, in my youth, I studied medicine, and hence the lowly poor — thanks to my saint—have often owned the value of my skill. As the rigours of the siege increased, the poor widow pined and wasted; coarse food she could not take — death seemed inevitable. Milk was her only nourishment — this poor lad sold all but his last garment to buy the goat, now slaughtered at your foot — from day to day, and week to week, unknown to his poor,

dying mother, deprived himself of needful food, that the animal, to him a sacred thing, since his mother's life depended on it, might not want provender —nay, when your proclamation was made known, dared to despise it, for a parent's life."

"I am sorry for him, most sorry," said the governor, with melting eyes, "but justice must be done. Father, prepare your penitent for heaven."

"My lord, grant me one prayer; I ask not for my life," cried Caspar, "you say 'tis forfeit, the cruelty of the times demands it—let it go; the sentence cannot stain my memory—let it go. But my mother—oh my lord! if ever your's were dear to you, protect mine when I am gone; save her from the sharp misery of——"

A piercing shriek was at this moment heard—a shriek of such wild agony, that the sternest soldier felt his heart grow cold at the sound. Another moment, and the wretched widow, nerved by desperation, burst through the crowd, and fell upon her son's neck. "Caspar! my own boy! my brave—brave——"

"O God! she 's dead!" exclaimed Caspar, as he beheld the white face, the fixed lips, of his motionless parent. The soldiers gathered about the mother and son, and a murmur of compassion rose from the crowd. The governor's wife and daughter had heard the tale, and flew to the spot to sue for mercy. Still, unconscious of the presence of all, save the one dear object, Caspar gazed on the pale features of the widow.—

"She 's dead—dead!" he uttered, in that cold, hopeless voice, that sounds of a broken heart.

"No, no, my son, her pulse beats," said the monk, "she breathes."

"Hark, hark!" exclaimed a soldier, and he leapt upon the wall—"the trumpets! our friends!" A loud hurrah rose from the garrison.

"Silence!" cried the governor, "I hear nothing;" and there was a profound pause, and the gloom of disappointment gathered on the faces of all men, who with hushed breath listened, their brows growing darker with the silence. Another second, and the trumpets came shrilly on the wind — shouts rose from the garrison, and a thousand weapons flashed from their scabbards.

"My lord, a sword!—let me—let me die there!" and Caspar, the monks having borne away his mother, rushed to the foot of the governor, and pointed beyond the walls.

"I grant your prayer," cried the governor; "and now, men, unbar the gates, and sally upon them; we have the foe between us."

Wild and joyous were the shouts with which the men rushed on the besiegers, who, hemmed between the two parties, were, after a fierce and sanguinary fight, utterly defeated.

Many were the deeds of valour done that day. Caspar fought as though he hungered for death: at least twenty of the foe fell beneath his maiden sword.

He returned to the city with the conquerors, and the next day appeared before the governor.

"My lord," said Caspar, "I am still your prisoner. I sought for death."

"And have found knighthood: I marked you on the field," said the governor, "am myself your debtor for a life. Kneel, and rise a valiant knight."

The filial piety, the bravery, of young Caspar became a famous story through the city. The fair daughter of the governor had heard from his mother's lips the history of her son's virtues, learned from her father the glory of his deeds, and, with her father's glad consent, became in after years the young knight's bride.

From the day of the battle the widow gathered health and strength, and lived to be a grey-haired matron, happy in her son's greatness.

In the cathedral of the besieged city, may be seen a monument, where, lying at the feet of a warrior in complete mail, is sculptured a young milch goat. That monument records the filial piety of Caspar Brandt.

THE FAMILY ALTAR.

A COTTAGE SCENE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

I saw a cradle at a cottage door,
Where the fair mother, with her cheerful wheel,
Carolled so sweet a song, that the young bird,
Which, timid, near the threshold sought for seeds,

Paused on his lifted foot, and raised his head,
As if to listen. The rejoicing bees
Nestled in throngs amid the woodbine cups,
That o'er the lattice clustered. A clear stream
Came leaping from its sylvan height, and poured
Music upon the pebbles; and the winds,
Which gently 'mid the vernal branches played
Their idle freaks, brought showering blossoms down,
Surfeiting earth with sweetness.

Sad I came
From weary commerce with the heartless world;
But, when I felt upon my withered cheek
My mother Nature's breath, and heard the trump
Of those gay insects at their honeyed toil,
Shining like winged jewelry, and drank
The healthful odour of the flowering trees
And bright-eyed violets—but, most of all,
When I beheld mild, slumbering Innocence,
And on that young maternal brow the smile
Of those affections which do purify
And renovate the soul—I turned me back
In gladness, and with added strength, to run
My weary race, lifting a thankful prayer
To Him who showed me some bright tint of heaven,
Here on the earth that I might safer walk,
And firmer compass sin, and surer rise
From earth to heaven.

Hartford, Connecticut, (U. S.)

THE SYBIL.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

Upon her head no diadem,
No sceptre in her hand,
Nor Tyrian purple shewed her there
A ruler of the land—
But star-crowned was that lofty brow,
And her lip wore high command.

None knew whence came that stranger,
Nor where her distant home,
Nor whom she sought, untended,
'Mid the armed bands of Rome.
But the boldest, at that hour,
Were as smitten by a power,
For they felt a sudden awe
When that queenly form they saw!

Three scrolls, of mystic might,
To the Roman king she took;

Large was the guerdon that she claimed
As the price of the triple book.*
A lip of scorn Tarquinius bore—
She quelled him by a look.

That thrilling glance had power,
Like a spell, on every one:
Quickly she passed away,
Ere they saw that she was gone.
With a charm she flung to earth
One book of prophet-worth—
The thunder spoke with a hollow roll
When the forked lightning burnt the scroll.

Again, with mien unmoved,
She sought the Roman king:
His warriors and his augurs old
Stood round him, wondering.—
"At the same price I claimed for all,
Two sacred books I bring!"

Rome's ruler did not heed
The treasure that she brought;
And, as before, the mystic maid
Evanished, like a thought.

* In truth, the Sybil carried nine books to the Roman king. The poem, however, was suggested by a fine painting (the production of a very clever Irish artist, named O'Keefe, who died in April, 1838), and this represented the Sybil with only *three* scrolls: it was considered better to follow the picture than the legend, where the difference was of no moment.

She passed, but none could tell
Where her stately footsteps fell;
And a murmur came aloud
From the terror-stricken crowd!

Long years have rolled their tide
Since her haunt the Sybil sought,
Where the fiery leven burnt the scroll
Beside the wood-crowned grot;
But the form, the face, the scene,
Art's magic here hath brought.

Thought, the mind's lord, is on that brow,
And pales that sunny cheek,
And presses down the lids that veil
The eyes whose glance can speak.
A troubled look of care
Doth that lonely Sybil wear;
But the stronger sense of duty came—
The second scroll is in the flame!

A third time on the Roman king
She fixed her searching eye—
He bent a lowly knee, and knew
Rome's guardian genius nigh;
He bent a lowly knee, and said—
"At any cost I buy."

A spell to him she told—
A spell of high command—

By which in that last book to read
The fortunes of the land.
She passed—*all* eyes saw now
The halo on her brow,
And tracked her heavenward flight afar,
By the lambent light of that radiant star!

Such is the legend.—Read it not,
Oh, worldling, with a frown:
And slight not what the hoary Past
To the Present hath brought down
On the deathless page that chronicles
Rome's deeds of high renown.

Too often, in the path of life,
The denizens of earth
Thus, like the Roman king, reject
Fair Wisdom's proffered worth.
With careless eyes they look
On her truth-revealing book,
And precious is the price they pay
When its better part is lost for aye!

SERENADE.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Sleep! sleep! if the visions around thee that hover
Are fair as the form thou hast veiled from my sight;
If bright as the orbs which thy soft eye-lids cover,
Or pure as the soul whence they borrow their light!

Oh, sleep! if the lone one who pours out his numbers
Through night's silent shade, where the stars dimly beam,
When thou from his sight art locked up in thy slumbers,
May once pass before thee, the thing of a dream!

But who will be near him when Morning is breaking,
And pours forth her splendour these shades to dispel;
To hail her returning, when thou art awaking—
Ah! who'll be with him of thy visions to tell?

For long ere the dawn is the orient flushing,
My feet will have passed from the turf where they rest;
To air far from this o'er my dewy locks brushing,
The sighs will be heaved that now burthen my breast.

I go! but thine image, my spirit attending,
Will still be before me to brighten the way;
Its light with the gloom of my loneliness blending,
Will scatter the night with the glory of day.

Farewell! while my bark in its frailty is tossing,
The sport of the billows, on life's stormy sea,
I little shall heed the rough waves I am crossing,
If my heart, as its pole-star, may still look to thee!

Newburyport, Massachusets. (U. S.)

SONG OF THE BURMAN LOVER.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

Oh! come with me, in my little canoe,
For the tide is high, and the sky is blue,
And the wind is fair, and 'tis sweet to row
To the isles where the mango-apples grow!

Oh! come with me, and be my love,
And for thee the jungle-depths I'll rove;
I'll gather the honeycomb, bright as gold,
And seek out the elk's most secret fold.

I'll chase the antelope over the plain,
And bind the tiger cub with a chain;
And a young gazelle, with silver feet,
I'll bring thee for a playmate sweet!

I'll climb the palm for the bya's nest,
And red peas I'll gather to deck thy breast;
I'll pierce the cocoa for its wine,
And twine thee posies, if thou'lt be mine!

Then come with me, in my light canoe,
While the waters are calm and the skies are blue,
For should we linger another day,
Storms may arise, and love decay!

THE BELLE SAUVAGE PLOT.

BY MISS LAWRANCE,

AUTHOR OF "HISTORICAL MEMOIRS OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND," &c.

"These things caused much alarm at the time, for there was, doubtless, an awful jesuitical plot in hand."

BISHOP BURNET.

ALTHOUGH during the reign of George the Second plots and conspiracies, if the assertions of the government papers and the prime minister might be credited, were "plentiful as blackberries;" still, excepting the outbreak of forty-five, they were all of that trifling, and, indeed, apocryphal character, that, while they served just to ruffle the monotonous current of every-day life, they produced no effect beyond. And truly in character with the age were its plots. That era of point lace and periwigs, of "vastly little" lap-dogs, "monstrously delicate" dragon-china, of flounces, furbelows, and flowered ducapes, was no age to witness the fierce daring of the "three-score young gentlemen of Portingale," who swore on their daggers to kill Elizabeth in open day; or that deadly plot of "barrels of gunpowder, wherewith to blow up both houses of parliament," for what could Guy Fawkes

himself have done in the cellar, if arrayed in long point cravat, double ruffles, and Ramilies tye-wig? So the plots of these days were carried on by the gentler agencies of scented valets, and soubrettes, and "little French milliners;" treasonable correspondence was transmitted inside the wrappers of arquebusade bottles, and Walpole and his trusty Paxton more than once sat in solemn deliberation over a case of contraband snuff-boxes, and French-mounted fans.

What the minister really thought of these plots, it may be difficult to say, but the shrewd Jacobites were accustomed to remark that Sir Robert Walpole was lucky even in them, since, whether the king was to be refused money, or the Commons urged to raise it, that magic word "Pretender," skilfully combined with "a horrid popish jacobite plot," was sure to work wonders; and, like the name of Cœur de Lion to the Arab war-steed, never failed to reduce the most refractory to obedience. This was the opinion of those, whose views were scouted by the vast majority, who saw in the prime minister the saviour of his country, and who, loud in their admiration of the Walpole administration, were unwavering in their belief of all and every plot, duly "set forth by authority." Among this majority nearly every citizen of our good city rejoiced to enrol himself, and, acting on the laudable maxim that "when bad men combine the good must associate," each city worthy, (save when taking stock, or family parties intervened) proceeded each evening, with newly-combed

wig and freshly-filled snuff-box, to his respective club, determined to smoke his pipe in honour of old England, and to toast with his whole heart the favourite minister, in the glass of punch which concluded his quietly industrious day.

It was at one of these clubs, held in a comfortable room, well furnished with "aids to reflection," in the pleasant forms of pipes, glasses, bottles, Daily Courants, gazettes, and huge china punch-bowls, that some of the most respectable inhabitants of Ludgate Hill were assembled, discussing the meaning of the following ominous paragraph, which had appeared that very morning in the Daily Courant.

"We have been credibly informed by an honourable gent, just come over from Ostend, that the Dutchess de B——i sent last week from Versailles, to a certain person whose *pretences* are well known, a *white rose tree* in a Dresden china pot, and that thereupon this worthy personage sent thirteen of them wrapped in *white* paper, and tied with *white* ribbon, to his chosen friends here. Lord C., and old Lord S., without doubt, had one, and we think if we asked at R. House we should find the *noble* owner had one, too. This honourable gent also saith that one is coming over by a *special* messenger to the old Dutchess of B. That suspicious persons are coming over, there is no doubt; a worthy skipper in the Cognac trade told us only last week, how they are casting cannon-balls at Strasburgh, and he also saith that two French officers

of the Carabiners are coming over to recruit in the Highlands, the which we the more believe, seeing that a Jesuit-like looking man came over to a place in Kent, which shall be nameless, and, after staying there two days, went away nobody knew where."

"There is something in *this*," said old Mr. Neville, the lawyer, laying down the paper. "I always said France would not long be quiet, but then what say you to this letter on the other side?—ah! it 's written by somebody who knows what he 's about."

Mr. Neville resumed his spectacles, and read with due emphasis the following high-sounding letter, addressed to the editor.

"To be prepared for danger is the proud prerogative of enlightened man, who, combining the lessons of the past with the anticipations of the future, can draw inferences therefrom, wherewith to regulate his future conduct. These considerations have induced me to take up the pen to urge upon my compatriots the necessity of strict adherence to the glorious constitution and the principles of 1688. Nor do I lift a warning voice in vain: mischief is at hand. The Gallic monarch, crafty and vigilant; the Pretender with his finger on the map of England; the Jacobites showing their faces in open day; and Alecto and her baleful sister furies about to rush forth from their darksome cave! Truly, in times like these, where might we look for help? were it not that we have at

the head of affairs that noble minister to whom we may well address that line of the great Roman poet, and say :—

'Nil desperandum, Teucro duce et auspice Teucro.'"

The high-sounding phraseology of this delectable epistle, so different from the usual style of newspaper correspondents a hundred years ago, but, above all, the Latin quotation, rendered it perfectly irresistible. The whole club was in a fever of excitement. Mr. Wingate, the draper, proposed an instant address to the minister, offering, not their lives, (Sir Robert would have cared little for them) but their property, to aid in repelling the Pretender, and chaining "Alecto and her baleful sisters" in their cave; while Mr. Hewitson, the silversmith, recommended an instant muster of the city train-bands, he having the honour to be one of the captains in that august company.

"I should like Mr. Cooper's opinion about it," resumed old Mr. Neville, "for he is of a solid judgment, and thinks much on these matters."

"He does," answered Mr. Wingate, "and I know it is his opinion that the Pretender will make another attempt ere long; he told me he feared so, when it was said that white-flowered silks were all the vogue at Versailles; and here he is."

The gentleman who now entered was a little, formal, middle-aged man, Mr. Silas Cooper, the silk-mercer, of the old-established shop, the Blackamoor's

Head, nearly opposite the Belle Sauvage; and when we acquaint our readers that he had a map of Europe in his back parlour, kept his books by double entry, made out his bills in "choice Italian hand," had a competent knowledge of Latin, and a laudable hatred of French silks and Jacobites, they will readily believe that so accomplished a personage could not fail to be an acquisition to any club in London.

"And now, Mr. Cooper, what is your opinion of these things?" asked half-a-dozen voices at once.

Mr. Cooper shook his head. That shake, although scarcely so comprehensive as that of Lord Burghley, in the Critic, was yet sufficiently emphatic to excite the most eager curiosity. But Mr. Cooper was not so immediately going to satisfy them; so he lifted his wig, wiped his forehead, took out his snuff-box, refreshed himself and his neighbour with a pinch, and again shook his head. At length he began: "There is, doubtless, an awful, papistical, jacobitical plot in hand. I know it, I am sure of it." With breathless anxiety was every eye now fixed upon him, and the worthy mercer continued: "Not two hours since, as I was standing at the door, up came the Dover Express, with three insides and five out. Well, at that very time there was a young woman in the shop, whom my young man was serving, and who, he says, kept a sharp look at the door; so she came and looked out, and, as a tall, good-looking young man, with a scarlet roquelaure on his arm, got out, she started, and said

something, I could not tell what. I turned to speak to her, but she had gone back to the counter, where she took up her parcel, and then went away, just as though she did not wish to be seen. Well, methought there was somewhat more than common about this young man, so I went over to the coach, and there he was, with a little black portmanteau in his hand, looking after his other luggage. 'That gentleman 's somebody more than we think for,' says the coachman, with a nod; 'we took him up on this side Canterbury, but *I* think he 's only just come from over the water.' Now you must think that this made me very anxious to know all I could; so I questioned the coachman and an old deaf gentleman, who, with his wife, were the other inside passengers, and I found from them that, just three miles this side Canterbury, a groom in livery rides up, he begs the coachman to stop a little while, for his master would rather lose ten pound than not get to London to-night. Well, soon after, up comes this gentleman, with another, on horseback. 'Success to your errand!' says this other, and off he rides, while the young man got into the coach, and set himself in the corner, just like a spy or a Jesuit, speaking nothing. Well, at dinner he would not drink port, and when the old gentleman offered him his snuff-box, he took out one that seemed to be set with diamonds, and then, as though recollecting himself, he put it back into his pocket, and took out a silver one. I asked the coachman if he knew who the

gentleman was that came with him to the coach, and he says he thinks it was somebody from Squire Hawkins, the Papist, you know, who had his house burnt down in the fifteen, for harbouring Jacobites."

"Ay, likely enough," ejaculated old Mr. Neville; 'tis the bearer of the white rose, *I* think."

"Why, you shall judge when you 've heard all," continued Mr. Cooper. "So, seeing no more intelligence was to be gained, I just took a quiet walk, and, in about half an hour, back I came; but what do you think I then heard? This fine young gentleman hath taken lodgings at the Bell and Savage, for a week certain, and it 's a back room too, with no look-out but slanting roofs and chimneys. 'I like to be quiet,' said he."

"Ah, no doubt!" cried old Mr. Neville. "In Sir John Fenwick's plot, Pendergast came over from France, and put in at Feversham, and, when he came to London, there was he in a back room, for you may well believe he did not want the world to see him."

"No, indeed; but the poor landlady is quite proud of her new lodger: 'he 's quite a gentleman, sir,' says she, 'and he has as handsome a gold repeater as I ever set eyes upon.' Well, I asked what name he went by, and she says, 'Mr. Johnson;' but what is strangest of all, before he had been there half an hour, a young woman (it 's *my* firm opinion 't is the very same young woman) came in, and asked for him by his name. He bid her be shown up, and the waiter says he thinks she had a letter in her hand. Well, after

she left, he rung the bell, and ordered pen and ink, and desired that he might not again be disturbed that night."

"'Tis plain enough," cried Mr. Wingate, "he's come over from the Pretender, and that young woman hath doubtless come from the old dutchess or some of those she-Jacobites with news, and now he is writing despatches."

"Something ought to be done forthwith," said Mr. Hewitson; "to think of a bloody jacobite plot in this very parish, before our very eyes!"

"Something ought certainly to be done," said old Mr. Neville, "but it is my opinion that the plot should be allowed to ripen. Now, if we stop it too soon, it may break out again; let it come to a head. But, good Mr. Cooper, I trust you said nothing to the landlady that might cause suspicion, for women have tongues, Mr. Cooper."

"Surely not," replied the mercer; "I would not breathe a word of it, save to such old friends and neighbours as you are."

"And you have no wife to tell it to, Mr. Cooper," continued the old lawyer, "and that's as well, for few women can be trusted in such matters as these."

"I think there's one lady, and in this neighbourhood, that might be," interposed Mr. Hewitson; "it is Miss Hetty Nurden—an excellent young person."

"So she is, and very judicious for a woman," replied Mr. Neville; "what do you think of her, Mr Cooper?"

The worthy silk-mercer took some more snuff, for he seemed to think it a question that required deep consideration; at length he said, that he thought Mrs. Nurden was a very nice old lady, and that it was a pity she was so troubled with the rheumatics.

"But the daughter, Mr. Cooper?" persisted old Mr. Neville.

"A very worthy and excellent lady, I doubt not," he replied demurely, "but really, what with business, and what with public affairs, I have little time to become acquainted with my neighbours."

"Ah, and you will have enough on your hands now," rejoined Mr. Neville, "for, truly, you must keep a close look-out, that, as soon as the plot is properly concocted, Sir Robert may be acquainted therewith." In this suggestion Mr. Cooper acquiesced; the conversation took a more domestic turn, and parochial affairs superseded public, until the nine o'clock bell summoned them home.

Anxious to put in instant practice the admonition of the preceding night, the next morning saw Mr. Cooper take his patient stand at his door, and keeping a vigilant watch over the gate of the Belle Sauvage.

For many hours his vigilance was exercised in vain. The lumbering Cambridge waggon jolted in; the York Dispatch, with its six "strong trotting horses," rumbled out; but the suspicious stranger never made his appearance. Occasionally, Mr. Cooper's eyes glanced down the hill toward the small neat shop,

known by the name of the "Fan and Feathers," where Mrs. Nurden and her daughter resided, following the then quiet and genteel occupation of milliners. It was doubtless from the daughter's name having been associated with the "awful plot" now in hand, that Mr. Cooper thought of her at all; but, as he meditated, he could not help recollecting what an excellent judge of silks she was, what a pretty Italian hand she wrote, and how patriotic were her opinions respecting contraband French goods. Indeed, so singularly absorbed was the worthy mercer in these meditations, that we cannot tell how long he might have indulged them, had not the appearance of the very young woman who yesterday visited his shop forcibly recalled his mind to more important duties.

Yes, there she was, in her sprigged chintz gown and black hood, cautiously gliding up the very gateway. Mr. Cooper's watch was not long: she returned, crossed the way, and proceeded to the "Fan and Feathers." What was now to be done? Gentlemen never in those days entered milliners' shops to make purchases, else Mr. Cooper himself would have followed her for two yards of black ribbon for his tye-wig; but anxiety and fear quicken our ingenuity, and, ere the young woman came out, the worthy mercer determined to send his shop-boy, bidding him give especial heed to the young woman in the chintz gown, and carefully mark what she bought.

"And what did she ask for?" was his question almost ere the boy had re-entered the shop.

"Three dozen yards of white satin ribbon," was the reply.

"I thought as much!" ejaculated Mr. Cooper; "but three dozen yards—goodness!"

"Yes, sir; and she said she'd take the whole piece, for more might be wanted."

Mr. Cooper went into his back parlour, and sat down to think what was best to be done; and then it came into his mind that Mrs. Nurden ought to be made acquainted with the risque she ran in serving white ribbon to Jacobites, and also that if Miss Hetty, who was so prudent, were just warned of this plot, she might be able to do good service. It was true, Mr. Cooper had not spoken to the lady since he met her at Mr. Hewitson's last Christmas, but then she was a neighbour, and then it was for the public weal that the white satin ribbon should be inquired about; in short, zeal for his country eventually induced Mr. Cooper to lay aside his gown, put on his chocolate coat and laced cravat, and, taking his gold-headed cane, to proceed to the "Fan and Feathers."

"O Mr. Cooper," exclaimed Miss Hetty, not without surprise, "is it you? pray walk in." The worthy mercer shut the half glass door, which, as well as the window, was shaded by the green silk curtains, (for milliners in those days kept as much as possible from public view) and followed Miss Hetty into the back parlour, where the little shining round table, with its thread-papers, needle-case, and point sprigs upon

green oil-skin, bore honourable testimony of the genteel industry of the fair occupier.

"Pray sit down, Mr. Cooper," said the lady, placing one of the high-backed chairs for him; "pleasant summer weather!"

"I'm sure I interrupt you, madam," said our mercer, bowing with his three-cornered hat in hand. "I'm sure I'm an intruder."

"Indeed you are not," courteously replied the lady, taking up the thread-paper.

"Why, madam," hesitated Mr. Cooper, and at length depositing the hat in the window-seat, "I called because I fear sad things may be going on."

"Sad things, sir!" cried Miss Hetty in amazement; "what, has our boy? or our maid?—dear, dear, I fear she will not suit us, for she came home from her holiday full ten minutes after half-past eight."

Mr. Cooper smiled at the female narrowness of mind that never contemplated "sad things" beyond the restricted circles of domestic life.

"No, my dear madam," said he, "Molly seems a very worthy person; but dangerous people from France are about."

"Thank you, I'll be on my guard — but I never buy French lace except openly of Mons. Delaune."

"Ah, madam, it is not about French lace," said the mercer; "but I'm sure I interrupt you!"

"O dear no!" replied the lady, resuming her thimble, and taking up the small piece of green oil-skin on

which the rudiments of a point sprig had just been traced out. Mr. Cooper glanced a look at the taper fingers plying the needle upon that prettiest and most lady-like species of fine needlework, point, at the comely though not youthful features, the plainly banded auburn hair, so neatly confined by the clear muslin fly cap, and he almost forgot the "horrid jacobitical plot." His thoughts soon, however, resumed their wonted channel, and he proceeded to give the lady a full account, and to express his fears about the white satin ribbon. But the milliner, although she duly expressed her alarm at the earlier part of the story, was not alarmed at this. "It is for trimming a white satin petticoat," said she, "and the young woman said it was to be worn at Lady Pomfret's ball —indeed she's to come back again for some more."

"I should greatly like to see her," said Mr. Cooper, musingly, "I should, of all things."

"She will be here in less than an hour, I dare say," replied Miss Hetty.

"It is really of importance that I should see her," returned Mr. Cooper, hesitatingly, "because, you see, my dear madam, that I could then be certain whether it was the same person that yesterday came to my shop."

"Ah, surely so; well, Mr. Cooper, take a dish of tea; I'm sure she will be back again soon."

Mr. Cooper again hesitated; he stammered out something about leaving business so early, and then

earnestly protested that he was quite sure he was an intruder. The lady, as in politeness bound, flatly contradicted him, rung the little hand-bell that stood upon the mantel-piece, and ordered the tea things.

Within ten minutes, Molly, having exchanged her check apron for one of snowy holland, and having arrayed herself in a clean mob-cap, with Flanders edging, came in with the little round tea-board, and the little china cups, the little teapot, and the little silver cream jug, standing like a pipkin, on its three little legs, and placed them on the table. Then, Miss Hetty, carefully laying aside the point sprigs, drew from beneath her book-muslin apron a huge bunch of keys, and, unlocking the corner cupboard, took from thence the japanned tea-cannister, the china sugar-bason, a pair of scissar-shaped tongs, and two diminutive spoons. Then, being duly certified by Molly, that the kettle was actually boiling, Miss Hetty measured out four teaspoonfuls of tea into the teapot, and, carefully replacing the lid, lest the fine flavour should escape, proceeded herself to the kitchen, for "making tea," among our great grandmothers, was too important a trust to be delegated to a servant.

Very pleasantly did Mr. Cooper and the lady (for old Mrs. Nurden was confined up stairs with "the rheumatics,") chat together; about Mr. Hewitson and his country house; so rural, only half a mile beyond Moorfields; how Mr. Atkins and the children were going gipsying to St. John's Wood, and how old Mrs.

Neville was sadly frightened with the cows in Spa fields, (for your regular cockneys always, during summer, talk of ruralities;) and then the patterns of the new silks were discussed, and, ere the fifth cup was finished, both the lady and the gentleman wondered that they had not become better acquainted, and each thought the other exceedingly pleasant company. But the shop-bell rang, and two ladies entered. Miss Hetty promptly obeyed the call, while Mr. Cooper impatiently awaited her return, in the little back parlour.

"And she has not returned, after all," said Miss Hetty, coming back for her scissars, "but these two ladies are come instead."

"Then beware, my dear madam," whispered Mr. Cooper, "for these are, doubtless, also in the plot; what have they come for?"

"To bring back the white satin ribbon, and to say they should like gauze."

"But *white*, I suppose."

"O, yes, for it will make rosettes better."

"Ah, truly, white *roses* would not come amiss to them."

"Why, the eldest lady was just asking if I had any white artificial roses, only they must be without green leaves."

"Ay, doubtless, a pair of French jacobites."

"O, dear no, Mr. Cooper, they 're English ladies, I 'm sure, and the youngest, whom the other calls Almeria, is one of the sweetest creatures you ever saw."

Mr. Cooper shook his head. "Ah, Miss Nurden,

you are not aware of this plot: here a servant comes, and then, lest she should be discovered, her mistress comes, and then, you'll find, to-morrow somebody else will come; 'tis a fine plot that's in hand, and I'll tell you what, if you could but get them into this back parlour, and lock the door, I would run off to Alderman Fludyer's for a warrant; a pair of papistical baggages!"

"Oh, Mr. Cooper!" cried Miss Hetty, "what *are* you saying? what, to think of inveigling customers, and locking them in a back parlour? really, that's *jesuitical,* Mr. Cooper."

"Mr. Cooper felt that zeal for the Walpole administration had certainly carried him a little too far. "Don't be alarmed, my dear madam," said he, in tones soft as his superfine satin; "but when the protestant cause and our invaluable constitution are at stake, one's feelings are apt to overpower one—why, the Pope and the Jesuits may have a hand in it."

"Ah, true — well, 't is a mercy that the pope, the devil, and pretender, are kept out of England," replied the lady.

"It is, my dear madam, thanks to Sir Robert. Well now, with deference to your better judgment, suppose I just put on my hat, and walk out of the shop, and then, as I pass, I can have a close look at them, and I can watch them, and see where they go."

"But, Mr. Cooper, you've not finished your tea, and there's a nice strong cup in the teapot."

Mr. Cooper hesitated; he looked at the lady, and he looked at the teapot, for it occurred to him, that a pleasant chat in the little snug parlour was really preferable to following what might, after all, be a mere wild-goose chase. But zeal for the Walpole administration prevailed. "My duty forbids me, madam," said he, impressively laying his hand on his waistcoat, "else I should with great pleasure — with the greatest, indeed."

"Well, Mr. Cooper, will you come back and finish?"

"Most willingly, my dear madam," cried our mercer, delighted at a suggestion which so well reconciled duty and pleasure.

Miss Hetty hastily collected some point sprigs, as an excuse for her lengthened absence, and Mr. Cooper, with the spirit of a patriot, placed his three-cornered hat on his head, grasped the gold-headed cane, as though it had been a pike, and, with the determined step of a parliament soldier, rather than a man of silks and satins, sternly and steadily marched into the shop, bestowing a most earnest look upon the two ladies. The elder was handsome, but of sober and matronly appearance, but the younger, with her brilliant complexion, her bright laughing eye, and that open ingenuous countenance, could *she* be a French spy, or an unworthy Englishwoman, in league with the Pretender! impossible; and yet there she sat, looking right lovingly upon white satin and white gauze ribbon, twirling them round her pretty fingers,

as though she had been accustomed to make white cockades for all the Pretender's staff.

Mr. Cooper shook his head as he strode out of the shop, but here a new cause of anxiety met him. Just beside the window stood a genteel young man, gazing intensely through the half-opened door at the ladies. "I knew him directly," said Mr. Cooper, when some twenty minutes after he returned to finish his tea, "the very young man at the Bell and Savage! Well, methought I would watch, and when those two French Jacobites came out ——."

"Don't say so, Mr. Cooper," persisted the lady, "they are nice English ladies, I 'm sure."

"Well, madam, but what do you say to the eldest as she came out giving him a nod, and throwing a letter?"

"It 's very strange," replied Miss Hetty, "but still, that sweet young lady might know nothing about it; it was the eldest, you said."

"It was; well, after that, I watched, and saw them get into a yellow chariot, but the young man had slunk away. And now, my dear madam, I could tell you somewhat of great importance, which I ought not divulge, only I 'm sure I can depend on your prudence."

The lady bowed. "Well, I have seen the landlady, and she says the waiter told her that a little while ago, when he went in, there was a letter lying on the table addressed to the honourable Captain Digby, and that when my young man saw the waiter look at it, he

took it up, and seemed quite confused; and she saith she believes *that* is his real name, for his cambric handkerchief has an E. D. at the corner;—'tis a shocking popish name, Digby."

"Really it is strange that a military gentleman should lodge at such a place," said Miss Hetty.

"It is, madam, but then he thought he should not be found out there — he may, though, after all — can you think where these two friends of his came from? or what is their name?"

"Nothing more than that they seem to live in London, and that the youngest is called Almeria, as I said."

"Ah, that is not a good English name, like Jane or Sarah, there 's something outlandish about it. Well, I 've resolved what to do, and that is, forthwith to write to Sir Robert."

"You do not, surely!" exclaimed the lady, aghast at the thought of the Ludgate Hill mercer writing to the minister.

"I do, madam; I have turned it over in my mind, and consider it a duty I owe my country; so I shall write all I know, and beg our worthy minister to do as his sound sense may direct."

The last cup of tea was now finished, the mercer arose, and, with a low bow, which the lady returned by an equally low curtsey, he thanked Miss Hetty for her polite attention, and proceeded homeward to indite his epistle; while the lady, the cares of the day being over, went up stairs to detail to her mother all that

had passed; not a little flattered to think that she could number among her acquaintance a person who could actually write a letter to the prime minister.

The morning's sun shone pleasantly into a large room, furnished in the heavy fashion of the day, and there, in a ponderous arm-chair, placed beside an equally ponderous table, on which lay a rich gold-embroidered housewife, and a rich gold *etui* case, sat a lady, in blue damask, with ruffles and apron of Brussels point; her hands employed on some cambric, but her eyes more frequently directed toward the door than fixed on her work. She was past the middle age, but her small and regular features and the delicate fairness of her complexion gave her a much younger look; and, but for her excessive embonpoint, she might have passed for twenty years younger. The door opened, and admitted a tall portly middle-aged man, whose dress and air alike required the aid of a Chesterfield, but whose aid, judging from the haughty and nonchalant air, might have been proffered in vain. He advanced after cautiously closing the door, and with a respectful bow laid a packet of papers on the table. The cambric was hastily laid aside, and the soft and rather heavy blue eye of the lady lighted up with a sudden intelligence, which showed that affairs of state were far more congenial to her mind than the easy labours of the needle. That room contained the arbiters of the destinies of England, perhaps of Europe—Queen Caroline and Sir Robert Walpole.

"Sit down, Sir Robert," said the queen. "I am sorry to tell you, this office cannot be given."

"Good heavens! your majesty cannot say so; it is most important."

"I know it, but he says every office that falls is asked either by yourself or some of your friends."

"Certainly," replied the minister, "certainly, your majesty; who are to have offices except those who support us?"

"Certainly," replied Caroline, with an arch smile, "but in this case he is determined."

"But we are bound to give it to Beauchamp, and, had old Winslow died three years ago, he would have had it; here has he been always at our call, always ready to fag upon committees."

"Or to make speeches in coffee-houses in praise of the Walpole administration, or to write letters," said Caroline, laughing.

The minister bit his lip. "Ay, he's a confounded puppy, I know, but then his brother is worth keeping; and if Harcourt Beauchamp is refused the place, Lisle Beauchamp will join the opposition."

"In spite of that splendid letter in the Courant?" inquired Caroline.

"Ah, true, that was better than usual: but, your majesty, it is for this very reason the place is fitted for Harcourt Beauchamp; it's almost a sinecure, so he can do little mischief, and I have no other to offer him, for we are three and four deep in promises already,

and, by some plaguy chance, whenever a man gets a snug place he 's sure not to die until he has killed off half-a-dozen with waiting for it. But might we not yet persuade him?"

Caroline gave a significant glance, and shook her head. "We must be quiet for the present, he is quite put out."

"With what some rascally Jacobite has put in his head," said the minister.

"Yes, I believe it is John Hinde Cotton's doing. My lord so and so told Mr. Somebody, who told his wife, who told somebody else, (you well know how a silly story gains currency) that our dear ally and cousin Louis said last week, at Versailles, that he should take care to keep in with *you*, for then he could pension off half his court with the treasury places that fall into your hands."

The minister bit his lip, for he well knew that a silly remark like this was more likely to injure him with his royal master than a direct charge of treason. "I see it all," he at length said, "ay, whatever that party may say about *our* plots, a shrewd plot is hatching not far from here. And it is on this very account that Beauchamp ought to have the office; if we *seem* to lose our influence, it is well nigh gone."

"It is," said Caroline, "but he is strangely put out: one could almost wish there were some rumour of a plot, for that is the only thing to bring him round."

"Why, as to plots, your majesty, we can have them

made to order at ten minutes' notice, as my peruke-maker says," answered Walpole, laughing, "and now I remember I have a letter in my pocket all about one; and sent me by a foolish fellow on Ludgate Hill, who seems to think unless people go about with their names pasted on their backs they must be Jesuits or French spies." The minister drew from his pocket the large sheet of foolscap, and laid it before the queen.

"It may be as well to mention this," said Caroline gravely, after she had hastily glanced over its contents; "indeed you are in duty bound to do so."

The minister looked earnestly at the queen: there was a suppressed smile on the lip, but the keen blue eye laughed outright. "Certainly, your majesty," said he. Caroline burst into a hearty laugh. "Why, truly, this *genuine* plot has happened most opportunely: all men are managed either by their hopes or their fears, but hush!" Her quick ear caught the sound of foot-steps: she took up the cambric, resumed her thimble, and, while the minister rising from his chair stood hat in hand, as though he had just entered, the queen of England plied her needle, like a very sempstress earning ninepence a day. The door opened, and a little dark man in a chocolate undress entered; his sharp thin features wore an expression of continual anxiety, and his keen black eyes looked searchingly into every corner, as though he expected at least to find a hand-grenade. "Well, Sir Robert, but you are early," said he. The portly minister bowed with more

reverence than gracefulness. "Ay, you are come, I suppose, to ask for some place."

"By no means, your majesty; I have come to say that the few thousands you mentioned will be at your disposal by the fifteenth; a little management will be required, but that can easily be settled."

The little dark man nodded, and almost smiled. "That is well. And now, Sir Robert, whatever else you have to say, say out; madame will not tell," and he nodded smilingly to the queen, who sat plying her needle as though hemstitch were the whole duty of woman.

"I have received this letter just now," said Walpole, carelessly taking up the silk-mercer's epistle, "I think it my duty to show it. But we must remember that citizens are easily frightened." The little man took the letter eagerly.

"What, any thing about the Pretender?" said Caroline, just glancing her eyes from her needlework; "I thought every thing was quiet now."

"Ay, more quiet, more mischief, madame; look at this," said her liege lord, putting the letter into her hand.

"Then your majesty thinks we had better inquire?' said Walpole; "to be sure I have heard accounts from tolerably good authorities about the white roses being sent, but it is difficult to get correct intelligence."

"And there may be nothing in it, after all," interposed Caroline, quietly.

"But there *is* something in it, madame; and Sir Robert, I trust you will do your duty," said the little man.

"Assuredly; but I know of no one who is so fitted to inquire into this as Mr. Harcourt Beauchamp — he wrote that letter in the Daily Courant, for he is heart and hand for us."

"But he may expect that place in the treasury, and you know you can't give it him," said Caroline.

"But he *shall* give it him, if I please, madame," said her liege lord sharply; "he shall have the place, I say; so send, Sir Robert, and find out all you can."

Meanwhile, all unconscious of the interest their proceedings had awakened, in a quiet drawing-room sat Lady Harriet Elmsley and her young friend Almeria Shirley; the former holding the very roll of white gauze ribbon which had excited the fears of Mr. Cooper in her hand, while the latter, apparently in no very pleasant humour, was twisting and turning about a gilt-edged billet which she had just received. "I wish this ball were over," said she, petulantly, "but if I *do* go, I am not obliged to dance the whole evening with Harcourt Beauchamp."

"Surely not, unless you chuse," replied Lady Harriet, "and yet, if he gets this place in the treasury, your guardian will not be best pleased at your refusing him."

Almeria turned her bright eyes reproachfully on the speaker. "This time last year you would not have said so," she replied.

"But Edward and you had not quarrelled then. Poor Edward! little did I think this time last year, at Lady Pomfret's ball, that my brother would be supplanted by a coxcomb like Harcourt Beauchamp."

"Why did he take such offence then, and go abroad?"

"Because my brother is not so anxious for your fortune as this scribbling puppy, and so is as proud as yourself."

The fair Almeria frowned, and tore the gilt-edged billet into little strips. "No one has supplanted Edward, but his own pride," said she; "if he were here on Friday he would see—but that cannot be."

"If it were possible that he could be here, would you be reconciled?" asked the sister, earnestly.

"O, surely, but it cannot be — he's in Flanders."

Lady Harriet was silent; she turned about the white gauze ribbon, as though thinking of very different things. At length, she arose to give farther orders to her own maid, to whom was entrusted the important charge of trimming the fair Almeria's white satin petticoat, and, soon after, again was Fanny sent to the "Fan and Feathers," to purchase another dozen yards of the white gauze ribbon.

Heavily, meanwhile, passed the day over Mr. Cooper's head. He waited patiently until half past two, expecting a summons from the minister; but tea-time even came, and still there was no message. In a very sullen humour did he sit down to his favourite

repast; but the tea was not such as he had drunk with Miss Hetty Nurden — it was flavourless; surely the water had not boiled; and then, the sugar-tongs were missing: so he really began to think that the superintendence of the tea-table suited a lady far better than a gentleman. And then he looked at the vacant arm-chair opposite, and then he thought that a little pleasant conversation about his neighbours, or even about this "awful jacobitical plot," would be far preferable to sitting moping by himself.

It is, indeed, astonishing how sentimental our worthy mercer became, ere he concluded his fifth cup of weak bohea. His fancy had actually conjured up the fair milliner, in her neat fly cap and sober silk gown, sitting in matronly state in the empty arm-chair, and pouring him out a cup of "nice strong" tea, with her own fair hand. Alas! the bright vision soon faded away, and Mr. Cooper, unable to bring back his mind to the sober and matter-of-fact occupation of posting his ledger, determined to enjoy the sweet summer evening in the mall of Moorfields. He set out; but how was it? he mistook the right for the left, nor discovered his mistake until he stopped just before the door of the "Fan and Feathers." And now the thought occurred to him, that he was in duty bound just to step in and inquire if any more white ribbon had been sold. The duty he owed to his country was his excuse, as he told Miss Hetty, and she, as in politeness bound, invited him in; but so great was his anxiety to obtain intelligence,

or so pleasant did he find the lady's converse, that it was actually half past nine before he took his leave.

Three days passed, and in a room in the Treasury stood the minister, evidently in a very ill humour. He pushed back his wig, took pinch after pinch of snuff, and then threw the box, a gold one, with the pleasant features of Queen Caroline (her own gift) enamelled on the lid, most irreverently on the table.

"Confound the puppy! when *is* he coming?" said he to the tall obsequious functionary who stood beside him; "yes, this comes of helping one's friends, to be plagued with such a blockhead!"

"The blockhead, or, rather, the plot, Sir Robert, hath done you good service hitherto," said the official; "the prince was offering bets that you would be out of office before Christmas only last Monday, but now, '*le jeu est fini*,' says Frederick, 'he carries every thing before him.'"

"Why, truly," replied the minister, "to give such a puppy a good place shows, perhaps, one's influence more than a worthier appointment. But you are sure, Paxton, that he wrote this stuff?" pointing to a column of that day's Daily Courant.

"I am certain, Sir Robert; here's the copy in his own hand-writing."

"Meddling ass!" muttered the minister; "he could find time to write nonsense then, although he had not time to inquire about the plot."

Paxton smiled. "Why, Sir Robert, he is now paying earnest attention to Miss Almeria Shirley — so, what with *billets doux* and patriotic letters, he has no time to spare."

"To Almeria Shirley! What, that pretty girl endure such a confounded coxcomb? Hang the women's tastes! I thought she had been engaged to my godson—where *is* this confounded puppy?"

As though in answer to the complimentary epithet, the door slowly opened, and, with one hand gracefully placed on his breast, while the other held the diamond studded snuff-box, in elegant undress of pea-green, and with a bow worthy of Versailles, Mr. Harcourt Beauchamp entered.

"I must beg you another time to make a little more haste, sir," said the minister angrily. Mr. Harcourt Beauchamp looked surprised—he had no answer in his vocabulary for such a speech; Paxton glided away, and the minister stood a moment silent. "I've sent for you, Harcourt," he now began, "to ask what made you write this confounded nonsense," and he tossed the Daily Courant to him.

"Nonsense! Sir Robert?"

"Ay, nonsense, for, first, it is uncalled for, and, next, it is not true. 'There was too much truth in our warning of last week.' Now, pray, what do you know about this plot? or is there any plot at all?"

"Time will shew, Sir Robert; but, really, I thought a few more hints from a gentleman might do as much service as a song from a Grub-street garreteer."

"Not a tithe so much, and, therefore, I patronize Grub-street garreteers: they speak to folks in their own manner, and so are understood. But what do people care about 'mildly paternal governments,' 'awfully destructive sentiments,' and such stuff? Why, look at this song, this is the sort of writing we want," and the minister placed in the passive hand of the astonished literary gentleman a slip of dingy paper, printed in the genuine Seven Dials type, and adorned at the top with a wood-cut, intended to represent Sir Robert in all the glory of his huge cauliflower wig, but which certainly bore an equal resemblance to an owl in an ivy-bush. "Ay, that's a song for you, set to a popular tune, and with a chorus: I wish you could write such another."

Mr. Harcourt Beauchamp, a little recovered from his surprise, just glanced at the chorus—

> "If to drive off Pretender, and Devil, and Pope,
> And make all French Jacobites fly,
> Sir Robert 's the man will do all that ten can,
> Which nobody can deny."

And you call *this* good writing?" ejaculated the sorely offended fine gentleman, as the paper dropped from his hand.

"Ay!" replied the minister, heartily laughing, "that I do; and I hope at the next election to have it sung all over the country. But now, Harcourt, remember I will have no more nonsense;—write about loves and doves to all the maids of honour at once, if

you please; send magnificent letters to the "World," and the "London Packet," against frogs, Frenchmen, and wooden shoes, as you like; but, if you mean to keep your place, no more nonsense in *my* papers."

Mr. Harcourt Beauchamp stood uncertain for a moment what reply to make. Had his adviser been a portionless cadet or a brother placeman, he would instantly have challenged him to measure swords in the Green Park; if it had been his stern old tutor, he would have shut the door in his face; but with the all-powerful minister what was to be done? Not long did he pause, for, although ignorant of many things, he was profoundly versed in court tactics; Mr. Harcourt Beauchamp, therefore, determined to pocket the affront, as the only means of pocketing his thousand a year: so he meekly "kissed the rod," and assuring Sir Robert that he would never again illumine the pages of the Daily Courant with his brilliant remarks, with an humbled bow, retired.

Paxton re-entered with a letter, which the minister hastily perused. "What is your opinion of this plot?" said he.

"There is some mystery in it, certainly, Sir Robert. That a young man of good family is residing, for no visible reason, at the Belle Sauvage, is certain, and that, on the day he came to London, I received notice of a suspicious person having landed at Feversham, is also true."

"Well, this silk-mercer has here written to tell me

that some suspicious-looking papers have been discovered through the joint exertions of waiter and chambermaid, and, moreover, that the girl is ready to swear that she saw something like a decayed white rose, tied with a piece of white satin ribbon, in his hand, one night, as she peeped through the key-hole."

Paxton laughed. "I thought a white rose would play a part in it; however, Sir Robert, perhaps it might be as well to take this young man into custody; it would show we were in earnest, and gratify, too, the inhabitants of Ludgate Hill; twenty-eight of them voted for our candidates at the last election."

"To be sure, it would give the citizens something to talk about, and, if I hinted to a certain personage that we were about to take strong measures, I might prevail on him to give that colonelcy to my godson, instead of to Maltravers: — well, take the proper steps, Paxton, but, be cautious, for, if we should take an honest Whig into custody instead of a Jacobite, what 's then to be done?"

"Make him a polite apology, and provide him a place in the treasury, Sir Robert, and then he will have no cause to complain."

The evening of Lady Pomfret's ball arrived. All the beauty and fashion of London crowded the gilded saloons, adorned with the richest cabinets, the most splendid china, the most *recherché* curiosities, for the mistress of the robes had been in Italy, and prided

herself on her exquisite taste. And, half concealed by the large Chinese screen, wearied with the admiration her beauty had excited, sat Almeria Shirley, in her rich and elegant dress, her snowy neck adorned with jewels, and plumes waving in her hair. But why should we stop to describe with pen what Parris has done so much better with his magic pencil? There she sat, just as you see her in her picture, and there you may also see the very gauze ribbon on the petticoat, that excited the suspicions of the worthy silk-mercer, while, just behind her chair, Lady Harriet was standing with anxious brow. "To whom will you give these flowers to-night?" asked she, pointing to Almeria's beautiful nosegay.

Almeria looked vexed, for she remembered that last year, in that very room, she had given the flowers she wore to her rejected lover. "Not to Harcourt Beauchamp," said she.

"Would that you would give them to Edward!" replied Lady Harriet.

"Impossible; he is in Flanders."

"He is in England, in London; what would you say if I brought him even now to your feet?"

Almeria looked earnestly at the speaker. "What, Edward returned?"

"Yes, a week ago, only I would not suffer him to make himself known, till I knew how you would receive him; give me your flowers, and I will fetch him instantly." Almeria blushed; she took the beau-

tiful bouquet from her bosom, and put it into Lady Harriet's hand.

Some time elapsed, but Lady Harriet returned not; there was a slight confusion in the adjoining room, and earnest whispering, and then two gentlemen approached the fair Almeria. "We are sorry to acquaint you, madam, with what has happened," said one, "but Lady Harriet has met with a dreadful alarm: her brother, Captain Digby, who it was thought was in Flanders, has it appears returned, unknown to his family, with despatches from the Pretender, and he is actually the bearer of one of the white roses."

"Where is he?" cried Almeria in alarm.

"Thanks to Mr. Paxton's care, quite safe," returned the other gentleman. "He is taken into custody; for the white rose, with some violets, tied with white satin ribbon, was actually found upon him."

"O take *me* to him!" said Almeria; "that white rose and violets *I* gave him, in this very room, last year."

"So this is the end of the horrid jacobitical plot!" said the minister, laughing, as the next morning he entered the apartment of Queen Caroline; "much ado about nothing, after all; my unlucky godson must return to England quite incognito to look after his lady, and, all unwitting the awful paragraph in the Daily Courant about the white roses, actually keep a white rose, and tied, too, with white ribbon, most carefully

in his pocket-book. How shall we manage now? Still, your majesty will remember, that *I* always expressed my disbelief of this plot, and so did you."

The queen returned Sir Robert's significant smile with one of equal significance. "All will be well; you have only shown an excess of zeal, and this is a fault which sovereigns very easily forgive."

And thus ended the Belle Sauvage plot. Instead of one hanging, there were two weddings; instead of judge, jury, sentence, scaffold, and grim executioner, there were congratulating friends with holiday faces, and bridesmaids adorned with unjacobitical white roses, and the fair Almeria, escorted by the minister himself to St. George's Hanover Square; while the cidevant milliner, in mantua of the richest white ducape, and point ruffles of her own making, surrounded by sober citizens, anxious to pay due honour to one of their number who had so laudably distinguished himself for his loyalty, returned as Mrs. Cooper from St. Martin's Ludgate. And all were well pleased—the minister, for he had regained his failing influence, Queen Caroline, for she had obtained her own way, even the monarch himself was so well pleased, (though we can scarcely tell why, but, perhaps, it might be through sympathy), that he appointed Mr. Cooper "silk-mercer to their majesties," and gave Edward Digby the fourth dragoons.

THE PRINCESS OF THE WEST.

BY PETER HESKETH FLEETWOOD, ESQ. M.P.

It was in the latter end of the month of September, that a solitary traveller in the interior of a North American forest found himself on the bank of one of those rapid streams, near which the earlier settlers were accustomed to erect their log-houses, to plant the germs of a new growth of civilization, and, amidst the hunting grounds of the Indian, to establish a fresh domain for man. The unpretending and hospitable board of the Dutch boor or the English Puritan was always offered to a brother wanderer, not merely as a matter of bounty, but as a right to which his circumstances created an indisputable claim.

One of those primitive dwellings now invited the temporary sojourn of the travel-stained and almost exhausted subject of this narrative. It was not the residence of a modern Squatter, a sturdy backwoodsman, a dealer in furs, or a fugitive from offended laws. The period in which these events occurred belongs to an earlier, and, if the phrase may be allowed, a more poetic age.

The inhabitant, or, properly speaking, the mistress of the mansion, was a lone female, unmarried, and

still youthful, though the first bloom of early girlhood had passed from her fine countenance, with its usually evanescent character in the American hemisphere. Although the earlier transatlantic settlers despised the elegancies of profane learning, as they shunned the more imaginative adjuncts of religion, there were some among them, who, partaking of the pedantry and blind to the affectation then frequently found in Europe, conferred upon this remarkable woman the appellation of the *American Diana*.

Her aged father was the original planter of the settlement; and his daughter, by one of those rare chances, hardly probable enough for fiction, but more true than some of the relations of history, blended many, if not all, of the softer characteristics of her sex with great physical energy and moral hardihood. Familiar with every exercise of the woods, indifferent to their dangers, and inured to the climate, she had acquired an authority among the increasing community by whom she was surrounded, which, although it partook not of the forms, still less of the ostentatious splendours, of regality or chieftainship, possessed much of the substantial power occasionally denied to both.

To trace in detail the sources of that ascendency is beside the purpose of the present narrative; enough that it was generously exercised, and never disputed. Her personal beauty and mental endowments, her pecuniary resources, rare in that age and country, her

romantic disinterestedness and impartiality, and the influence of some predilections which she indulged in favour of Indian manners, enabled her to acquire this ascendency, which many qualities, intellectual and moral, that marked her extraordinary character, concurred to preserve.

The modern tourist in the United States will now find no remnant of the Indians of that district, though he may hear the tradition that such a race once existed, and be shown in evidence the treasured relic of some antique weapon which they wielded. Years have rolled on; the white man is lord of the soil; sixteen millions of a commercial population swarm over the land; and the echoing sound of the axe adds, every succeeding year, hundreds of square miles to the domains of civilization; while the rapid disappearance of the original inhabitants signalizes and disgraces the progress of refinement. In the busy streets of a trading town, all remembrance is lost of that being whose gifts of nature, of fortune, and of education, raised her to the power of a princess and to some of the honours of a goddess.

Though History will not condescend to record, and marbles and medals do not transmit to a remote age, events which in no degree influenced the scenes enacted on the great theatre of human affairs, yet another art, not always humbler in its pretensions, though generally more domestic in its subjects, has furnished one memorial now occupying a place on the

walls of my apartment, in which the exterior characteristics of this almost poetical creation have been faithfully preserved, in combination with accidents and adjuncts proper to her habits and illustrative of her character. Frequently as I have gazed on this exquisite, and, to me, invaluable production of art, have I become sensible of the intuitive perception of truth and nature, which restrained the artist's pencil from giving to that pensive and almost divine countenance the common-place beauty of glowing roseate hues; for the freshness of the breeze seldom imparted to her cheek its bloom of joyousness, and art, by its immortal touches, tells, in that portrait, the oft-repeated tale of

"The grief of hearts forsaken."

The sun cannot revive the flower whose root is cankered, neither can the dews restore freshness to the plant whose principle of vitality is extinguished: so in human affections, as in the physical structure of man, there is no second Spring. The beauty of intense feeling rests on those faultless classic features; but their marble paleness shows that feeling's early blight.

The origin of her settled melancholy, the cause of such total retirement from society, the motives which drew her sire into the fastnesses of an unexplored region, were alike hidden in mystery and regarded with wonder. Of their native land nothing was known among the tribes excepting this — they came

across the great river (the Atlantic) from a distant island, and they did not speak the same tongue as the other pale faces (the Dutch).

But to return to our more immediate subject. The solitary traveller, excited by the near prospect of rest and refreshment, which the proximity of this lone dwelling presented, vigorously, as compared with his former pace, commenced ascending the elevation on which it was built, and quickly found himself in the presence of its owner. After the dignified but unceremonious and hospitable welcome with which he was received, the new acquaintances conversed with ease; for they fluently spoke the language of Shakspeare and Milton.

When the stranger had taken the requisite rest and refreshment, the conversation naturally turned on the peculiar manners and habits of the people among whom the lady resided; for these were some of the leading objects of the traveller's curiosity.

The descriptions of modern tourists and even the dramatic novels of the present day have conveyed no unfaithful representation of the great outlines which mark the character of the North American Indian; still they are but outlines, and, at best, those writers deal in generalities. However true it may be that hospitality, generosity, courage, fidelity, nay, that every savage virtue adorned the red man, yet some tribes, and especially some subdivisions of tribes, offered an exception to the general rule: hence it was

that the Princess, as the Indians were accustomed to style her, cautioned the traveller neither to place implicit reliance on his own estimate of the character of the Indian tribes, then in their immediate vicinity; nor to imagine that he might, otherwise than after many precautions, and by great good fortune, hope to penetrate into and return from the hunting grounds of that tribe whose village stood at the head of the stream which wound its way round her dwelling.

"Beware," said she, "of disregarding the admonitions of one long familiar with these scenes, who has no interest in advising you to adopt caution, and who shudders at the thought that the spirit of research of her fellow-countryman may meet a sad reward in death by treachery. Return, since the purposes of your journey are now, to a certain extent, accomplished; proceed, and, without any prospect of benefit to science, you may perhaps leave no memorial behind, excepting those of violence, to indicate the route you have taken, or to communicate the fate which may have befallen you."

"Pardon me," replied the ardent traveller—his eyes lighted with the spirit of enterprise, the almost maddening desire of change, the insatiable curiosity that grows on that which feeds it, the love of hazard which makes some men feel

That danger's self is lure alone—

"pardon me, lady, I am not quite so ignorant of these red men as your very kind, but (give me leave to

say) feminine fears, lead you to apprehend. I have already journeyed far; I think I know when I need fear danger: the natives, if trusted, are true."

"If wholly trusted," she replied, "the tribe of which we are speaking may have sometimes proved not absolutely false. Coming as you do from the land of my forefathers, I cannot consider you as a stranger; —but, as a friend and countryman, once more I adjure you to beware! I have sojourned long in these regions; I have studied the people. I have made a woman's wit awe their bolder natures; and I have found it a painful lesson to observe how deeply duplicity is seated in the human heart. Manifold benefits, time, counsel, have not been spared; all that intellect and wealth could accomplish for their advantage — that have I done. The power that I enjoy has been the work of years of toil and vigilance, and is such as no European could be supposed capable of acquiring; but I sleep on a volcano; I grasp the slippery snake; I move as on the surface of a quagmire. The fire may slumber, but the principle of combustion is beneath: the trembling morass may sustain me for a season, but the least false movement plunges me into its depths: The snake may sleep and my grasp may be firm; but momentary relaxation is instant death. Dream not that there exists any state of society, civilized or barbarous, in which the evil passions of our nature are not found: social treachery masked under friendship is the bane of our

father-land: in savage life the principle is the same, the effects more immediately dangerous.

"These considerations, however, which should govern *your* conduct as a wanderer among those who are not bound to you by interest or gratitude, are not such as ought to induce *me* to change my abode, or to withdraw the benefits that I have the power to confer on these children of darkness. The ingratitude of the savage occasionally demands precaution. In guarding against it, I remember in mitigation that there is ignorance to be urged in its favour; while the hypocrisy of civilization, as frequent as it is unpardonable, I could not encounter again, after it had poisoned the fresh springs of my youth!"

The surpassing quietude of her deportment, the calmness, approaching to apathy, which characterized a voice, melodious, soothing, and dignified, and to which long intercourse with the Indians had imparted much of the solemn and romantic tones of the red man, made a deep impression on her guest — an impression materially enhanced by the evident absence of every feeling of our nature, excepting those which are connected with benevolence, in one so gifted with every charm of her sex.

"Come forth with me," she continued, with a sweet sad smile, "and look from my domicile on the wide field of creation. Let us mitigate the disapprobation within which this anatomising of the weakness or wickedness of our fellow creatures may lead us to

indulge, by looking on Nature as she was designed for man, ever varying, yet still harmonising in her minutest points."

The place to which they retired was a green sloping lawn, spreading over a wide expanse, and decorated with a few of the giants of the forest, allowed to remain for beauty, after their companions had yielded to the purposes of utility. Numerous evergreens, sweetly scented, grew around; and the flowers of many a clime added their varied beauty to the scene. Far could the eye trace the productions with which Nature in this country teemed; then, roving farther, it gradually lost the perception of objects in the dim haze of the horizon, where the blue sky and the green earth were blended into one indistinct line.

In a half dreamy, half meditative mood, the traveller enjoyed that happy, vision-like chain of feeling, when, the mind at rest, and care forgotten, man luxuriates in all the refined powers of a poetic imagination.

The interest unconsciously excited by his fair companion, whose sequestered position had a mystic charm for his romantic nature, was increased as the elevation of her mind was displayed: pure, unworldly, noble, profound, her thoughts were graced by feminine softness, and conveyed with a refined choice of expression, in a voice whose sad sweetness charmed the more for being devoid of effort or art. Her placid resigned manner was almost like self-communing, and

proved that the wish to make a favourable impression was extinct in this early-chastened heart.

Much conversation passed; both were deeply-versed enthusiasts in the standard poetry of their native land; a community of literary taste is the earliest bond of intimacy, and their interchange of ideas was an unaffected display of riches in two highly-gifted though strongly contrasted minds.

As the intellect of the enterprising traveller shone before her, the lady felt increased solicitude that so valuable a member of society should not be lost. She therefore renewed her endeavours to prevail on him to turn his footsteps to some other path. She failed in dissuading him from the enterprise, but eventually succeeded in obtaining a promise that he would use some portion of the circumspection which she recommended.

They parted, mutually pleased with each other; both had taken their part in furnishing mental entertainment; and here, amid the wilds of nature, intellect was a jewel that could be doubly appreciated, surrounded by the darkness which ignorance had spread abroad.

Weeks rolled on; the lady, in the routine of her solitary life, was accustomed to the casual passing visits of strangers; she adapted herself speedily to the conversation most interesting to her visiters; and, when they departed, she returned, as readily as before,

to her own peculiar pursuits. Yet, at times, the remembrance of one so highly gifted as the traveller came across her mind, and perhaps carried her thoughts back to those earlier days, when intellectual companionship had for her peculiar charms; when life was green, and the world was seen through the vista of hope. Then silently would the emotions of woman overcome her more stoical spirit; and the outpourings of a broken heart melt the icy casket in which she had sealed up Nature's feelings. These moments were not common — better far had they been so.

One day, an itinerant vender of the products and curiosities of distant climes, half hunter, half merchant, who at rare and distant intervals penetrated into these regions, called at the hermitage, and displayed, among other articles, a small compass, which the Princess immediately recognized as having belonged to the traveller.

"Whence did you procure this?" was the natural question.

"At the Clearing, near the mouth of the stream, from one of the Indians of the Black River, who had come down to make the annual purchases for his tribe, and to exchange his peltry for hatchets, gunpowder, rifles, nails, &c."

If her fears wanted corroboration, she had it in the cap and the curiously carved staff, which she parti-

cularly remembered, from their design, and the antique mounting of the latter.

The habit of controlling emotion and masking anxiety enabled her to put such questions as too clearly brought a sad conviction to her mind respecting the death of the traveller, so lately her guest; and she succeeded in drawing forth such additional information as might lead to a more full and detailed account of the affair. Having done this, and purchased the necessary articles, she dismissed the trader, without exciting his suspicions, or causing him to imagine that any thing beyond curiosity had led to her inquiries.

Quick in resolve, decided in execution, her plans for obtaining information were soon effective. She learned that the traveller, after parting from her, had been tempted to proceed on his purposed route, and had been murdered by some of "the sons of the Black River," who, it appeared, had been tempted by his imagined wealth.

The particulars and proofs of this atrocious crime were reduced to writing, and forwarded to the colonial authorities; but all this was infinitely easier to the energetic Englishwoman than to effect such a disturbance of Dutch apathy as would be necessary for avenging the wrong. Perhaps the authorities had not the power—they certainly manifested very little of the inclination — requisite for bringing the murderers to justice; and in that quarter the earnest and

anxious entreaties of this extraordinary woman proved unavailing.

Behold her now, seated under a forest pine: deep thought furrowed her brow, giving increased dignity to her appearance, while she reflected on the means of exacting that retributive justice which she had been unable to obtain from the government. Like all persons of high resolve, the idea of failure — eventual failure —she never permitted herself to entertain. With her mental eye fixed on the goal, she paused but to consider the best course by which it could be reached.

"I have governed tribes who never before acknowledged any law; I have exacted homage, where even respect was seldom before given; and now I have asked redress from both the chief of the tribe and the authorities that here represent one of the European powers, and they cannot give it! Am I, after all, the poor helpless being to rest contented here, and cannot I penetrate a few miles farther amid these forests, for an act of justice, when I could have braved all I have done for selfishness, to escape from odious and hypocritical society? ay, when I could even persuade my dear father to quit his country, and seek with me peace among less civilized nations? Away with the idea of doubt! I have resolved, and I will accomplish; ay, all! these murderers shall know how deep is the determination of an Englishwoman. My people shall see that they yield obedience to no tinsel

sovereignty. Mountains and rocks shall bear my name; and, if I reign, it shall be both with the power of a Queen and the dignity of a Woman."

Within a few hours after this determination, her table was loaded with jewels, trinkets, plate; and the general preparations indicated that all available means were to be employed in order to obtain a considerable sum of money as speedily as possible.

A small force was soon afterwards raised on the coast; auxiliaries were added from among her Indian neighbours; and, in a little time, an armed body of sufficient strength to venture upon penetrating into the interior of the forest was collected, and this intrepid woman proceeded to fulfil her determination by placing herself at its head.

Slowly and cautiously they advanced, molesting no one—nay, even conferring, where possible, benefit on any occasional wanderer whom they encountered; and thus intelligence of their progress was rapidly diffused by the scouts of the several tribes.

Alarmed at the formidable invasion now threatened, and not ignorant of the fame of its conductress, the menaced tribe sent to arrange terms; but a stern and peremptory repulse, coupled with a declaration that no conference could be held until the murderer was given up unconditionally, struck terror to their hearts; and the invaders uninterruptedly continued their march. The tedious march was now accomplished; and before them lay some of the devoted dwellings.

Then, and not till then, was the murderer given up; and this influential and determined woman returned to her home without committing any injury in her progress; then, proceeding with the prisoner to the nearest point where European authorities were established, she delivered him to their charge, disbanded her troops, and once more sought the beloved quiet of her woodland recess.

It is our province to leave her here, and bend our steps to the place where preparations were to be made for the trial of the murderer. The authorities determined, as they had proved unequal to the task of seizing the culprit, at least to make up in parade, when he was in custody, for their previous indolence or impotence. They gave notice to the various parties holding jurisdiction in the neighbourhood, whether European or Indian, and also intimated to the sylvan Princess that they were willing to follow any directions which she might give. She replied 'that all she asked was justice; that she trusted they would inquire fairly into the case, and adjudge according to the evidence.'

As the time for the trial approached, the utmost interest was excited throughout the whole district, and an immense concourse of spectators was attracted, both from the novelty of a criminal being so taken, and also from curiosity to see the famed Princess, who was expected to attend the trial. The wild and fanciful dresses of the chiefs, the heavier and more

voluminous cloaks in which the wealthy inhabitants of the town and its environs were wrapped, and the calm looks of the more peaceful burghers, gave a varied and picturesque interest to the scene.

Arriving, with her customary simplicity and absence of parade, in the midst of this assemblage, the Princess graciously saluted those who were known to her, and passed forward to the house of a burgher with whom her father had long been acquainted, and whose residence she proposed to honour with a temporary occupation. Immediately on entering this plain, substantial dwelling, and being left in a room by herself, the written evidence connected with the impending inquiry engaged her attention; which, in a short time, was interrupted by the entrance of an attendant, ushering in a young Indian female, whose age just bordered on the earliest dawn of womanhood, and whose appearance, if it had all the wildness, wanted nothing of the interest that attached to her tribe — the Children of the Black River.

The Princess intuitively perceived the errand of her visiter, and motioned her to be seated. The poor girl turned inquiringly to the attendant in waiting, as if to ask whether he were to remain. The lady, without hesitation, dismissed him; for she did not dream of the possibility of the least danger from the interesting-looking being who stood before her, and who, after a short pause, thus began:

"Princess! I come to you as the sun of my destiny!

you can wither and destroy, or you can shed the light of heaven over the desolate wigwam of the Son of the Black River. See you these hands; they have toiled: these feet; they have trodden many a day's journey, that the treasures I have obtained might be laid at your feet;" and she produced a small pouch, filled with silver coins. She then continued: "I seek my father: *you* may save him. I know that the Great Spirit at present hides his face from us; I know that my father has offended; I saw it all!" and she dropped her head on her knees: "ALL!" she repeated in an almost stifled voice.

The lady shuddered; but, subduing her emotion, she said, "Tell me then all! but let it be the truth, for you know I cannot be deceived."

"Princess," replied the girl, proudly raising her head, "I never deceived." Then, sinking again into her former position, she added, "But time passes, and I have not yet spoken of my father. It was on a bright moonlight night that the Stranger applied to my father to become his guide, on that journey which he wished to make to the shores of the Upper Lake, and he offered for this service powder and lead, with these beads, a hammer, and a hatchet.

"We were without food; other tribes had wrested from us some of our best hunting-grounds: our men seldom went out upon the war-path, and the pale faces, from day to day, were gaining upon the slender possessions that remained. My father agreed to be

his guide; and, taking his rifle, prepared for the journey. He soon departed, leaving me alone; for my poor mother sleeps quietly by the shore of the lake. The door of our dwelling lay open; I could not sleep, so I passed through the open grounds along the bank of the stream, towards its source, till the clear lake lay in all its calmness at my feet.

"Dark seemed the little mound of earth raised over the grave in which my mother lay: and a deeper sense of loneliness than usual came over me. Perhaps, thought I, the spirit of my dear mother hovers not over me; I have been long absent, and she will not meet me, but will withdraw her welcome on account of my neglect. The flowers too droop their heads, and the pines frown on me. Well! perhaps my dearest mother will forgive me, and come to breathe the balmy odour of peace across my brow. I will lay myself down, and sleep with my mother! And I wept and was happy, for then my cheek touched the sod, and the tears sank into the earth, and I thought if they moistened her cheek that her spirit would forgive me! Thus I lay I know not how long, when steps approached, and a voice, strange to me, asked if this was the lake? My father's voice replied that it was.

"The stranger then gave my father charge of his cloak, and slowly moved along the shore to a considerable distance. Why he came so far to visit this spot I know not. At length the sound of his steps gradually died away, and I knew that my father alone was near;

but, fearing lest he might chide me for my wanderings, I crept in among the underwood and lay still. Presently, he came near the grave, and, as he laid down the cloak, something dropping from the pocket struck against the ground: it sounded like money: — he started —and I soon heard him as if numbering the coins. Then he said to himself: 'Had I had this wealth, the wife of my bosom had not died, and the want of these base aids may cause my beloved child to follow her to the grave. Would that this treasure were mine! but it is another's, and confided to me. I ought not ever to have remembered it, or even to have touched it!'

"Then he seemed to be gathering it in his hand to put it again into the pocket of the cloak, when a hurried step approached, and the stranger passed quickly up the track: before the purse was replaced, he confronted my father. The light of the moon strongly fell on his features, and I saw them masked by the expression of distrust.

"'Give me,' he said, 'my cloak and my purse: what have you taken? fool that I was to have trusted them out of my own possession; but I had forgotten that my money was there.' 'Trust!' replied my father, 'dare you doubt me? here is your purse.' The stranger took it in silence and counted the contents. 'The numbers are not right,' he added; 'you have taken more than the sum promised you; our bargain is at an end.'

"My father was, of all created men, the most prompt to feel bitterly any imputation upon his good faith, and I saw that his hand was on his knife. The stranger started, but my father answered, 'Fear not; you have trusted me: I cannot harm you; but you have yourself broken our bargain: we are for the future strangers.' 'Not so quick,' angrily replied the traveller, 'you have taken more than your pay.' 'I have taken nothing,' was the answer. 'It is false,' was responded.

"The knife gleamed in the moonlight; the stranger dropped: he uttered no sound; the spouting blood rushed upward, and fell on the grave of my mother! My father shuddered, and, looking round, stooped to raise the fallen man; but it was useless: life was now extinct.

"For a time he stood gazing at the corpse, until at last, like one roused from a trance, he took up the cloak, threw it across the body, and then, stooping down, leant for a time over the grave, as though communing with the spirit of my departed parent. He groaned bitterly; then, suddenly rising, he lifted up the cloak, opened the pocket, and took out the money: at that moment, his foot struck against something, and, stooping to pick it up, he found several of the coins, which he had dropped while returning the stranger's purse.

"'It is too late,' he sighed, 'I may as well take this treasure — *he* cannot want it, I do — he doubted

me, and he fell.' So spoke my father, lady — need I proceed? I will die for my father, if you wish, but oh! save him; spare my only friend, or kill me too."

The Princess had not interrupted the poor girl's narration; but her deep breathing spoke the interest which it had excited. Taking the hand of the supplicant, she said: "I will be your friend."

"*You* my friend?" was all that the child of the woods could utter, and the poor girl sunk on the floor.

On the following day the Indian culprit was brought to trial. The proofs were clear against him, and the case was very speedily concluded. He was liable to receive sentence of death.

The proceedings were closed; the Judges had but to fix the punishment, and the guilty man awaited in silence the fiat that should declare in what manner his life should be closed.

Intently gazing at the lady, as if to read her countenance, and see what feeling stirred her soul, the friends of the prisoner watched each movement she might make: not a sound escaped from her lips, calmly pressed together; her brow was knit, but the expression of her eye rendered the frown doubtful. The Judges inquired if she had any suggestions to offer, "for," said they, "to your heroism and love of justice may be attributed much of the merit of this conviction."

Who that has witnessed the awful moment when

sentence is to be pronounced but must remember how much importance seems to attach to the tone in which the first accents are uttered. In this case, however, there was nothing left for hope. The president of the court made known the decision, and had pronounced the sentence in the usual form; yet the Princess still remained silent.

In that colony, as well as in every other, wherein a shadow of sound jurisprudence exists, the executive power enjoyed the prerogative of mercy. However extraordinary such a step would have appeared under other circumstances, yet the governor of the colony, taking into consideration the peculiar incidents of this trial, signified his willingness to assent to any mitigation of the punishment that the lady who exercised the strange and anomalous sovereignty which has been already described might propose, resolving, on that individual occasion, to invest her with his own authority, and let her deal as she might think proper with the criminal. To this he was the more readily moved, from her having communicated to him the narrative of the Indian girl, ratified with all the solemnities of an oath, and bearing upon its face so many evidences of probability.

Like one then to whom sovereignty was familiar, she proceeded to its instant exercise. She spoke, and breathless attention hung on her words, while every anxious eye was turned to that form of majestic and surpassing beauty, as she thus addressed the prisoner.

"Your life has been forfeited, though I have not borne witness against you: my part in your prosecution was the collection and arrangement of facts, which spoke for themselves. True—I penetrated into your fastnesses, where you thought man, much less woman, dared not enter; and the secret murder in the Prairie of one whom you considered friendless is revealed within a few moons after its perpetration. The laws of the pale-faces condemn you: the red man breathes not a word against the justice of that condemnation; nay, even your friends and the conscience within you speak to the truth of the charge.

"But *I*, an Englishwoman, *bid you live!* I have scrutinised your motives, and seen that you were not under the influence of deliberate malice, whatever feelings of offended pride, or powerful temptations of want, caused your dark crime. You thought that an Englishman might be destroyed with impunity. Of the contrary you have now been convinced. Learn also that England can practise mercy as well as justice. Behold! you are free. Henceforth, if an Englishman should cross your path, be his friend. Tell your brethren what you have seen; and, when you wish for a blessing on your children, pray that they may be the friends of Englishmen, and that your country may become *another* ENGLAND."

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

THE burning East hath caught a sign
  Upon the brow of night,
And starts the sage to see it shine
  O'er all the morning's light;
A stranger, with his step of fire,
  Upon the starry way,
And wings that tarnish not, nor tire,
  Amid the blaze of day;
And keeping still his flashing eye
Unshut, amid the sun-bright sky!

He is not of the stars that sang
  At that primeval birth,
When all their lyres with music rang,
  To hail the young, glad earth;
When pealed the world's wide anthem out,
  To join the spheres abroad,
And one high pæan met the shout
  From all the "Sons of God!"

He was not of the fiery train
That fought on Kishon's ancient plain!*

Whence comes that glorious messenger?
Why came he not before?
Chaldea hath no form so fair,
In all her Planet-lore;
The Gheber knoweth not that star,
Amid his creed of fire,
Nor hath its beauty hailed, from far,
The mariner of Tyre!
When Midnight, with her pageantry,
Looked o'er the Idumean sea!

It prophesieth in the skies;
Oh! where hath it been hid,
For ages, 'mid the myriad eyes
That light the Pyramid!
The Persian, with his starry wit,
He cannot write its name,
And who shall read the story writ
Upon that brow of flame!
It hath no mark in Grecian art,
Nor sign on Zoroaster's chart!

It spreadeth forth its glittering wing,
And beckoneth to the West,
And circleth, like a living thing
In haste, that may not rest:

* The stars, in their courses, fought against Sisera.—Judges, v. 20.

The sage hath watched its course afar,
And pondered it apart,
Till, lo! the story of that Star
Shines in upon his heart,
And rises brightly on his soul
The legend of its burning scroll!

'Tis he—'tis he—the light of whom
Those ancient prophets told,
The star that should from Jacob come,*
To shine on Judah's fold;
The East shall offer odours sweet,
To meet its rising smiles,
And Kings bring presents to His feet,
From "Tarshish and the isles,"†
And Sheba, from the desert far,
Be summoned by the herald-star.

The angel, with his sword of flame,
Who watched o'er Eden's glades,
When man, bowed down by guilt and shame,
Went weeping from its shades;
Perchance to that same shining power
This gentler task is given,
To point, in this redeeming hour,
The pathway back to heaven,

* There shall come a star out of Jacob.—Numbers, xxiv. 17.

† The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents.—Psalm lxxii. 10.

And promise, with his flashing eyes,
A new and brighter Paradise.

Along the wild, like ships at sea,
The pilgrim-camel rides,
And through the heaven, silently,
That glorious banner glides;
The desert-fiend, in breathless haste,
Stalks fast and far away—
And like the garden blooms the waste,
Beneath the holy ray,
Where they, who weary not nor rest,
Are travelling, star-led, to the West.

When Judah heard the voice of God,
On Egypt's hostile plain,
And shook again her hair abroad,
And flung away her chain,
She followed, through the desert way,
Alternate gloom and light,
And *that* was still a smoke by day,
That glowed a fire by night,
And morning saw the Godhead shroud
Behind the pillar of the cloud.

But onward, onward, gliding still,
Afar, and yet afar,
By night and day, o'er plain and hill,
Looks forth yon golden Star:—

Oh! never herald's presence yet
With such a glory shone,
And, sure, such guide must bring the feet
Unto a gorgeous throne;
And who shall meet His awful eye,
Whose burning heralds walk the sky!

That guide hath halted suddenly!
And, with their fragrant freight,
The stately camels stoop the knee
Before a stable-gate!
Oh! He, whose name was first on high,
Is lowliest in his birth,
And He, whose star is in the sky,
Hath but a crib on earth!
And they, the wise, have trod the wild,
To bow before a little child.

So, guided by that Eastern ray,
The lowly and the poor
May gather precious fruits to-day,
Beside that stable-door:
That not unto the highest, here
The highest place is given,
And they who serve below, may wear
The starry crown in heaven!
And shining things still keep the road
That leads the Christian to his God!

THE WIDOW'S CURSE.

The house and grounds which my uncle and aunt at present occupy were some years since in the possession of a very distant branch of the family, who, according to popular tradition, were obliged to dispose of it in consequence of a series of misfortunes entailed upon them by a curse. The tale appeared to me so wild, so romantic, and so characteristic of the country, that I was tempted to commit it to paper.

In one of the most sequestered spots of the county of Roscommon were to be seen two or three cabins. One of them rose superior to the others. It was inhabited by the aged widow, Biddy Mann, and her pretty grand-daughter. Biddy, to use the country phrase, had "come of dacent people," who had been well to do in the world: but times were sadly changed. Biddy's life had proved a lengthened chain of griefs and wrongs, which had roused all the worst feelings of her nature, and excited all the warmest and best to enthusiasm, and these were all bestowed on her only hope and comfort, her grandchild, the gentle Kate. And who more worthy of this love? She was the only survivor of her family of four sons. Her husband and two of her sons fell victims to the system of false information practised against the peasantry of unhappy

Ireland at the time of the rebellion; the other two fled to foreign countries, and sank into an early but peaceful grave, which was denied them in the land of their birth.

The severity of the agent of an absentee landlord, of whom she held her cabin and ground, completed the catalogue of her misfortunes. Gale-day (rent-day), the dreaded day, was fast approaching, and Biddy had no visible means of averting its terrors. The season was bad; potatoes and her little crops had failed. She could beg through the world, but sure it would fairly break her heart to see her Kate brought to that pass. In vain Kate offered consolation: the old woman passed her time in bitter invectives against those whom she considered as the authors of her misfortunes, and in caresses and lamentations over her child.

Suddenly, however, a change came over her spirit. Biddy became pensive, taciturn; her neighbours whispered that it was strange; sure, may be, it was a warning for death—but life, in its most brilliant and attractive form, was the subject of Biddy's thoughts. In short, she had for many nights a golden dream, which she determined to act upon. She dreamt that, in an old mansion-house, called Pallas, inhabited by a family of the name of O'Higgins, a pot of gold was secreted, and that she was the person for whom it was destined. All her thoughts were accordingly bent on securing the treasure.

Taking an affectionate leave of her Kate, she set out on her journey, the object of which she kept a profound secret. A few days brought her to its termination. It was the close of a dark November evening when she came in sight of the old mansion-house of Pallas, the object of her toils and hopes. With agitated steps she hastened on, regardless of danger; crossed the rapid stream, swollen with the rains of the season, that flowed at the foot of the eminence on which the house was situated; and soon arrived at the door, which, in Ireland, is ever cheerfully opened to the wanderer. Her age, the inclemency of the night, all served her for a passport.

She had not been long seated by the brightly blazing turf fire, when her scrutinizing eye was caught by a stone in one corner of the kitchen—just such a stone, and in the precise situation of that which she had seen in her dream, and beneath which the hidden treasure had been deposited ever since the time of the Danes; for that is the period to which all secret stores of this kind are ascribed. Amazed and awe-struck at the prospect of the speedy fulfilment of her dream, she joined not in the innocent mirth and the tales of fear and wonder with which the happy circle of dependents beguiled the long evening after the toils of the day. Conceiving that her silence was occasioned by fatigue, they pressed her to take refreshment, and then left her to her own thoughts, and

undisturbed to form plans for gaining possession of her treasure.

The voices of the spinners, with the soft hum of their wheels, which had seemed to sing a lullaby to the storm, had long ceased, and were succeeded by the harsh voice of the wind, touching every note of discord, from the shrill, wild whistle to the loud, awful blast which spoke of danger. The remains of the cheerful fire now only threw a dim uncertain light on objects to render them fearful from their indistinctness; and thus it fell on the tall and spectre-like figure of Biddy Mann, as she rose from the humble pallet which had been allotted to her in the kitchen. With stealthy step she approached the stone, which resembled the broken shaft of a small pillar, and now served the purpose of a low seat. As the kitchen was paved with small stones, and Biddy was provided with implements for her work, which she had carried in her bag, there appeared but little opposition to her undertaking, except the danger of wakening one of the sleepers in the kitchen.

She commenced her operations with anxious yet cautious haste. Already had she bared the foundation of the stone, which she raised with a vigorous effort, but it slipped from her hands, not, however, before she saw, or thought she saw, the object of her search, the antique earthen pot containing the treasure. The loud noise of the fall roused the sleepers, who started up in affright, with exclamations of "The

Lord save us! The Lord have mercy upon us!" In a few moments the alarm was general, and the kitchen was filled with the males of the family.

There stood Biddy, the spirit of the alarm, with an air of desperate determination to overcome all difficulties. The state of the stone, the implements scattered around her, and that which she held in her hand, plainly told the cause of the disturbance and its author. The master of the house advanced towards her, and in an angry tone inquired what she was doing, and how she had dared to remove any thing in his house. Beckoning him to come nearer, and inclining her body, without quitting her position, she said, "*Whist a lanna;* send them away; and I'll be afther telling you something you will like to hear." All the servants, as if struck with fear, fell back to the further end of the room, when she whispered: "There's gould, pure gould, under that stone; it never belonged to you or your's. I alone knew of it; to me alone then it belongs. Help the poor widow to get it this night. With a heart and a half I'll share it wid ye, and may the Almighty pour his blessing on you!"

These words were unheard by all save the person to whom they were addressed. Her whisper ceased —a pause succeeded. A moment of dark thought passed over the countenance of her auditor, and was followed by one of angry decision. Seizing the arm of the old woman, he exclaimed: "Think not to fool me with your tale of falsehood. Leave my house this

instant!" He pushed her from him with violence. Turning to his servants, "Why stand ye staring there?" he cried. "Turn her out, I say."

His second son, Bernard, a fine lad, now ran up to him, and, with a look of earnest entreaty, laid his hand on his father's arm. "She is a poor helpless woman, who cannot harm us," said he. "Surely, father, you would not turn her out in such a night as this!"

"May God bless you, child!" ejaculated Biddy.

"Dictate not to me!" vociferated the father; "if none of this useless gang will do it, I must rid my house of the old witch myself."

"O masther, masther dear, don't do it *agrah!*" remonstrated a voice from among the servants. "Remember the prophecy of long ago about that stone, and don't bring misforten on yersel and the childer!"

"Silence, fool! You shall see how I regard your prophecy."

As he thus spoke, he hurried the powerless old woman across the kitchen, and, in another instant, outside the door. Not till then did she recover the power of utterance. With a voice loud, wild, shrill, as the winds against which it contended, she cried: "O'Higgins, ye'll sup sorrow for this. My curse, the widow's and the orphan's curse, be on ye!"

"Hold, good woman," said Bernard, interrupting her; "do not utter wicked curses. Here's money, which will procure you comforts and shelter."

"Keep your money," replied Biddy; "I'll not sell my blessing or my curse. On you, child, be my blessing, for you have pitied me: may you never, never stand in need of pity yersel, and never know sorrow! May riches bless you in a strange land, and give you every comfort in life; and may heaven be your bed at last! But on the father of ye, on all belonging to him save yersel, may a blight rest! May the riches he has got cause his destruction! May he be low as me and my darlint Kate this night—and that won't be long. Dead or alive, I'll have revenge!"

The door was closed. The solemn words of the imprecation had sounded the more awful from the storm which was raging. By the following day that had subsided, and Nature again appeared gay and cheerful; but gloom hung over the house of Pallas. The servants whispered their fears of the old woman's curse; the very walls seemed to repeat it. From that fearful night the old woman was never heard of there or at her own home.

Time passed on. O'Higgins seemed to have acquired sudden wealth, made purchases, appeared to be blessed, not cursed; when, one fine moonlight summer night, which he was enjoying on the lawn before his house, the calm silence of the scene was broken by a sudden piercing cry: another and another followed, and then a fearful laugh of exultation. He ran towards the spot whence these sounds proceeded, till he

came to the clear and rapid though shallow stream at the end of his lawn. Here he found two of his servants, who, with loud lamentations, had just lifted some burden out of the water. "O masther!" they exclaimed, on seeing him; "poor dear misther Harry! The ould woman has fairly murthered him. Sure, I saw her mysel strangle him in the ford."

The wretched father was horror-struck, on a nearer approach, to behold his favourite, his idolized son, a corpse. He had perished, and, as all the peasantry firmly believed, by the supernatural agency of Biddy Mann. This was the beginning of O'Higgins's misfortunes. He became silent, morose, litigious, went to law, in a very short time lost all his property, and was so reduced as to live in a small cottage on his own grounds.

From the fulfilment of the curse pronounced on the father, the blessing bestowed on young Bernard was confidently expected to prove true. Seeing the most gloomy prospects at home, he collected his little property, determined to try his fortune in foreign lands, went to Spain, where success favoured him, and thence to South America, where he acquired wealth and honours, and became one of the most distinguished of the republican leaders, under the name of Don Bernardo O'Higgins. Thus were alike fulfilled Biddy Mann's blessing and her curse.

A. M.

J. M. Joy, del.t

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W. H. Simmons, sculp.t

MORNING PRAYER.

THE MOTHER'S OFFERING.

BY MARY HOWITT.

PART I.

MORNING PRAYER.

Our dear ones are torn from us! One by one,
The golden links of our soul's love are severed;
And mid the quicksands and the shoals of life
The heavy billows of adversity
Cast us forlorn and naked! It is well —
For God hath stricken us — still from the depths
Of our great desolation goeth up,
Like his, the frail disciple on the sea,
Our feeble cry, Lord help us, or we perish!
Yet, though thou chastenest me, I will fly to thee,
And put my trust in thee, and at thy feet
Lay down my precious things; nor would I murmur,
Though thy good Providence saw meet to strip me
Even of the one dear blessing thou hast left!
And, for thou yet art merciful, my soul
Shall not withhold aught from thee! Oh my Father
Accept mine offering! — this one poor lamb
I dedicate to thee in life or death;
Accept thou him, thou hast mine other treasures!
Boy, clasp thy hands, and raise thy heart to God,
For here, before Him, in the face of day,
Here, in this chamber of our poverty,

With our sore desolation round about us,
I dedicate thy life and all thy powers
To Him and his great human family!
Father, behold thy child, and what in him
Comes short of thy requirings give him further;
Courage — not courage such as maketh men
Stand, sword in hand, to meet their enemy,
But such as nerved the Saviour to drive forth
The dealers from the Temple; as sustained him
Mid the revilers in the outer court,
Crowned with thorns, yet answering not again!
Give him persuasive speech — not with bland lies
To win the ear of kings, or to take captive
The hearts of women, but with eloquent words
To lure men's souls to virtue; to make felt
How beautiful is love, and to instil
The spirit of love, even as a holy essence,
Where'er his presence comes. Oh gracious Father,
That this poor child of mine might be thy herald
Among mankind; to the lorn prisoner,
Down in the hopeless dungeon, carrying knowledge
Better than life, light better than the day!—
That to the Judge upon the high tribunal
He might impart mercy and charity!
Oh let him sit by death-beds, and in homes
Made desolate, and with the faint in heart,
And the poor weary sinner! Let him compass
Both land and sea to speak peace to the mourner!
Father, I ask not wealth nor length of days,

But bread to eat, and raiment to put on,
And that thou wilt support me to make fit
This child for thy great work!

PART II.

THE DEATH-BED.

Woman. Speak low, methinks he sleeps. I smoothed his pillow
Scarce fifteen minutes past, and he since then
Hath hardly moved.

Man. If he sleep, he will do well,
God grant he sleep till eve!

Child. I will not stir,
But I will lay me down upon the hearth,
And sleep too, lest I wake him.

Man. Come life or death,
All will be well with him. I heard, last eve,
More than I knew before, though we so long
Have known him and the holy life he led.
'Twas he, who like an angel stood between
The living and the dead, when the plague raged
I'th' city; it was he, who in the war-time
Lived in the hospital among the wounded,
Tending them with the kindness of a woman,
And comforting and cheering them in death.

Woman. God's blessing on him!

Man. He was one time sent for,
When or wherefore I know not, to the King,
And offered lands, and some great bribe in gold,

So he would sell himself to do their will,
Which was for evil.
Woman. That he would not do;
Gold could not bribe him to an evil deed!
Man. Yet he was poor, and had an aged mother
Dependent on him, but he would not do it!
He said, far more he loved his peace of mind
Than lands or gold; and that the favour of God
Was higher than that of kings!
Woman. 'Twas a brave man!
Man. Brave! thou shouldst hear old Eugene talk of him!
Eugene and his grandchildren were a-bed,
When flames burst forth, and all the house was fire,
For 'twas a gusty night; the neighbours stood
In panic terror, wildly looking on,
And though poor Eugene and the little children
Cried out for help, none dared to rescue them.
When suddenly that young man, hurrying forward,
Without reproach on those who stood so helpless,
Seizing a ladder, rushed into the chamber,
And amid raging fire brought forth the inmates,
As if his life were nothing. Thou shouldst hear
Old Eugene speak of him!
Woman. Thus did he ever;
His life was a self-sacrifice. They whom
The world looked coldly on, and, with hard judgment,
Spurned from its presence as a thing unholy,
He sought out, pitying their blind ignorance,

Restored to self-respect and lured to virtue;
He hated sin, but the poor outcast sinner
Was still his human brother. This was great,
But to my mind sets forth his virtue less
Than that refusing of the offered wealth,
Seeing he was poor, and had an aged mother
Dependent on him—loving so that mother!
Why, most men would have snatched the gold in triumph,
Smoothing the price on't to an easy conscience!

Man. He was not of their sort.

Woman. But I must see him—
Oh! God thou has ta'en thine own!

Man. Ah, is he dead?
Yes, this is death—sleep ne'er was calm as this.
But what an angel's face it is in death!

Woman. He's with his mother now, a saint in heaven.

Man. Well may'st thou weep, nor can I keep back tears.

DEATH IN A FOREIGN LAND.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Not long shall this feeble pulse remain,
And this failing strength endure,
Thy sunbeams, fair Italy, shine in vain,
Thy climate can work no cure,
And I sigh, when through myrtle groves I roam,
By the balmy breezes fanned,

"Oh! why was I sent from my quiet home,
To die in a foreign land?"

They *knew* I must die, I remember well
Their foreboding looks and sighs,
And can Death be charmed by an earthly spell,
Soft zephyrs, and azure skies?
I would give them all, on the wood to look
Where the clustering nut-trees stand,
And to gather lilies by the brook,
That runs in my native land.

I weep not because in early youth
I am called from this world of care,
I have humbly studied the book of truth,
And mourned o'er my sins in prayer,
And I hope through the Saviour, in whom I trust,
I may join the blessed band
Of holy angels and spirits just,
In a brighter and better land.

But my light and vain companions here
No calm to my mind impart,
Their language is foreign to my ear,
And their manners to my heart;
Would, when I lie down to yield my breath,
My kindred could round me stand,
I think I could greet the angel of death,
If he came in my own dear land!

THE PRIEST AND THE PENITENT.*

BY MRS. WALKER.

"So the beautiful Imoinda is to be married this morning. Faith, Pembroke is a lucky fellow. I for one would gladly vote the barter of half the blond belles of this town, so that we might keep among us the glorious eyes of that divine Creole girl. Positively they make sunlight in the darkest day of November."

"Why, Villiers, man, you are getting poetical: I did not know the Barbadoes widow had made a slave of you, too. Really, the negroes on her estates are free in comparison to the poor devils she holds in bondage here. Well, she is a sweet creature, and I hope Pembroke may value the treasure he has won, as she deserves."

The above dialogue took place in the High Street of that prettiest and most gossiping of towns, Cheltenham, between two of the loungers ever to be found there and in other watering places.

We will now more fully introduce to our readers the lady to whom it referred. Imoinda Jerningham was the widow of a man, by courtesy called gentleman,

* The facts contained in the following tale were communicated by a friend who was an eye witness, but, for the sake of giving clearness to the narrative, I have written as if I myself had been the spectator.

who, because he possessed large plantations in Jamaica, and had numbered fifty years, thought himself entitled to exercise over the lovely and portionless girl, whom he had bribed her parents to force to the altar as his wife, a tyranny and despotism, which, even the elasticity of sixteen, and a naturally bright and joyous temperament, were scarcely capable of coping with. After a wretched disunion of three years, the death of a brother called Mr. Jerningham to England, and a few more months conveyed to his wife the tidings, heard certainly without any very violent demonstrations of grief, of his own demise.

She was now, at nineteen, with all the power which wealth confers, all the freedom a state of widowhood enjoys, and all the influence with which a face and form of singular loveliness always endow a woman. The delicacy of her health demanding change of climate, she repaired to England, and had passed the period since her arrival at the favourite resort of travellers from the warm latitudes—Cheltenham.

Her presence there had excited quite a furor among natives and visiters, and Alexander numbered not more victories than did Mrs. Jerningham; though her conquests were not on the embattled plain, but in the sweet walks of the Montpelier promenade, or in the glittering and garlanded ball-room.

For those who wish for a description of our beauty, we will briefly sketch her. Large starry eyes, whose flashing lustre was tempered by an expression of such

tender beseechingness, that every look was a prayer; a skin of the finest and clearest olive, now utterly colourless, now glowing as sunset; hair black and shining; and a form so exquisitely pliant, so faultlessly proportioned, that every movement was grace, every attitude worthy of perpetuation by the sculptor's chisel. With such manifold attractions, it is no marvel that her hand was an object of eager competition; but, disdaining the allurements which rank possesses, the temptations which affluence equal to her own held forth, she selected from her host of admirers Henry Pembroke, the scion of a poor, though noble, Catholic family, who, saving a genealogy without a blot and a fine manly person, appeared to have no especial claim to such distinction, unless a love, whose vehemence and intensity often hurried him into temporary distrust and suspicion, can be called so. The day of her nuptials had arrived, and Imoinda sealed her earthly fate for weal or woe, and became the wife of Henry Pembroke. The ceremony over, the married lovers entered their travelling carriage, and set off for the Continent.

It was an evening in early spring: earth, air, and sky, were fraught with beauty, and filled every sense, even to overflowing, with a deep yet subdued feeling of enjoyment — one of those evenings, when, at the sight of Creation in all its fitness and perfection, the heart is humbled in lowly worship of the divine

Creator, and, the better faculties of the soul awakened, it pants to exchange the perishing interests of Time for the fadeless glories of Eternity. I had taken my evening stroll among the ruins of the Coliseum at Rome, and, my path homeward leading me by the Church of San Giovanni Laterano, I entered its open portals. The last chant of vespers was pealing through the aisle, low, sweet, and solemn. In a few minutes, all whom devotion or curiosity had called thither had left the edifice, and I found myself, as I fancied, sole occupant of the spacious area.

While inspecting the pictures — for where is the church in Rome that has not some picture worth inspection?—I was startled by the choking sob of feminine agony near me. I then found that the screen afforded by one of the colossal figures of the Apostles, which adorn the aisles, had hidden from my view a confessional, from whose recesses, it was evident, the accents of grief proceeded. Unwilling to listen to this outbreak of a loaded heart, whose anguish it was not for me either to hear or to assuage, I was leaving the church, when a wild unearthly scream, which still rings in my ears, arrested my footsteps, and, a moment afterwards, I saw the grey marble floor, on which I stood, crimsoned with blood!

To force open the door of the confessional was the work of an instant; and, on entering its narrow precincts, I discovered priest and penitent, both, to all appearance, lifeless. The latter, a young and beautiful woman,

was yet kneeling in the attitude of supplication; and the contrast of the black waving hair which fell in shadowy masses about her, the ashy cheek, and the white robe saturated with the dark red stream, which had gushed in torrents from the wound in her bosom, presented an aspect of horror, from the recollection of which my memory yet recoils, in spite of the interval that has elapsed since I witnessed it. The priest, a fine man, evidently not more than thirty years of age, held in his hand the short poniard, whose blade had dealt death to the fair creature before him.

My first impression was, that life had ceased with both, abruptly, but entirely. The subsequent examination of those whom I summoned to my assistance undeceived me. We then found that the penitent was the only sacrifice, and that the death-like stupor in which the priest lay was the operation of strong mental agony, which had paralyzed his form like the thunderbolt from Heaven. As the facts which led to this catastrophe became matter of immediate and general notoriety in Rome, and afterwards formed the subject of judicial inquiry, it can be no infringement of domestic sanctities to narrate them.

The unfortunate victim, whose death-shriek I had heard, was the beautiful Imoinda, who a few years before had been the idol of all who looked on her, and whom I had last seen as the blushing bride of the envied Henry Pembroke.

They had passed the whole of their married life on

the Continent. His love, whose warmth and fervour had won her affections, became, after their nuptials, a curse rather than a boon to her on whom it was lavished, from the insane jealousy associated with it. In vain did Mrs. Pembroke, renouncing the gratification which she derived from society, where she was worshipped as a goddess, cheerfully and willingly relinquish it, and consent to live in the utter seclusion of an obscure village in the south of Italy, where the balmy breeze and the rich perfume were the only incense she inhaled. Her temperament, warm and glowing as the clime where her first life-breath was drawn, exhibited itself in the fond and passionate love which she bore her husband, and made every sacrifice of personal vanity or pleasure trifling and inconsequent, if a tender smile from him rewarded her self-denial.

But Pembroke, not satisfied with all that she had abandoned for his sake, with that strange overweening selfishness, which so often degenerates into cruelty in man, who, because the being over whose affections he rules with omnipotent sway has no fresh offering to make to his love or vanity, forgets the thousand already conceded, became changed in manner, and, though still restlessly suspicious, cold, moody, and sullen. This was the wreck of the happiness of both, the basis of the tragedy which ultimately supervened. The nature of Imoinda, quick, ardent, and generous, while it eagerly returned love for love, resented indignantly aught of caprice or coldness. She insisted on

leaving their quiet retreat, and in an evil hour proceeded alone to Florence, where she plunged with desperate gaiety into every scene of pleasure that solicited.

Her husband, apparently reckless of her conduct, though really loving her still, and cognizant of her every action, followed her *incognito* to the city where she resided. At a masked ball given during the Carnival at the Pitti Palace, she had been throughout the evening the partner of the Prince Gonsalvi, a young nobleman, alike distinguished for the graces of his person and the extent of his licentiousness. While seated with him in a temporary pavilion in the garden, her husband suddenly appeared before her.

The rude violence with which he seized her roused the wrath of her companion; a scuffle ensued, and the young Prince was felled to the earth by a blow, which left him to all appearance dead.

Pembroke fled. From that period, no tidings of his fate had ever reached the innocent but wretched and bereaved Imoinda. Accusing herself as the cause of his expatriation, for it was generally thought that he had gone to America, uncertain even whether he yet lived, her remorse became ceaseless and acute. The engines which she had thoughtlessly employed to recover, as she hoped, his lost affections, had turned against herself, and levelled every hope of human enjoyment in the dust. What now to her were fame, beauty, affluence? Her possession of these was only valuable if subservient to the happiness or gratification

of the one only being she loved, and he had deserted her! believing her, how falsely!— faithless, unloving, and disloyal.

The sympathy of all classes encompassed her. But there was no balm in their gentlest word. The voice of flattery followed her footsteps wherever she appeared, but its accents sounded hollow and heartless. Often did she turn from the gilded saloons into which the affectionate urgency of friends hurried her, and, seeking her lonely chamber, press with fond and agonized caresses the miniature of Pembroke to her heart and lips, and feel that, could she once more be the companion of his hearth and home, no unkindness should force a murmur from her lips, or tempt her even for a moment into that levity, which had deceived him, and stamped the fiat of misery on every moment she numbered.

It was three years after his disappearance that the fearful scene which I witnessed took place in the Church of San Giovanni Laterano. Imoinda had gone thither, led by the fame of the priest, whose eloquence and sanctity filled Italy with its echoes. Little did she deem that the man before whom she bowed in penitence was he whom, his errors all forgotten and forgiven, she yet loved with the freshness and concentration of happy and by-gone years. His person even her eye could not recognize; for, in addition to the defacing marks which grief had written on his brow, he had, for the purposes of concealment, stained his

hair and complexion of a dark Indian tint. Little too did he deem, when he took the monastic vow, and placed an eternal barrier between himself and her who still too strongly weaned his heart from Heaven, that he had acted on false suspicions, and voluntarily, as it were, destroyed the peace and happiness of both.

He had left Italy only for a time, and returned thither to devote himself to the service of religion; and, though believing his wife guilty, feeling a desire to learn her movements, he became a monk of the severe order of the Capuchins. His blameless life, stern sanctity, and powers of oratory, won him a far-spread reputation. Thousands came to him to confess. Day by day, he hoped that *she* too would come, and that his ear might listen to the secrets of her soul—and she did come — and, kneeling at his feet, told of her follies, her errors, her frivolities. With breathless interest he heard her tell of these. He thought that crime would be added to the list — nay, he almost hoped it. He suggested — he interrogated — he denounced. But the confession was finished — she had no more to own — she was spotless, and he was deceived! — spotless — and confessing in broken accents her unquenched love — and yet he durst not clasp her to his heart!

He pronounced her name in the familiar tone of tenderness, so well known, so unforgotten. It was enough — disguise was longer impossible — she flung herself on his bosom, and for a moment held him in her

arms. He started from her embrace, told her of the vows that he had uttered, of the impassable gulph that he had placed between them; and, seizing a poniard, which he had concealed in his vest, was about to plunge it into his heart, when she wrenched it from his grasp, and, falling on her knees to implore forgiveness of Heaven and him, buried it to the hilt in her own breast.

He recovered, and is yet living. But she, the faithful and the fond, was dead! All the fervent and stormy passions which had alternately transported her to the summit of earthly bliss, or plunged her in the lowest depths of mental despondence, were hushed in eternal stillness. She was dead. The shafts of calumny could no more wound, the allurements of the world seduce, the presence of joy brighten, or the bitterness of sorrow grieve. She was at peace. Let but a few months thus roll on, and she would be forgotten by all, save one; in whose mind memory would ceaselessly ply the work of pain. In the silence of night, in the cold grey dawn of the morning, when there was rest for others, there should be no repose for him — the unswerving faith, the passionate devotedness, the wild embrace, and the dying struggles of Imoinda, would stand between him and sleep, and make the couch of oblivion the scene of vivid and acutest consciousness. In the service of his Creator alone he shall find peace, in assisting his fellow-creatures the only solace for a wounded spirit.

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

ON COLUMBUS SETTING SAIL TO DISCOVER AMERICA.

BY WASHINGTON BROWNE, ESQ.

Be calm, thou Ocean! he who sails on thee
Is of the best blood of the human race;
Spread forth thy waste of waters silently;
Him, who now wooes thy favour, do thou grace,
For he must win him an immortal place
Second to none heroic or renowned:
For none, O Ocean! who may seek to trace,
Howe'er adventurous, thy vast watery round,
Henceforth shall be like him through time with glory crowned.

No armament is his, with sound of slaughters,
Thy sanctitude of quiet to annoy;
No fleet with human blood to stain thy waters,
To subjugate, to torture, and destroy:
No trafficker in men, bent to decoy
His fellow-creatures to a desperate doom;
Receive him, Ocean! to thy breast with joy;
Be hushed, thou dread inexorable tomb,
That he o'er thee may reach fair isles of fadeless bloom.

The Assyrian empire had begun and ended;
The Hebrew dynasty had past away;

The Macedonian his strong arm extended
Over the East, and perished with his sway;
And Greece had had the glory of its day,
And Rome its arms, arts, luxury, and decline;
Whilst a vast continent, unknown of, lay
From age to age beyond thy billowy brine,
Girt round with pleasant isles beneath those skies benign.

However pleasant might thy region be,
Arcadian Pan; whatever charms were dealt
Unto thy vales and streams in Arcady;
In lovelier realms than those none ever dwelt;
No frame more balmy breezes ever felt
Blown fresh from fragrant groves and limpid streams:
There life and immortality so melt
Into each other, each the other seems,
For all the eye beholds is like divinest dreams.

Then smooth thy rugged front, old Ocean! keep
Bound in strong chains the terrors of thy breast;
For, shouldst thou rise and shake him through the deep,
Ages must lie the undiscovered West:
And he, the gifted seer, the bravest, best,
Must perish in thy billows with his fame.
But thou dost smile upon him; he is blest:
And kings, his petty foes, grow red with shame,
As the *old world* resounds linked with the *new* his name.

HAMMER AND NAILS.

BY MRS. LEE.

A HAPPY family party, assembled round an English fire-side, were enjoying the comforts of a bright blaze, crimson curtains, a warm, thick carpet, and closely fitting doors and shutters, while the sleet pattered against the windows, and the stormy blast, preceded by low moans, swept by in furious gusts.

"This," said one of the youngsters of the circle, "is just the night for a ghost-story; those hurried and complaining tones, which rush on with the wind, seem to come from a set of demons hastening to be present at some horrible catastrophe."

"No!" said another, "they seem to be giving us warning that they are going to take possession of some wretched soul, just about to escape from its earthly habitation."

"Or rather," said a third, "they seem to me as if they themselves were pursued and tormented by some mightier power. I never hear these groanings of the storm but I think of that Canto of Dante, where the poor sinners are incessantly wafted on by the wind without knowing any rest."

"What is the use of all these comparisons," said a fine, sturdy schoolboy; "let us have a good solid ghost-story!"

"What shall it be?" was asked.

"A new one," was the reply; "we know by heart all about the lady with the black ribbon, the little rat, the damsel of the guillotine, and the married woman and her stockings."

"Learned as you are, Edward, in such matters, I suspect that there will be some difficulty in finding a novelty for you," observed an elder sister.

"Oh!" rejoined the lad, "I would bet anything that Uncle William could tell us something fresh; sailors always have some tough yarns about supernatural beings, and what is more, they believe in them too, don't they, Uncle William?"

"Many of them do," said the sailor. "Jack is always superstitious; but, although mortally frightened at such things in the hour of leisure, he forgets all in the moment of danger and exertion. I have seen the sturdy rogues sitting in groupes on the deck, or leaning against the guns, during watch, on a fine night, and telling stories till the face of each was whiter than his neighbour's. Then came the boatswain's whistle, and started them nearly out of their skins; and many a brave fellow has covered himself with the blanket of his hammock, that his half-dozing vision might not meet the forms which had just been described by his comrade."

"Let us hear one of those yarns, if you please, Uncle?" said a rosy-cheeked damsel, creeping up to the sailor, who loved her better than all other human

beings, and, tucking her arm within his and looking imploringly in his face, she was not to be resisted.

The candles were removed to the further end of the room, the chairs were drawn closer together, and Uncle William, after a moment's pause, thus began.

"You shall have one, which made a great impression on me when I was a boy, and which went among us by the name of 'HAMMER AND NAILS.'"

In the month of May, 17—, a goodly ship sailed from Plymouth harbour, bound for India and the China seas; she was well built, and in every respect well found, but there was a strange look about her, not easily defined. It probably arose from the gloominess of her appearance within and without: her very canvas was dark; her hull was black, without even a narrow white streak to enliven it; the hen-coops were also black; the cuddy was of a deep, dull green; and the furniture of the captain's cabin was of the darkest morone. The crew consisted of five-and-twenty men, besides the captain; they were of various nations, but would not have been remarkable in any respect, had not a certain air of solemnity and quietness reigned among them. They were scarcely conscious of it themselves, and were not originally disposed to such feelings; but, when the bustle and anxiety of getting fairly out of Channel were over, and they tried to amuse themselves with their usual sports, the deep low voice of the mate would be heard saying, "No

noise there," till, at last, all conversation was carried on in whispers.

"I say, Tom, haven't we got a queer skipper?" said the sail-maker to the man who was helping him to sew the seams of an awning. "Look at him now, as he stands with his arms folded, leaning against the cuddy-door, his hat slouched over his face, his stiff black hair oozing out of each side, and his sharp, black eyes looking out for squalls among us."

"You had better not let him see that you are watching him," said the low tones of the mate in the sail-maker's ear. The fellow started and was silent; but, when he saw the speaker go in to write his log, he whispered still more softly, "That fellow's voice is every where, like the captain's eyes!"

"'Tis odd," rejoined the helper; "and I have felt very queer ever since I came on board this here ship. I don't know but I repent being in her, she's so quiet, and 'tis so unnatural for a captain to sail on a Friday."

"I always sail on a Friday," said a clear, hollow voice, close beside them.

The men were instantly dumb, but, after a long pause, the incorrigible sail-maker, hitching himself nearer to his messmate, and giving him a kick under the awning, said, in even less than a whisper, "I didn't know he had moved, did you?"

The ship rapidly pursued her course, the wind was fair, and no living thing saluted their eyes, except now

and then a flight of Mother Carey's chickens, which swept hurriedly past them. They made the lovely island of Madeira in the night, and dropped anchor, and early the next morning the custom-house officers came on board. The captain received them with the utmost courtesy, speaking Portuguese fluently; his papers were presented and examined, and "*Sta ben*" having been pronounced by the chief officer, he raised his hat from his head, and bowed them down the ship's side. Not the slightest invitation to remain and take refreshment was given, but the manner of the captain was so peculiar and at the same so courteous, that these officials, to whom it was a novelty, were so overpowered, that they got into their galley without making the least observation.

The captain ordered his gig to be manned, and proceeded to the shore, where he laid strict injunctions on the crew not to stir from the landing-place. For two hours did the men wait patiently at their post; but, at length, tired of their inactivity, they, with their usual thoughtlessness, drew lots for one to stay behind, while the others rambled about. When thus indulging their curiosity, a procession, in honour of Nostra Señora del Monte came past, and they were ordered to take off their hats. On refusing to obey, a priest of powerful frame advanced from among the crowd, and attempted to uncover their heads by main strength. They resisted, and a scuffle ensued. The multitude of enraged Portuguese would soon have overpowered the

tars, had not a tall, dark-looking man glided amidst the crowd; extending his arms, he quickly opened a passage on each side. "*Espera,*" said he, in a voice which might have been heard over half the town. The astonished combatants became passive, and the speaker, waving his hand to the Englishmen, waited till they had retreated in safety; then, turning to give a look of scorn to the whole party, before they could recover themselves he followed, and, placing himself in the boat, ordered the men to return to the vessel.

The good-hearted fellows, half grateful, and half ashamed, after sundry winks and gestures among themselves, deputed the steersman to speak for them; but no sooner had he uttered the words, "We wish captain to ——," than he to whom they were addressed fixed his eyes sharply upon him with a piercing glance, and cried "Silence!" in so commanding a tone, that the abashed orator made no second trial to express either gratitude or apology.

The whole of that day passed, and not a soul from the island was suffered to come on board, the ever-ready mate being constantly at the gangway to prevent all communication. At night, when the men flattered themselves that they should be able to ship a little grog, they were all ordered to bed, excepting two, who were to take turns to keep watch. According to the preconcerted plans of those who had rowed the captain's gig, some attempts were made; but no sooner were the hands stretched out to reach the for-

bidden bottle than the voice of the captain, whom they supposed to be safely stowed in his cot, exclaimed, "Beware!" and the hands were hastily withdrawn.

The next morning the blocks were reeved in expectation of cargo, and a heavily laden boat approached from the shore. On coming alongside, a young English clerk inquired—"Is this the Black Eagle, Captain Conder?" On being answered in the affirmative, he stepped up the rope-ladder, and the captain and mate advanced to meet him. The latter attended to the shipment of the wine, and the former took the clerk into the cuddy.

"Mr. S——t hopes you will do him the favour to dine with him to-day, Captain Conder," said the visiter.

"I thank him, but I never dine out," was the firm reply. "Your bill and invoice, sir?"

While these were examined, refreshment was offered to the clerk, but he was so strongly impressed by all he saw around him, and by the countenance and voice of the captain, that he did not attempt to taste the ship-delicacies which were set before him. He gradually ceased his loquacity, and, receiving his money and signing an acknowledgment, he gladly took his leave. However, as he set his foot on the ladder to go down the side, he exclaimed, "Queer ship this, queer captain too!"

"Your business is wine, sir," sarcastically observed a voice which he thought he had left in the cuddy.

He did not turn to see whence it proceeded, but, hastening his descent, silently seated himself in his own boat, and returned to the shore, where he doubtless made ample amends for the restraint which his tongue had undergone.

The blue peter was hoisted, the authorities again came on board to receive the harbour dues, and never had they before transacted their business with equal despatch. All was made taut, the anchor was weighed, and the Black Eagle majestically left the port. The voyage was remarkable only for its tranquillity; the men were well fed, and, although not overworked, were kept in such constant employment, and so vigilantly watched, that every disposition to murmur was instantly checked. Once, indeed, a deputation from the forecastle came aft, and, with many scrapes of the foot and twitches of the locks on the forehead, requested permission to celebrate the crossing of the Line with the usual ceremonies.

"The Line, my lads," said the captain, with an attempt to smile, "we passed it three days ago."

On bringing this intelligence to their messmates, a complaint at length broke forth, but it was so instantly and firmly repressed, that, like all others, it subsided, and the crew gradually gave up all disposition to fun; even the Saturday night passed unheeded, but the habit of gathering together to tell stories during watch was too much a part of themselves to be wholly abandoned. No sooner, however, did they assemble,

than the mate was to be seen leaning against the ship's side, or seated on a water-cask close by, or, if it were his watch below, the captain would lengthen his walk and come so near, at every alternate turn, that their closest whispers could be heard.

The very men at length began to assume the bearing of their officers, and a general air of sadness pervaded the whole of this little world. With the mate, as with those under him, it was, however, not a natural feeling: his countenance was remarkable for its benignity; his thick, curling, chesnut hair clustered round a manly set of features, and the clearest blue eyes; his complexion was fair, although partially bronzed by weather, and a lurking smile, which he was not wholly able to repress, would occasionally display a perfect set of teeth; but he seemed to think it a part of his duty to be sad and solemn, and, as he conscientiously performed this and every other service, he admitted no relaxation in others.

There was evidently some strong tie of feeling beween him and the captain: if the latter were unusually restless, the mate would stand and gaze mournfully upon him, and then turn away as if some painful recollection assailed him; he paid him the utmost respect, and offered the most delicate and silent attentions, but they were rarely seen to converse together. The captain's perturbed spirit, as it beamed from his brilliant eyes, his wan face, half covered with the darkest hair, his attenuated but highly muscular

form, his often clenched hand, and set teeth, and the lightning rapidity of his walk, were the outward signs of some terrible mental evil, and often had it been conjectured what he could have been or done. It was well known that Captain Conder and Mr. Osborne had sailed together for many years, but the hopeless mystery which encircled them at length checked every attempt to penetrate it, and what was at first strange, in time became a matter of course.

"What weather?" said one of the rising watch to the man who was preparing to turn in.

"You may be sure what weather it is, Tom; we ha'n't been blessed with the sight of a black cloud for many a week."

"Hang me! if I don't long for a good storm, it is so unnatural like to have fair weather for ever."

"Hold your tongue," said his messmate, as he slowly ascended the ladder, "we must be close to the Cape, and who knows but we may have more than enough of clouds there?"

The Cape, however, was doubled without the slightest disturbance; a gentle breeze wafted them on, and they proceeded into the Indian Ocean. The only opportunity the men had of communicating their thoughts freely was in whispers from hammock to hammock, after the watch descended, and so precious were these moments become, that, contrary to the usual practice of falling asleep immediately after turning in, they would thus contrive to utter their con-

jectures. All, with their wonted superstition, concurred in the idea that an indefinable spell hung over the ship, which it was not in their power to shake off, and this probably prevented them from forcibly expressing their discontent at the constant interference with their usual habits of mirth and amusement: but many resolved, if they reached India in safety, to forfeit all wages and leave their employers, taking their chance of getting home in another vessel.

On reaching the Indian seas, the manner of the captain became more extraordinary than ever, and the anxiety of the mate consequently increased; their meals were eaten in perfect silence; the frequently untouched morsels of the captain were quietly handed by the mate to the steward, with a sigh, and then replaced by something more tempting. No kindness or attention was, however, acknowledged by his master, who just appeared to tolerate his companion when necessary; but, instead of shutting himself up in his cabin, as he usually did when not required on deck, he was constantly pacing backward and forward from the cuddy to the main-mast, with a restlessness which appeared to find no relief. Physical nature, however, would sometimes be exhausted, and he would be forced to retire to his couch.

Rest of mind was evidently denied to him, and, one night, the man who had been steering, as he resigned the wheel to his comrade, whispered, "Listen!" The bustle of changing watch had subsided, and all was

silent, when a deep hollow groan, succeeded by a second and a third, alarmed the helmsman; and, being of a more timid nature than his predecessor, he beckoned to the mate to come to him.

"What now?" said Mr. Osborne.

"You'll soon hear, sir, if you keep quiet."

The groans were again uttered, and the countenance of the mate became almost livid, as the bright moonbeams fell upon it and a slight breeze lifted his curls from off his cheek.

"How long have you heard this, Jackson?"

"Ever since I took the helm, sir."

Again there was a pause, when a groan louder than before saluted their ears, succeeded by a heavy sound, like something falling. The mate darted into the cuddy, and, bursting open the door of the captain's cabin, he found the latter on the floor.

"For God's sake, sir!" he exclaimed, as he raised him, "tell me if you are ill?"

No answer was returned, and yet the sufferer lived.

"I implore you to speak, sir, and to tell me what is the matter; by all the gratitude I owe you, by the innocence which prompted you to save me from disgrace worse than death, I will be silent as the grave, if you will only tell me what is on your mind!" rapidly uttered the mate, as he raised the captain in his arms.

A convulsive shudder passed over the frame of the

fallen man, and, disengaging himself, he angrily exclaimed, "What is all this, Mr. Osborne?"

Instantly checked by the stern haughtiness which was thus expressed, the mate replied, "I beg your pardon, sir, your groans were so loud that we thought you were ill, and we heard you fall; even now I have just raised you from the floor."

"Well, sir," said the captain, "what if I choose to sleep on the floor this hot weather, and have the nightmare?"

The mate bowed and retired; and, finding by the eager looks of the congregated watch that some explanation was necessary, he gave that of the captain.

"It may be so," muttered one of them, "but he has had the nightmare for these two nights, to my certain knowledge."

The next day the captain breakfasted in his own cabin, and did not make his appearance on deck. The time for taking the sun's altitude arrived, and Mr. Osborne took his station with the apprentice, who had been disabled from an accident during a part of the voyage.

"Make it eight bells," said the mate. "What's your latitude, Mr. Scott? go and work your longitude, and report to me in the cuddy."

The lad performed his task, and gave the result to the mate, who was seated before his log-book: "Latitude, 3° 6′ N. Longitude, 63° 20′ 5″ E., sir," said

he, as the captain slowly opened the door of his cabin; it was instantly closed with the utmost violence, and the startled apprentice hurried away.

The dinner hour arrived, and the steward summoned his chief. No reply was given till the mate repeated that the table was served. "I do not choose any dinner, Mr. Osborne," was the reply; "these warm latitudes take away my appetite; let me have some soda-water."

The order was obeyed, and the solitary mate hurried over his meal in silence. The day passed on with its accustomed duties, and, to the astonishment of every one, the captain appeared on deck with a more cheerful countenance than he had ever been seen to assume; he looked around, and inhaled the cool breeze of the evening with apparent pleasure. He spoke kindly to the mate, and attempted to smile at the fine lad who had reported the progress of the ship. A gentle ripple curled against the sides of the vessel, and there was almost an air of gladness throughout her inhabitants, as she skimmed the surface of the deep blue waters.

The next day, the mate, the apprentice, and the captain himself, prepared to make their observations. The sun reached its meridian, and the latitude was worked; the lad looked at the mate with astonishment — the latitude was the same as the day before. The quadrant dropped from the hands of the captain, but, as Mr. Osborne picked it up, he said, "Perhaps

we have made too much easting, sir; we will work the longitude."

"Ah, true!" said the captain.

"I am sure," said the helmsman, "we have been steering N.E. by N. ever since yesterday."

"Hold your tongue," said the mate. He and the lad retired to the cuddy, and made their calculations, and the longitude proved to be the same as the day before.

"There must have been some mistake," said the mate, "but we must enter it as such. She seems to be going along nicely now, however" — "but so she did yesterday," thought he. "What can be hanging over us?"

No rest was taken by either master or mate the whole of that night; the latter paced the deck and the former the cuddy throughout the dreamy hours, and they met at breakfast without exchanging a word. Noon approached, and, as they took their stand, "Now, my lad," said the mate to the apprentice, "we have been steering due north all night, and I think we shall find some difference."

Again did the sun, with its dazzling brightness, reach the southernmost point, and again did the mate and the apprentice look aghast at each other; the figures were the same, and yet the quadrants were in excellent order. The mate first recovered himself: "For your life," said he, in a low voice, "tell this to no man, but see what your longitude is, and come quietly into the cuddy with it, written on the edge of

your quadrant; again I charge you not to utter a sound."

The lad sat down in a corner close to the door, and, having performed his task, tremblingly presented it to the mate within, who was leaning his head upon his hand, as if buried in thought, but evidently knowing the result; he copied the figures into the log-book, left it open on the table, and quitted the cuddy with the apprentice. No sooner had they departed than the captain softly opened the door of his cabin, and, with stealthy pace, crept to the log; the same figures, three times repeated, saluted his eyes; a look of frenzied despair passed over his features; then, clenching his fist and striking his forehead, he rushed back into his cabin.

A death-like stillness reigned upon deck; the crew stared at each other with wondering and anxious looks: the mate seemed to gasp for breath as he sadly leaned over the gangway; the sky was bright and clear, and of that deep colour which is so beautiful between the tropics; not another living thing was seen in the equally clear and blue ocean, and that doomed vessel, with her twenty-six souls, seemed to be the only speck in the vast wilderness around. Five minutes more, and the captain rushed on deck in a frantic state—"Crowd on all sail, Osborne, let her stagger under it; by all the powers in Heaven we will leave this accursed spot!"

His orders were obeyed, and he himself lent a hand

to facilitate their execution; his hat fell off, his long black locks blew from his ample forehead, his flashing eyes, his finely cut features, his muscular frame, seeming to possess superhuman strength; his sonorous yet melodious voice, resounding from stem to stern, seemed to fill the vault above; but, crowd as they would, they were now sensible that the vessel did not move: the sea became smooth as glass, the canvass flapped listlessly against the masts, but still the ship did not roll as in a calm; she seemed to be out of the power of ordinary events.

As the last rope was pulled, and the men could do no more, a loud ringing laugh was heard by every one —each thought it was his neighbour. A breeze passed over every wondering face, and still the sails flapped; but presently a small black cloud appeared in the horizon. "A white squall!" said one of the men.

"Take in all sail, stand by to cut the halyards," cried the mate, "or we are lost!"

"A white squall do ye call it?" said one of the men sulkily; "I call it a black one."

They looked round for the captain for orders, but he was gone, and they heard his door close with frightful violence.

The black cloud came, and spread over a large surface immediately above the ship; it then opened, and two figures of frightful form descended from it, bearing between them a coffin, which they placed on the

deck. One of them stationed himself by its side, with a huge hammer and several nails in his hand, and the other took the lid from the coffin. "Charles Osborne!" exclaimed he. The mate advanced, and was laid in the coffin; it was much too narrow for him, and he was rudely pushed upon the deck. Another and another was summoned by name, till all the twenty-five had tried the dimensions: for some it was too short, for others too long; it was then too wide, or too slender in its proportions; but, as each took his station in it, the figure with the hammer and nails stood with uplifted hands, ready to strike and to close the victim within it. Those who had clear consciences advanced, with pale but calm countenances; others trembled violently; those who had much to repent of were convulsed, and big drops of perspiration stood upon their foreheads; these were so near fitting that the figures grinned with delight; they were even pressed down into the coffin, as if to stuff them in; but the demons, shaking their heads, violently tossed them out again with an impatient gesture.

At length the whole of the twenty-five had taken their turns, and, while they blessed their own escape, they anxiously fixed their eyes on the cuddy-door.

"There is yet another," said one of the demons in a hollow tone; "come forth, Ferdinand Conder!"

With erect mien and ghastly smile, the captain for the last time issued from his place of refuge, looking like a man who knew that his hour was come, but

determined to meet his fate with firmness. He gave one look of affection at the mate, and quietly laid himself in the coffin; in an instant the lid was closed over him, nine nails were driven in with one blow to each, and, taking the coffin in their arms, the figures ascended into the black cloud, which closed over them. The vessel seemed to rise out of the waters, and, as she returned to their surface with a mighty plunge, a tremendous rush and the word "Murder" were heard above. The cloud disappeared, and all was still!

THE OLD ABBEY BELL.

'Tis evening, sweet evening—how calm and sublime
Sinks the sun in his glory, those proud elms between!
As I pass by yon abbey, dismantled by time,
What thoughts crowd around me to hallow the scene!
'Tis the season of Autumn, the calm of the year,
'Tis the sweet Sabbath eve — what a tale doth it tell,
As slowly yet sadly it wafts on the ear
The deep warning voice of that old Abbey Bell!

It strikes on my heart with its silver-toned chime,
Tells of joys that have vanish'd, of hopes that have fled,
Of projects defeated, of misemploy'd time,
Of eyes that have wept, and of hearts that have bled.
As it marks the swift flight of the hours as they roll,
With what struggling emotions the heart seems to swell!
I yield to a sadness I dare not control,
As I list to the peal of that old Abbey Bell.

Can I pass 'neath those portals now mouldering with age,
And behold the last tribute to genius—a grave—
Nor feel that here slumber the hero and sage,
The prince and the patriot, the learned and brave!
The pomp and the pageant, the anthem and prayer,
The triumph of nations, the solemn farewell,
The sound of rejoicing, the knell of despair,
Have all been announced by the peal of that bell.

As I wander alone through those shadowy aisles,
And listen once more to that ominous strain,
It warns me to fly from the world and its wiles,
And bids me improve the few years that remain.
Months, years, glide away with the days of my youth;
Have I bade with its pleasures its follies farewell?
Have I learnt one great lesson of wisdom or truth?
Cease, cease to reproach me, thou old Abbey Bell!

Have I learnt the stern value of time as it flies?
Have I learnt to endure, have I learnt to forgive?
Have I learnt to resign the enjoyments I prize?
Am I fitter to die, am I fitter to live?
Ah! no; all imperfect and frail as I am,
When by sorrow subdued will the heart not rebel!
When opprest by injustice, the heart will condemn—
Cease, cease to reproach me, thou old Abbey Bell!

A. Cooper Esq.R.A. pinx.t Pub.d by Ackermann & C.o London 1839 J. Outrim sculp.t

HIGHLAND GILLIE.

THE HIGHLAND GILLIE.*

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

"Why stays my lord?" the Highland Gillie cried,
And the impatient dogs tried hard to break
The leash that bound them: full an hour had passed,
Nor in that space had the hill-echo told
The absent sportsman's triumph or defeat.

O'er the wide moorland shades begin to fall,
And Kenneth wistfully, from downward loch
To upland brae, casting a careful eye,
Beholds the coming storm. Mists gathering start,
Like ghosts, from strath and glen, and sighing gusts
Of chilling wind drive o'er the dreary heath
The shelter-seeking birds! With kindly hand
He pats the patient pony's glossy coat,
And speaks, in household phrase, such fondling words
As the Celt knows wherewith his hounds to check,
Or stimulate, as needs.

"Why stays my lord?"
The Highland Gillie cried. "Darkness comes fast,

* Gillie is the common Gaelic term for a page or other young male vassal.

And thick the drift-clouds mingle in the air,
Anxious to send their fleecy tenants forth!"
Hark!
A shudder thrills the Page's stalwart form;
It is the Water-Kelpy's shriek, that comes
In long and doleful murmurs from the lake!
Deep growled the dogs, yet, cowering to the earth,
Clung to the moory heath, as if in fear!

"He comes!" the Gillie cried, "for loud and near
Echoes the sharp report. Welcome that sound!"
Alas! how often do we hail with joy
The breeze that bears us anguish, the glad bark
That comes from distant shores with tales of woe,
And the bright billow, that may bring to us
The dear, unburied dead!—The pony starts,
Snorting with wild dismay—for the report
Is followed by a groan—a groan that speaks
The parting of a soul in agony!
No longer growl the dogs, the leash is snapt,
The steed is left alone!

"My lord! my lord!" the Highland Gillie cried,
As, feeling all the prophet in his breast,
He reached a lonely hollow in the heath,
Where lay the body of his lifeless chief!
Beside him there were found tale-telling things,
A letter, bearing proud and scornful words
From her who first had taught him how to love,

And taught him, too, to know that perfidy
Can dwell with beauty in a seemly form!
A letter, and a ring, and withered flowers,
Were found beside him!

Oh! Woman! play not with the fervency,
The faith, of a young, trusting, noble heart!
This is thy work — *the victim was my friend!*

A MAY QUEEN.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

One is there whom we often meet
On moors, in woods, and by the streams;
A human creature, fair, discreet,
That none more wise or radiant seems.

A dreaming poet would declare
That, whilst a nightingale had sung,
This being, in the moonlight air,
To life had from a fountain sprung;

And, looking on her form and face,
The wisest poet well might say
'Twas Poesy, the sweetest Grace,
From her two sisters, here, astray.

Of their own selves so weary grown,
  There are — the vine without the elm—
Whom but to leave an hour alone
  Would with a world of gloom o'erwhelm.

Great must her self-reliance be
  Who thus for nature leaves her kind,
With quite enough to hear and see,
  Enough of food for heart and mind.

Her soul with beauty flowing o'er,
  The world she walks in seems her own :
Who treads the haunts she trod before,
  Nor ever knows she is alone.

So gentle is she in her power,
  So unassuming is her look,
Her form is easy as a flower,
  Her motion, graceful as a brook.

When I have chanced to cross her way,
  The charm I never can forget;
Surrounded with the sweets of May,
  It seemed 'twas *May herself* I met.

For Poets fable such a Maid,
  Born of the bow of April showers,
Light-tripping on, o'er hill, through glade,
  'Tis she who fills the world with flowers.

TO MY SISTER

ON HER TWENTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

Thine eye is radiant still; thy silken hair
  Curls just as darkly o'er thy gentle brow;
Still is thy cheek as soft, thy hand as fair,
  Thy forehead was not smoother then than now,
And yet two years, two busy years, have passed,
Sweet sister! since I sang thy birthday last.

Two changeful years! since then two hoary heads
  Have, from our home, been pillowed in the grave,
And we have known full many an hour that sheds
  A double darkness on life's troubled wave,
Friends have been cold, and fortune's sunshine brief;
Sister! those years have had their hours of grief.

And, saddest far, from our own chain of love,
  One gentle sister of our hearts is taken,
No more her fairy footsteps round us move,
  No more her smile a kindred smile doth waken;
She faded, but as dew-drops fade, to rise,
And paint a rainbow in the gloomy skies.

Even so her spirit, passed from earth, is yet
  Seen like a star in its ethereal light,
And on the misty clouds of our regret
  Raiseth Hope's bow of promise, pure and bright;
She hath departed for the holier sphere,
Mourn we, but never wish that she were here.

And I am changed, sweet sister—even *thou*
  Knowest not the waves of feeling and of thought,
That o'er my heart have passed in troubled flow,
  And channels in its wilderness have wrought:
Suffice it that *one* spot unchanged I see,
The spot whereon is fixed my love for thee!

A love that changeth not, save as the young
  And tender sapling, to the firm-set tree;
Fresh branches from its stem there may have sprung,
  Matured and deeper rooted it *may* be;
Oh, that it might have power to grow, and spread
A three-fold shield above thy precious heart!

Vain hope! thou hast a better shelter proved,
  A changeless refuge from the heavy storm,
A shadow from the heat. He who hath loved,
  And chosen, and saved thee, will His vows perform,
And bind thee in His sheltering mantle fast,
And bring thee to His glorious home at last!

THE CORNISH WRECKER.

BY R. JOHNS, ESQ.

THERE are popular fallacies, which, though generally believed, are seldom publicly asserted, and thus, like the slanders of private scandal, they long remain unrefuted. To these belongs the notion that the natives of the Cornish coasts make it their custom during stormy nights to lead horses with lanterns attached to their heads along the summit of cliffs, that ships may be lured to destruction by false lights. This inconsiderate fable we have seen gravely administered to the public within the last ten years. Then there are dark hints of murder committed on the victims of shipwreck, that the right of the wreckers to their pillage might remain undisputed; while all the recollections of sea-shore violence on the coasts of England are carried westward, and confused into a monstrous idea that the fathers of the present generation of Cornish fishermen and miners not long ago made wholesale murder a pastime if not a profession; and even yet are their sons supposed to give strong indications of their parentage.

We frankly confess that the world may be many years older ere the coast-born poor of Cornwall can be brought to respect, on principle, property cast upon

the beach by the violence of the elements; custom for centuries having apportioned such waifs to the finder, still profanely are they called God-sends; but we are fairly borne out in saying that on no part of the coast of England is more self-devotion displayed for the safety of a distressed vessel whilst aid can be afforded her, or for the rescue of life when her destruction is inevitable.

The following incidents, the leading facts of which will, perhaps, be remembered by the Cornish reader, may serve to exhibit a wreck on the coast of Cornwall in its true colours; we shall only add that, while there are instances in the recollection of *many*, where gallant Cornish wreckers have perished in their endeavours to save the shipwrecked, the records of murders committed on the unfortunates thrown upon their shores exist but in the unsubstantiated legends of by-gone years.

Deep was calling unto deep, the red lightning pointed like the finger of a destroying angel from out the thunder cloud, and the messenger of wrath revealed amid the blackness of night a doomed vessel contending with the breakers of a rocky shore. Rolling heavily, she ground her keel on the fatal reef that held her till the fires and winds of heaven and the rage of the foaming waves had done their worst, making a wreck of the good ship Planter, homeward-bound West Indiaman. The reader may, perhaps, tremble for the fate of the hapless mariners of that bark, even

should they escape from "the hell of waters" that surrounds them, our scene being laid on a wild part of the coast of Cornwall, where a throng of suspicious-looking fishermen and gaunt miners crowd the beach. The vessel is fast going to pieces; every wave that passes over her washes from his clinging hold some despairing wretch whose life-grasp yields to the suction of the retreating waters. The Cornish wreckers, joined hand in hand, are in the breakers. The foremost of each line, supported by those behind him, grasps at the senseless forms tossed amid the surge, or casting a rope to the swimmer whose strength is failing him, they rob the sea of its prey. Ere the ship broke up a hawser had been passed to her, by which many of her crew and passengers were saved, and every fire of the neighbouring cottages had its crowd of these sufferers, when their companions in misfortune, rescued at a later period of the wreck, arrived.

Divers are the rude efforts to arouse consciousness in the apparently dead, and with what joy is the return of animation hailed by the wives and children of the fishermen! The men, when they have deposited their burdens of suffering humanity, again repair to the beach; but now it is too evident that the sea no longer supports on its troubled wave aught of the victims of shipwreck but the swollen and mangled corse. The bale, the wine-cask, the shattered timber, and the broken spar, chests, crates, and cases, are dashed on the shore by the rushing tide, but no more of human

life is there to be rescued. This night Sythney Cove has lost one of the boldest of its fishermen; and on the morrow a name will be called at the neighbouring mine which will be answered only by the wail of the widow and the cry of the orphan. Two of the rescuers have perished. While a single human being was to be saved, bravely did the wreckers struggle with the waters, but *now* they conceive that they have won their reward, and truth obliges us to present a degraded picture of those who have as yet deserved our warmest approbation.

A scene not less grotesque than picturesque is displayed on that shore. Boxes and packages are broken open; wearing apparel, and goods of divers kinds, are scattered on the beach. Fires are lighted, wine and spirit-casks spiled; while men, and even boys, drink from buckets, hats, and shoes, till each puncheon has a groupe of noisy Bacchanals around it. Now come the galloping yeomanry, hastily called out; the excisemen, the custom-house officers and their assistants, together with the posse comitatus of neighbouring gentry. After a few sharp contests with the wreckers, some little attention is ensured to the rights of property; and by daybreak large piles of goods saved are heaped on the beach, guarded by the sailors of a revenue-cutter on the station and the dismounted yeomanry. Such was the wreck of the Planter West Indiaman, in the winter of 179—, on the coast of Cornwall.

But we must leave for a while the crowded strand, and turn our attention towards a cottage, where an elderly matron and a fair girl, whose beauty would have graced a prouder dwelling, were awaiting the return of Hannibal Strike, who had been all night abroad. The woman, in her short cotton jacket, woollen petticoat, and check apron, looked well the fisher's wife, as she was impatiently gazing from the door into the early dawn, fancying every wayfarer that approached from the direction of the wreck him whom she sought; but a nearer view would convince her that she beheld not the stalwart form, grey head, and embrowned visage, of one of the boldest fishermen, the best of pilots, and withal the most determined wrecker on that part of the coast, for such was the character of her husband. Scarcely less anxious than the expectant wife was her companion, though the poor girl could claim no other relationship with Hannibal than those kindred ties which arose out of gratitude on the one side, and generous protection on the other. Some ten years before our tale commences, a shopkeeper in the neighbouring town, with whom our fisherman occasionally dealt for groceries, whenever a lucky pilchard season or other speculation allowed of his treating his good dame with such luxuries, had died insolvent, leaving an orphan girl totally unprovided for. Strike was one of the last belonging to the neighbourhood who was informed of this occurrence; he happening to have been absent

just then, ill-natured people declared not for the purpose of passing goods through the custom-house, though several of the gentry within a few miles of Hannibal's abode had requested him to leave in their back premises certain ankers of Schiedam, "any time after nightfall, at his earliest convenience." We do not mean to hold the fisherman up as an example of propriety to all the meddlers with salt water along the coast of England: though we will not allow shameless libels on the character of Cornishmen to go forth unrefuted, we must not hide the fact that our hero, in common with most of his friends and neighbours, was more than suspected of doing a little smuggling. Nevertheless, Hannibal was a warm-hearted kind fellow, who could not hear of distress without trying to relieve it, unless, indeed, underwriters were the afflicted parties; and he forthwith took possession of the only property the grocer left behind him which the creditors did not covet, and brought home little Mary Harvey, as a playmate for his son, who was about four years her senior.

Well was his charitable act rewarded, when this boy, grown a stripling of fourteen, abandoned the home of his youth, and went forth a reckless adventurer, leaving to the child of the stranger those duties of filial love and obedience which he so cruelly forgot. The cottage of Hannibal Strike was not more than a mile from the beach where the wreck of the merchantman had caused the scene we have attempted to de-

scribe. The fisherman, as usual, had been the first to save life, and the last to cease plundering that which the prejudice of custom led him to consider lawful spoil; and now, as morning dawned, little thinking of those at home anxious for his safety, he was watching a small box or case which, though sufficiently buoyant to be raised on the crest of the wave, would again provokingly become lost in the trough of the sea; now appearing as if the next breaker would cast it at his feet, and then swept away just as the wrecker thought the prize within his grasp. During the night more than once had Hannibal saved life at imminent peril to himself; he had afterwards secured about his person several valuables which chance had cast in his way; had then taken his share in the tustle with the authorities; and now, could he but obtain that tempting case, he had prudently determined to make the best of his way to his cottage. A huge roller at length dashed the wished-for treasure far on the beach; in an instant the wrecker seized it, and, placing it on his shoulders, commenced his retreat, congratulating himself that an abutment of the cliff had, as he thought, saved him from the observation of some sailors belonging to the cutter, then guarding a pile of goods about five hundred yards distant.

Hannibal, however, had not proceeded far along the beach, when a rough grasp on his shoulder, and a blow from the flat of a cutlass, made him drop his load and turn on his assailants, who were no other than Mr.

Smart, a revenue-officer, and Dick Stretcher, his coxswain — "Now, Hannibal Strike, you old vagabond! if I do n't get you sent across seas for this, never trust me!" cried the blustering official.

"No sure, sir, you won't," doggedly replied the fisherman; "and, if it warn't for them pistols, and that bit of bright iron, you should n't rob me of what the sea gave me. Fath and troth, you should n't. Arn't I saved two lives this blessed night? There 's the old man up at the Dolphins; and the young vellor they thought was dead, and I dragged out of the wash of the waves—did n't Jan Pentreath tell me that his old 'oman and Gracy Dolcooth had brought un to life again? Not that I care to tell 'ee what I 've done—I only mean I 've earned my right to what I 've got; and more than that, I seed nobody laid hand on a thing while life was to be saved; and a wreck 's a God-send to the coast; and so it was in my vayther's time, and his vayther's afore him."

Smart responded to this plausible defence of wrecking with a sneer, ordered his coxswain to seize the case, and, coolly telling Hannibal he knew where to find him, would have walked off; but the old man caught him by the arm, and, as if reckless of consequences, said:—"Afore you go, Mr. Smart, first take a few words from Hannibal Strike. You say you know where to find me, please sure I believe 'ee do—case why?—you comes there for no good. But, whether you 'forms against me or no — if I see you a skulking

about my door, trying to make a poor girl like my Mally forget her vartue, dang it if I doant make 'ee feel the weight of an old man's hand."

The party addressed seemed to wince under the stern gaze of the wrecker, but at length broke away with an impatient oath at his impertinence, and an assurance that the vengeance of the law should reach him for his morning's work. He would have secured Hannibal on the spot, but two or three stragglers were approaching, and the revenue-officer, by a constant harsh exercise of his always unpopular duties, had few friends among the fishermen; thus he might calculate on being opposed rather than assisted by the new comers. Smart, who was a good-looking but unprincipled man, prided himself much on his intrigues. Long had he sought to lure Mary from the path of innocence, and his enmity to Hannibal Strike arose from a conviction that the honest counsel of the old man had been the cause of his having failed in his designs.

Even younger in mind than years, the gentle girl had at first felt gratified by the attentions of one whom she considered far above her in station; and, ere his dishonourable motives were discovered, she had nearly rendered to him that gift which is seldom to be recalled — a maiden's heart. But Hannibal's sound though homely reasoning aroused her from a dangerous dream before it was too late. When the revenue-officer received his dismissal, Mary's lips trembled not to give it utterance, and her affection towards her

benefactor seemed, if possible, increased by this act of faithful guardianship.

We will now carry the reader to "The Dolphins," a little public house, bearing a sign-board exhibiting the semblance of three nondescript fishes, by courtesy allowed to be thus designated. In a small sanded parlour, stretched on a rude couch formed of sails and blankets supported on chairs, was an elderly man, who, though clothed in the rough garb of the humble people around him, bore the appearance of a gentleman. On his brow were graved not only the furrows of Time's relentless share, but there too might be traced the deeper lines that tell of age anticipated by sorrow. This was the individual to whom Hannibal Strike had referred as "the ould man up at the Dolphins."

It would be of little importance to our narrative did we trace the early career of the stranger whom we have occasion to introduce; suffice it to say that, many years before shipwreck cast him on the coast of Cornwall, he had been a wealthy planter in the Island of Barbadoes, when a destructive fire in his dwelling and plantations reduced him to comparative poverty, the same stroke of adversity depriving him of his wife and child, to whom he was devotedly attached. Feeling every aim of existence thus suddenly snatched from him, he became disgusted with his colonial pursuits, placed his estates in the hands of an agent, and, with the hope of dissipating his grief, had tra-

velled through many parts of North and South America; nor did he return to the West Indies till the reported improvement in his property, a weariness of wandering, and a wish to secure a favourable opportunity of selling his estates, induced him to revisit Barbadoes. The settlement of his affairs effected, Mr. Mortram sailed for England, having prophetically announced to the few friends that Time had left him in the colonies his intention of going home to die in his native land.

When the strong arm of Hannibal Strike came to his support amid the breakers, he was quite exhausted by his exertions in breasting the waves; added to which a blow from a floating portion of the wreck had severely, and, as it was soon discovered, fatally, injured him. When borne to The Dolphins, he was speechless, the blood gushed from his mouth, and an artery was found to have been ruptured. A surgeon from the adjacent town was speedily in attendance; offers of superior accommodation to that of the humble hostelry arrived from the neighbouring gentry; but the stream of life ceased not to pour, in spite of the skill of the mediciner, and ere long the shipwrecked stranger made his abiding home in the little churchyard of Lannassy. The reader is now acquainted with particulars which came not to the knowledge of the parties engaged in kindly offices about the dying man, till, their care being unavailing, the coroner's inquest that sat on the body elicited what we have narrated.

But, leaving the Dolphins, let us make our way to the cottage of Jan Pentreath, where, after having undergone more remedies than the Humane Society would ever have sanctioned, and found restoration in some of the many, a handsome young man was snugly sleeping between the blankets of a low truckle-bed. There was a blazing fire on the hearth, on either side of which two old women were seated at a little round table, bearing cups and saucers, *matchless* of their kind; together with a black tea-pot that had for its neighbour a suspicious-looking case-bottle: a loaf of coarse brown bread, a potato pasty, and a few salted pilchards, completed the preparations for the sociable afternoon meal of Peggy Pentreath and Gracy Dolcooth — "Help ee self, then, un Gracy, and, if it's only for the nonce of it, put in a drop o' the liquor. A dish o' tea is a comfort then, please sure, after being up all night, and a fussing all day as us a been. Give the bottle a lift, then, there be plenty more where that's a come from. Well, now, if that aint a nice handsome gentleman, after all! and the neighbours does say he's got a power o' money. I only wish un would wake and have a morsel to ate. Help eeself to the tatie fuggan, Gracy. They tells me he's the son o' the voreign gentleman that's dead, up at the Dolphins."

"And so he be's," answered Gracy, taking up the conversation as soon as Peggy had stopped to sip and blow a saucerful of hot tea:—"It all came out afore

Mr. Roberts, the crowner; my Peter was there, and he tould me that this young vellor was the old man's hare, which means a rich squire's son. But, please, sure, the gentry won't lev un stay here long. While you was wanting, there camed a power o' company to knaw how he be's, and to look at un sleeping; and that Muster Smart said he wanted to get un to dentify a box as he called it; and it seems he's a got poor Hannibal Strike in the prison for stealing of un."

"Ah! Gracy, cheeld veane! I heard something o' that when I was out. That Smart's a cantankerous young toad! He wants to swear old Hannibal took the box from the pile o' goods his people were a-guarding; but I'll be sworn it's all a lie; they pays un for lying up at the custom-house."

Thus in an under-tone prated the watchful guardians of the sleeper, who, though he had slumbered heavily during the whole morning, showed as yet but little likelihood of waking. We will now proceed to the town of Lannassy, where, in a wretched prison, the more miserable on account of the little use made of it, was Hannibal Strike, seated on the damp floor of his cell, the authorities not having made up their minds whether he should have his place of confinement fitted up with the accommodation of a truss of straw for the night, or whether it might not be expedient at once to dispatch their prisoner to the county-goal. Hannibal had passed one examination before the magistrates. The coxswain swore that the case seized in the pos-

session of the wrecker had formed part of a pile of goods which he and his comrades had collected — how it had been abstracted he knew not, but he identified it by certain marks which had engaged his notice. In addition to this evidence, Mr. Smart gave so exaggerated an account of Strike's offences against the revenue, and threw so much suspicion on his general character, that, as the magistrates were anxious to make an example of some of the parties engaged in wrecking the night previous, it was thought but just to press the matter against one who, they imagined, had actually restolen what had not long before been rescued from the grasp of the plunderers.

Hannibal solemnly denied that he had done any thing worse than just save the case from the waves, though he candidly confessed that he was carrying it home to see what it might contain, and in a tone of apology, said that the gentlemen might talk as they liked, but nothing should make him believe that there was any harm in a poor man's taking what the sea gave him. Evening was fast approaching when Nanny Strike, the afflicted wife of the fisherman, and the sobbing Mary were admitted to the prisoner. They brought news that the magistrates did not mean to forward him to Bodmin till the next morning, and he was now permitted to have a flock mattrass, together with a plentiful supply of straw, and furthermore the solace of companionship till eight o'clock.

"Well, these be new-vangled laws, Nanny," said

Hannibal, as he sat himself on the bed. "But this be comfortable, please sure, after the hard ground—why I be nearly stiff o' the could."

"Ah, Hannibal, what be they a-going to do with ee? Dear—dear—why did ee meddle with that box?"

"Dang the box! they can't harm me—don't ee take on so, you foolish old 'oman," and the affectionate husband wiped the eyes of his weeping spouse with her apron. "And thee, too, Mally, thou silly cheeld," said he, smiling through his glistening tears on the orphan girl, "I believe ee are both come to make an ould fool o' me."

Mary answered this appeal by clinging to her benefactor, and exclaiming:—"'Tis I who have brought all this—Mr. Smart is taking vengeance because I followed your warning."

"Don't ee cry, there's a good maiden—cheer up, my ould dame—why, what makes ee both hold to me so?" soothingly expostulated Hannibal. "They won't hang me, dost think, for just taking what the breakers flung me—for steal the box I never did. Oh that my boy was here to stand up for his vayther! but there's no one o' my name but a poor weak 'oman like thee, Nanny"—and the old man's head drooped on his breast as if he sorely wanted the comfort he fain would have imparted.

The constable who had locked the afflicted family in the prison was now heard approaching, and the women began to weep afresh, fearing that a longer stay with

the prisoner was to be denied them. But the cause of his coming was to reconduct Strike before the magistrates. "I don't know what it all means," said the man, "but there be some of the gentry up at the Mayor's, and you're to be examined again before I lock you up for the night."

Accompanied by his wife and adopted daughter, Hannibal was now taken to the house of the principal magistrate. Here he was ushered into a room, where he found several of the town dignitaries assembled round a young man of gentlemanly exterior, reclining on a sofa, earnestly talking to a very attentive auditory. On the entrance of Strike he attempted to spring from his couch, but, as if through weakness, again fell into a recumbent posture.

"The owner of the box you are charged with having taken," said one of the gentlemen, pointing to the stranger, who was no other than the individual whom we left in Mally Pentreath's cottage, but who, as "un Gracy" had prophesied, was soon removed thence to much better quarters.

"I humbly beg his honour's pardon," answered the wrecker, "but I only took what the sea hove up, and what——. As sure as a gun, if it arn't the young vellor I dragged from the water!" cried Hannibal, turning suddenly to his wife, who with Mary had been permitted to follow him into the room.

The fisherman's delight that he was now, as he considered himself, safe from prosecution, seeing that he

had saved the life of the owner of the box, was soon lost in astonishment as he beheld the fixed gaze of his wife directed towards the young man, who had again risen from the sofa, and was approaching her. His wonder was complete when his good dame, with a startling scream, flung herself into the gentleman's arms, and wept aloud. The hand which the stranger held out to Hannibal was most respectfully taken, and retained for a few moments with an air of bewilderment, till Nanny Strike's face, streaming with tears, was raised, and, at length finding words to express her joy, she exclaimed: — "Oh Hannibal, do n't ee know him? he is our son!"

The father and husband was now the most affected of the party, as Harry Strike knelt for the old man's blessing and forgiveness. Mary, too, was not an uninterested spectatress of the scene, and soon took her position in the family group, when details too long for our limits explained that the young adventurer had been found by Mr. Mortram a poor ill-treated cabin-boy, in a ship where that gentleman happened to be a passenger; that he rescued the lad from the brutal treatment of his master, and placed him at a school in New York. There the reports of his preceptors as to his natural abilities and good conduct so delighted his benefactor, that, becoming more and more attached to him, the childless planter ultimately adopted him as his son. Education had not exhibited its effects in mental development without touching the heart of the

truant wanderer. Ere Mr. Mortram made Harry his companion to Barbadoes, prior to his proposed removal to England, perfect confidence existed between the young man and his patron.

The latter had contemplated with much satisfaction the reconciliation of the lost son to his parents, and had promised his protégé that he would speedily put it in his power to compensate, in some degree, to the authors of his being for past forgetfulness. Harry Strike lamented the death of Mr. Mortram most bitterly, for he had fully appreciated the kindness bestowed on him; but, though great was the damp thus cast on the happiness he experienced at being reunited to his family, a more immediate distress arose from the charge which still rested on his father. The magistrates, who had been sympathising spectators of the scene described, consulted on the matter, and declared they could not interfere with the due course of justice, as Mr. Smart continued to press the commitment of the fisherman for having stolen property when under the protection of his men. Happily the next day it was discovered, by Harry's instrumentality, that the box, which contained papers of consequence, bore marks and appearance exactly similar to another, which, after some search, was discovered to be still in the possession of the revenue-officers.

Hannibal was thus exonerated from the graver charge which had been preferred against him, and as to the offence of wrecking, it would have been invidious

to make a solitary example of him. Mr. Smart very prudently procured his removal from that part of the coast; Hannibal Strike and his wife lived for many years in a commodious cottage not far from the scene of the wreck; their son Harry, who had purchased property in a midland county, in vain endeavouring to persuade the old couple to leave a locality endeared to them by the memories of past days. But the pretty Mary Harvey was not quite so inexorable: after the lapse of two years, which were not idly spent in preparing herself for the superior position which she was invited to share, she became the wife of Harry Mortram.

The name of Strike is now extinct, and we can assure the reader that we do not depart from truth out of delicacy to the feelings of his descendants in saying that Hannibal Strike, for the rest of his life, strictly adhered to the "new-vangled" law of meum and tuum. Though, when there happened to be a wreck within ten miles of his cottage, the old man was sure to be there, it was merely as a spectator. Yet still, as a matter of argument, to the day of his death he held the opinion of his fathers, that there was "no harm in taking what the sea threw on the shore."

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Oh, tell me the form of the soft summer air,
That tosses so gently the curls of my hair ;
It breathes on my lips, and it fans my warm cheek,
But gives me no answer, though often I speak.
I feel it play o'er me, refreshing and light,
And yet cannot touch it, because I've no sight.

And Music, what is it? and where does it dwell?
I sink and I mount with its cadence and swell,
While thrilled to my heart with the deep-going strain,
'T ill pleasure excessive seems turning to pain.
Now, what the bright colours of Music may be,
Will any one tell me? for I cannot see.

The odours of flowers that are hovering nigh,
What are they? on what kind of wings do they fly?
Are these shining angels that come to delight
A poor little child that knows nothing of sight?
The face of the sun never comes to my mind—
Oh! tell me what light is, because I am blind!

Newbury Port, Massachusets. (U.S.)

LADY OLIVIA AND THE TRAVELLER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REFORMER."

A midday sun was blazing over St. James's Square, burning up the feeble vegetation of its enclosure, and heating its broad pavements to the baking atmosphere of a Sunday oven. All was close, sultry, suffocating. Not a breath brushed away the dust from the scorched leaves, or animated the heavy air.

On one of the three sides of the square—all the world knows that St. James's Square has only three sides—we will not tell which, because we do not like to be personal, stands a mansion into which we plead our privilege to enter.

Our heroine was in her boudoir, surrounded by every luxury that wealth could devise. The walls were covered with flutings of pink silk, excepting where they were tied apart with silver cords, to unveil the large and costly mirrors that alternated with the blushing drapery. The ceiling was richly painted with a Flora scattering flowers, and the floor was covered with a silken carpet so luxuriantly soft that the Sybarite himself might have made it his couch without a complaint. We cannot now stay to mention the flower vases, the Buhl work, the Indian screens, the French bijouterie, the exquisite enamels, the splendid china,

the books in their costly bindings, the rare exotics, which were crowded into this luxurious chamber. We must pass on to its occupant.

Seated on a low couch, one elbow on an eider cushion, covered with pink satin and tasseled with gold, with one little foot half buried in the correspondent pillow, was this heroine of our's: she was beautiful—heroines now-a-days are of no earthly value, unless they are so — very fair, with the softest blush in the world upon her cheek; eyes of that colour, so rare and so seldom seen—violet; and hair like sunbeams, falling in long negligent curls over neck and shoulder. She was wrapped in a large loose robe of the finest French cambric, trimmed with we do not know how many yards of the finest Valenciennes lace, worth we do not know how many guineas, and girdled round the waist with a long scarf of Indian crape, that could be extended like the fairy-given pavilion in the Arabian Nights into a size capacious enough to canopy an army, or compressed into a passage through a lady's ring.

The birds are happy as they sing among the bowers; the insect is happy as it floats along the sunbeam; the vast Leviathan is happy with the broad ocean for his bed, and the mighty wave for a pillow; the eaglet is happy as it soars to meet the sun—and we of mortal mould, are we happy with the same ingredients which constitute the felicity of all creation around us, with the treasures of all the elements at our disposal? Answer,

thou young fair girl, art thou happy in the plenitude of thy luxury?—No; the lassitude, the weariness, the disquiet, of that brow are answer enough.

Presently there came the loud summons at the outer portal of that mansion: a name was passed from lacquey to lacquey, and finally the owner of that name followed its announcement into the presence of our heroine.

"Ah! you in town!" said her ladyship, rousing from the indolence of her attitude, but the next moment relapsing into it again: "you in town!"

"Yes, and you in town! may I not respond. I scarcely hoped to have found you here."

"And would not, if I could have determined whither to go."

"The world before you where to chuse."

"But no Providence to be my guide!"

"Oh, fie! what guidance do you need, save and except your own wishes?"

"I have none on the subject."

"Then make it a matter of judgment."

"Judgment wants something to rest the soles of her feet upon."

"And has she nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Then cast lots."

"No; Chance, if there be such a thing, would infallibly make me the worse allotment."

"Take what she decides against."

"Was that an intentional Irishism, my dear Lady Ashton?"

"Let me chuse for you."

"You do not know my inclinations."

"How do you know that?"

"I presume it, because I do not know them myself. And, besides, you have chosen ill for yourself. You are here *in* town, while I wish to be *out*."

"And yet here you have all things to make you happy."

"Then I do not know how to use them."

"Here is the gratification of all the senses."

"Of all the senses. Yes; odours and harmony, and banquets and spectacles."

"There is, too, exquisite enjoyment for the mind: literature spreads out a field for the highest intellect. If you are imaginative, there are poetry, painting, sculpture, music."

"I suppose I am like the horse-leech — did you ever hear of such a thing? — crying out, 'More! more!'"

"Oh, you are getting hypochondriac! Come, my carriage is at the door; go with me my morning round."

"I cannot without dressing."

"But you can dress."

"The trouble."

"Fie!"

"The dust."

"We will close the carriage windows."

"But, then the heat."

"My dear," said Lady Ashton, "is there any physical difference between ourselves and a peasant girl?"

"I wish I were a peasant girl!" sighed Lady Olivia Grantham.

The mansions of the great—wealth, splendour, illumination, music, dwellings covered with the tinsel and filled with the gauds of the world. Music was sounding cheerily. Graceful groupes, distinguished by beauty, and still blessed with youth, were threading fantastic traceries over the chalked floor, which had already lost much of its legibility. Every individual creature was striving to persuade his neighbour that this world of our's is a world of perfect happiness. All but one—she was sitting inanimate—it was our heroine.

"Come," said Lady Ashton, "do not be good by halves—dance."

"Do not ask me. It is a robust and vulgar exercise."

"Does not the harmony of sound excite the desire of accompanying it with the harmony of motion?"

"The music has a correspondent vulgarity."

"You wished yourself a peasant girl this morning: think how the heart of such a one would beat while she tripped it on the light fantastic toe!"

"We cannot feel like any thing but what we are.

I cannot sympathise with the pleasures of a peasant girl."

"But then each individual ought to have his own proper pleasures; his own wishes, hopes, and fears."

"What should be mine?" asked Lady Olivia.

"What are the wishes of a young and womanly heart? Come, now, let me parade before you your long line of beaux."

"It will prove an unprofitable review."

"Now I have you in the broad blaze of light. Truly, Lady Olivia is very beautiful; and I give you notice that I shall watch every inflexion of feature or tinge of colour most narrowly. Well, to begin."

"Nay, pray end before you begin."

"Is it then in vain that men flatter you, and women envy you?"

"The one for the other."

"That is severe."

"But true."

"You have been sitting here for half an hour, surrounded by worshippers, and you have not deigned a smile on any one of them."

"Smiles are unmeaning things."

"When they come from a heart?"

"From the unmeaning heart."

"Is your's such?"

"I wish it knew what it meant!" said Lady Olivia, with another sigh.

"Is it a blessing or a curse when all external things conspire for our felicity?"

"A curse."

"Why?"

"Because it neutralizes our self-exertion, and self-exertion is the best happiness that this world affords."

Then was Lady Olivia Grantham miserable, for the oil and the wine, and the milk and the honey, and the garnered things of this rich earth, were her's. She had rank, she had riches, she had beauty, she had warm feelings, she had talents. The sun had never shone too hotly on her, the wind had never visited her cheek too roughly. Contradiction had never fallen upon her; she was like some daintily rare exotic.

Lady Olivia sat listlessly: it was the fashion to admire her, so she was admired for her very listlessness. She had a troop of beaux around her; some devoted themselves to her rank, some to her wealth, some to her beauty. We cannot say that her warm feelings were responded to, because there were few persons who even surmised that she had any, and with those few it was only conjecture; neither can we say that her talents gained her many worshippers, for few men are fond of talented women; in truth, we ourselves—we only whisper it—think them disagreeable creatures. If we needed to enumerate other causes of admiration than those we have already given, we would not count up her perfections but her failings, for we verily believe that these are the most powerful attractions of women: her fickleness, her fancifulness, the over-

indulged daintiness of her habits, and the almost sickly delicateness of her person.

"Lady Olivia sat, as we have said, *l'élite d'une armée* around her, yet the demons of lassitude, listlessness, and *ennui* were upon her. A few comments on the dancers, strictures on the music, criticisms on the last opera, a little private scandal, and a little court news, these made up the conversation.

"Come," said Lady Ashton, "let me introduce you to the lion of the night."

"I do not like lions."

"You cannot chuse but like him. I defy your indifference."

"Who is he? What is he?"

"Who is he — the traveller of the desert; he who has traversed the sandy plains of burning Africa, and explored the buried temples of proud Egypt. He who has suffered hardships which we, pillowed in our luxuries, cannot body out in our imaginations. What is he? Why now look upon him!"

As Lady Ashton spoke, an opening in the groupe towards which she was directing Lady Olivia's attention gave them a partial view of the traveller.

"Is that your traveller?" asked Lady Olivia.

"Even so."

"That little ugly black man?"

"Little ugly black man!" repeated Lady Ashton, in at one of chagrin.

"At least, leaving the *ugly* as a matter of taste, you will not deny that he is a little black man."

"He is not great of stature, certainly, and he is rather dark."

"*Rather!*"

"Well, *very*. Then you will not go and accept an introduction?"

"I am not tempted."

"Since you will not accompany me, you must excuse me if I leave you for the present. I must hear what he is telling; he tells his traveller's tales inimitably."

The little black man was speaking with uncommon energy: his eye, "that darkened with immortal light," was full of varied expression as he told of "hair-breadth scapes and dangers by flood and field." His whole person seemed instinct with thought. The lordly courtling and the silken lady hung round him and drank in his absorbing narration with greedy ears, as he told of Herculean labours and intense sufferings, but told of them as *remembered pleasures*. Even Lady Ashton had forgotten her friend when she felt her sleeve gently pulled, and, turning round, beheld Lady Olivia, who, with the slightest blush over her delicate face, softly said:—"Introduce me."

"To the little *ugly* black man?" asked Lady Ashton.

"To the little black man," replied Lady Olivia.

Our scene no longer lies among the courts and halls of our city of palaces, but where the burning sands of

Africa spread themselves into illimitable plains. Where the sun pours down burning floods of light and heat upon the arid earth, and vegetation becomes extinct beneath its effulgent intensity; where not a leaf casts its green shadow for the lone traveller, not a breath of air cools his worn brow, not a drop of water gurgles for his parched lip: even here, in these sandy deserts, immortal mind impels the footsteps of mortal man, even here is our traveller, our intrepid traveller, and even here not alone.

"Dearest! I dread to see you faint by the way," said the little dark man, as he turned on that *dearest* one of those looks of love which make the desert a paradise. "And now, tell me, if on these sultry plains your heart does not turn lingeringly to that far-off country—fatherland—home—remembering its refinements, its ease, its pleasures, with a longing heart?"

"Those are the first unkind words my *husband* has spoken," replied Lady Olivia, as she smiled cheerily upon him, in spite of toil and bodily exhaustion. "I shall chide him bitterly if he repeat them."

"Nay, but I could neither blame nor wonder at such natural feeling. There you had home, and country, and rank, and wealth, and friends, and refinement, and luxuries, and all the pleasures of life, and here ——."

"I have—*you!*" said Lady Olivia.

F. Wasb. del.

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Lacey Sculp.

ALICE LEE.

ALICE LEE.

Through the dim and lonely forest
  Comes a low sweet sound,
Like the whispering of angels
  To the greenwood round,
Bearing through the hours of midnight,
  On their viewless wings,
Music in its measure telling
  High and holy things.
    Through the forest lone and dim
    Swelleth soft the twilight hymn
    Of the old knight's lovely daughter,
      The gentle Alice Lee.

On the grass the dews unbroken
  In their silver lie,
And the stars are out in thousands
  On the deep blue sky;
Bright as when the old Chaldeans
  Held them as the shrine
Where was kept the varying fortune
  Of our human line.
    Would that o'er their mystic scroll
    Better hours may have to roll
    For the old knight's lovely daughter,
      The gentle Alice Lee!

Time was, coming forth together,
She and Spring might seem
Like the beautiful creations
Of a morning dream;
Each went through the quiet greenwood
Wandering alone,
With the green leaves and wild flowers
O'er their pathway strown.
Of the seasons in the year
Spring seemed fittest to be near
The old knight's lovely daughter,
The gentle Alice Lee.

Round her head the locks are golden,
So the sun in June
Pours his glory o'er the summer
At his crystal noon;
From that shining hair, when parted,
Came the pure high brow,
With the carving of a statue,
With the mountain's snow.
Blue her eyes as yon blue heaven,
Nature every charm had given
To the old knight's lovely daughter,
The gentle Alice Lee.

But it was the inward beauty
Breathing from her face,
That gave every look and motion
Its diviner grace;

Thought was on the high white forehead,
In the deep blue eyes,
And it was the quick warm feeling
Bade the blushes rise,
Which could such sweet light impart,
Writing on the cheek, the heart,
Of the old knight's lovely daughter,
The gentle Alice Lee.

Lovely was the highborn maiden,
Happy were the hours
Gathering in the oak-tree's shelter
Mosses and wild flowers;
When the deer from each green coppice
Fled, a startled band,
Save when some familiar favourite
Fed from her small hand.
Danger now, and fear, and wrath,
Are around the woodland path
Of the old knight's lovely daughter,
The gentle Alice Lee.

Nobly doth she meet the trial,
She who hath but known
Till the present time of trouble
Life's smooth path alone.
Though her smile be somewhat sadder,
And her eye subdued,
Such are lovelier as the token
Of a higher mood.

Like an angel's is the face,
In its meek and pensive grace,
Of the old knight's lovely daughter,
The gentle Alice Lee.

Not an hour of calm and quiet
Hath his old age found,
There are foes and strangers haunting
His ancestral ground.
Of his ancient halls and woodlands
Is the old man reft,
But they have not quite bereaved him,
For his child is left.
Others evil fortunes move,
Deeper, dearer, is the love
Of the old knight's lovely daughter,
The gentle Alice Lee.

'T is her voice that now is raising
Words of praise and prayer,
Heaven will consecrate the worship
Of this hour of care.
Earthly care and earthly sorrow
Only purify;
Such a heart as that uplifting
Its best hopes on high.
Heaven will bless the faithful maid,
Heaven will bless the duty paid
By the old knight's lovely daughter,
The gentle Alice Lee. L. E. L.

THE HOWDIE-WITCH OF CAWDOR.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

In a romantic district of Scotland, near the ancient Castle of Cawdor (where, some years ago, the singularly fashioned bedstead, on which the royal Duncan is said to have received his death-stroke from the dagger of the treacherous thane, was consumed by an unlucky fire), resided for many years a withered beldam, called Eeshpal Gorm. My first recollections of her are somewhat vague, merely presenting the forbidding appearance of a gaunt and ugly old woman, with long, unkempt elf-locks of grisly black, escaping from beneath an untidy *curch*, or coif, and with a huge, unseemly scar or mark, of a deep blue colour, on one cheek; from which, or probably from the blue cloak which generally formed her out-door covering, she derived her sobriquet of *Gorm* (Blue), her avowed name being Hossack.

In the most mischievous caprices of my infantile passions, "Here comes Eeshpal Gorm!" was a warning that instantly produced quiet and obedience; but, as I approached boyhood, a strange sort of interest, not free from a degree of superstitious terror, became mixed up with my meditations on the old woman. I

learned that she had been long the lonely inmate of a gloomy bothy, or cabin, in one of the deepest and dreariest dingles of the Cawdor woods, upwards of a mile from my father's house, and half that distance from any residence. She had first visited the hamlet of Calder, adjoining the Castle, some thirty years ago, as a practitioner of the obstetric art; but she was not a native of the place, neither had she kindred or acquaintance there, and both her dialect and her ignorance of the Gaelic, which is chiefly spoken by the peasantry in that part of Scotland, proclaimed her to be from the Lowlands. Her professional skill, as a "wise woman," does not appear to have been disputed, but her success in procuring employment was not in proportion to her expectations.

Her appearance, so sudden and unlooked for, at a place where she was utterly unknown, her apparent want of all connexion, and her guarded and sour silence on all subjects touching her own affairs, coupled with her repelling countenance and manners, occasionally servile and obsequious, but more generally rude and disobliging, and if roused to anger fierce and threatening, excited strong feelings of aversion and suspicion in the bosoms of the many; nor was it, unless in cases of desperate emergency, or in the deficiency of all other aid, that her services were called for by the good-wives of the country. It was however remarked that all persons of no character, the dissolute mothers of babes that claimed no osten-

sible, or, at least, no legal fathers, resorted freely to Eeshpal.

On suspicion grew suspicion; from the soil in which doubt was so plentifully sown sprang up dislike, and superstition was not tardy in casting its stone on the gathering cairn of opprobrium. Eeshpal's maledictions had been known to produce evil, but her blessings — none had ever heard them. Eeshpal's bothy, to which she had retreated on the death of the old fox-hunter who had occupied it for many years, was seldom approached by the decent dames of the hamlet; but such had occasionally entered it, and it was ever found mysteriously furnished with what the honest gossips thought had no business there. There were bunches of herbs and roots, dry or recently gathered, slung from the rafters, or carefully laid out on paper; there were a few stuffed animals, too, of the very nature of which the housewives were ignorant; there were glasses of odd shape, and tins of quaint forms — and what could she want with all these?

On those visits, she was usually found inside her cottage, arranging her weeds and roots, simmering some nauseously scented decoction, or reading a dark odd-looking book, which they were quite sure was not the Bible, for she promptly stowed it away when interrupted.

She never complained of poverty, and her practice was too scanty to obtain her a livelihood; but her

dues, if not instantly paid, were greedily demanded and received without thanks. Her kail-yard and her cow, and a hive or two of bees, were her whole visible stock. That cow, too, was scarcely ever dry, while those of her neighbours often had no milk at seasons when there was no acknowledged cause for such lack. She had been occasionally known to absent herself from home for a day or two at a time, but none knew whither she had gone. At night voices had been heard ascending from the dark dell in which her habitation stood; and more than once, from the house of Auchendown, the nearest mansion, and which was situated on a rising ground that overlooked the burn which ran past her door, several twinkling lights, of an unearthly blue, had been seen at dead of night by the terrified servants glimmering among the alder bushes and high trees near her dwelling. The conclusions were that she dealt in the black art, and therefore was she nicknamed the *Howdie-Witch;* howdie being, *anglicè,* midwife!

When I was very young, a melancholy event occurred, in which Eeshpal had been more than suspected of taking an active part. I shall relate the circumstances, reserving the denouement for the latter part of this paper. Jeannie Grant was the bonny daughter of an honest cottar near Calder, and the affianced bride of William Rose, the rich young gardener at the Castle. This man had incurred the displeasure of the Howdie. Entering the garden one

day, she unceremoniously began filling her large striped woollen apron with apples from one of the choicest trees, in which operation she was roughly interrupted by the indignant guardian of the fruit, who, telling her to be gone, rashly, perhaps unfeelingly, added: "Ye are no' to be takin' the aipples o' our vera best tree to play your ungodly *cantrips* wi'."

Flinging them down on the grass, with a look like that of an enraged wild cat, and stamping her foot, she screamed out, "Take back your trash; but mind me, William Rose, proud as you are, ye'll lose the love of Jeannie Grant as sure as I have lost these apples — and all for the taunt you have given me this day!"

William afterwards owned that the fierce expression of the hag's countenance, as she uttered this denunciation, so "*yearned* his very blood, that he looked like a cog of crudlet milk in his mother's dairy!"

Sure enough it was that, a few days thereafter, a recruiting party attended the annual fair at Calder; belonging to it was a handsome young Irish soldier, who attracted the eyes of the admiring damsels, but all were by him neglected for bonny Jeannie Grant. From that day, for the space of two months, each successive Sunday brought Dennis Neale from Fort George, on a visit to Calder. Jeannie's father, a rigid covenanter, interfered, and forbade him the house; but, without his knowledge, Eeshpal, the

Howdie, offered the lovers free access to her's—besides, they had the thick green woods of Cawdor to wander in. William Rose, too, interfered, but Jeannie, with prompt indignation, dismissed him. In short, the poor girl, flattered by the fervent admiration of her gaily drest suitor, and cajoled by the crafty speeches of his ally, the Howdie, became wholly infatuated. Yet it was with the firmest reliance on his promises of a speedy union that she finally became his victim; and, as he placed a gold ring on her finger in the presence of Eeshpal Gorm, he swore that when she next saw him it would be with the licence from his commanding officer for their nuptials in his pocket. She never saw him more. The regiment left Fort George by sea for Glasgow, and week after week passed on, in alternate hope and fear to Jeannie, without any tidings from her faithless Dennis. At length, taking courage from despair, she wrote to the adjutant; a reply came, which not merely confirmed her doubts — it destroyed her hopes at once. Dennis Neale had gone on furlough to Ireland, *accompanied by his wife!*

The despair of the ruined girl may be better conjectured than described, and even from Eeshpal, her sole confidante, she received little sympathy. The heartless beldam made light of her anguish, and contented herself with promising assistance and concealment during the approaching crisis; for Jeannie was about to become a mother! But, one day, as her

time drew near, the miserable young woman, in her sore distress and remorse, throwing herself at her father's feet, confessed her guilt. Old James Grant was, as I have said, a stern and rigid man; too cold and severe himself to incur danger from the temptations of such sin as his daughter had yielded to, and too proudly a sectarian to pity humbly as a Christian, he had no mercy, no charity, for the penitent sinner; and spurning her cruelly as she knelt, he bade her 'leave his house for ever, and with the ring on her finger, which was the badge of her bondage to Satan, purchase for herself and her unborn babe a *winding sheet!*'

She left him, and none knew whither she went. One woman, while gathering fuel on the skirts of the wood, fancied that she saw Jeannie Grant, weeping bitterly and wringing her hands, among the thickets; but, on calling to her, the wretched creature—if it was not rather her wraith—retreated amid the underwood, and was lost to sight.

It was not before two days had elapsed that Jeannie's misfortune became known. Remorse and pity then found way to her father's heart, and he disclosed the sad shame to his shuddering neighbours, who strongly censured while they pitied him. Still, his cup of woe was not full — he would forgive her — she could only have gone to the hut of Eeshpal Gorm, the fatal cause of all — he would seek her there — he knew that of late she had often visited the old witch.

He sought her accordingly, but he found her not. The Howdie professed utter ignorance of Jeannie's fate; she had not even seen her for several days! But, as the repentant parent left her threshold, whither he had been accompanied by the faithful gardener, the blue-cheeked hag whispered to the latter with a grin of satisfied malignity, "Wully Rose, my braw chiel, where's your rotten apples now?"

The woods, the waters, the bogs, far and near, were all searched, but searched in vain—Jeannie Grant was never seen in life again.

This "ower true tale" was often repeated to me, as I sat on the knee of William, the gardener; but what I am now going to relate of the Howdie-witch fell within my actual experience: yet I must preface the recital by a few facts, trivial in appearance, but of material importance to the denouement of my history.

It so happened, at the time I write of, when I was a boy of fifteen, that the house of Auchendown was occupied by the widow lady of the laird of Blairgowan. She was yet young and handsome; a tall, dark beauty of the Italian style of countenance; but there was a something in her large black eyes and an occasional quiver about her lips, that I did not like —and the youthful are proverbially physiognomists. She had married, solely for his wealth, a man of hideous aspect, of disgusting manners, and with a mind not very remote from imbecility. He died, leaving her childless, but there was a will in her favour, drawn out by

her own father, a wily W. S. of Edinburgh, by which she became possessed of all his personal property; not even his aged mother and destitute sisters, to whom he had always shown a liberal kindness inconsistent with his general nature, were so much as named in the will; while large legacies were left to his father-in-law and to *one other* person. That other was Pearse Watkins, his favourite man servant, and, if all tales might be credited, the favourite also of his wife. Indeed, strange rumours had been current among the scandal-mongers, regarding this man and his mistress, even before the laird's decease, since when, they had assuredly not decreased; at all events, it was evident that great familiarity, such as ill became their relative positions as superior and domestic, existed between them, and considerable shyness was accordingly manifested towards Mrs. Mackinnon by several families.

The lady of Blairgowan had been some years a widow, and, as she had gradually thrown aside her weeds, it was naturally supposed that she would once more enter those gay scenes of life to which she had been accustomed, and of which she had partaken with no appearance of reluctance; but, on the contrary, she kept more to herself than ever, saw fewer visiters, and, although her mother came all the way from Edinburgh to see her, rejected all invitations, and issued none. She had turned very charitable of late, nor had it escaped remark that she paid particular attention to

Eeshpal Gorm. That person had been very ill for some weeks, and the lady had not confined her kindness to messages or messes, sent by careless proxies, but had gone herself to the Howdie's hut, and once had been accompanied by a medical man, to whose care she recommended the old woman. On Eeshpal's recovery, she was frequently sent for by the lady; and, as the servants used to tell with amazement, she became at length such a favourite with Mrs. Mackinnon and her mother, that she was often detained for several successive nights—a bed was prepared for her in a closet adjoining the mistress's own chamber, and she was never permitted to return home without ample proofs of the lady's liberality. It is true that, at this period, Mrs. Mackinnon herself complained: she needed a nurse, and she had taken a fancy to the Howdie. Every body wondered, but every body knew that the rich are capricious, and nothing more was said.

It was autumn. The richest shades, all various, but all beautiful, of that delightful season, covered the woods of Cawdor. A thousand lovely wild flowers carpeted the rich sward, sprang up beneath the branching trees, and decorated each cliff and knoll, in the variegated grounds around the Castle. The dark-tinted fir stood, like a frowning duenna, beside the pale and delicate chesnut; the rough-leaved elm interlaced its boughs with the lordly and glittering beech; the ash rattled its whimsical catkins, like a housewife, proud of her bunch of keys; and the geen,

and the mountain ash, the former loaded with black and delicious cherries, the latter shaking its manifold clusters of scarlet berries, like chaplets of coral beads, adorned every avenue. By the banks of the wild and romantic mountain-brook that rushed through these sylvan scenes, the queen of the meadows shook her lovely head in the breeze, shedding the rich aroma of her scented tresses to the vesper bee, which, already glutted with its harvest of honey, sought lazily its distant hive. Wild thyme fringed the brink of the burn, while brambles, dotted with their mulberry-like fruit, guarded the yellow asphodels and delicate wood-sorrel from the rapacious hand of the prying botanist. Orchises, white, purple, and straw-coloured, sprang up in the moist swathes of forest-grass; and in the magic light of eve, that tinted the brawling waters now with an emerald and now with a ruby hue, the stern and stately castle of Earl Cawdor towered in baronial pomp over the woodland scene.

I had been enjoying a holiday in the woods, but the sun was near setting, and I was still at some distance from home before I began to think of returning. I reached a lovely spot in the forest, where path or track there was none, just as the top of a well-known rock, peering over the trees to my right, told me that I was passing within forty yards of the Howdie's hut. But though the sun had now set, my heart was light, and I cared not, but cheerily made my way over bush, briar, and ledge of stone. Presently I heard a sound as if a

person were digging in the earth. It came from the left hand of my route, where a high bank divided me, at that particular spot, from the brook.

The light of day had not yet entirely left the earth, but the place was naturally gloomy, and the trees shed an artificial obscurity around me. I stopped to listen; the noise continued, and my first impression was, that one of my *treasuries* had been discovered. Near the spot where I then stood, I had found, some days before, a *byke*. Does the English reader ask what is a byke? It is a nest of wild bees—a treasury of the richest and sweetest honey! Some sly cow-herd, or fagot-gatherer, I conjectured, had discovered it; and stealthily I crept among the bushes, resolved to share in, if I could not save, the delicious spoil.

At length I drew near: my byke was safe, but there, on the ground, kneeling among the rushes and briars, down six or seven feet beneath me, was the Howdie Witch! She had scooped out a hole in the soil, in which I presently saw her place what at first seemed to be a roll of white cloth; but, just as she was about to lay it in the earth, part of the cloth fell off, and I beheld, with a shudder, the face of a child!

Boy as I was, I felt a strange desire to see more! And I watched until, having heaped earth and shingle over the unhallowed grave, the witch strode away. My homeward path lay in the same direction which she took, and which, instead of being that to her own abode, led us to Auchendown. Proceeding up a by-

road that brought her straight to the house, I lost sight of her, and hurried home, determined to unfold the weighty secret that burdened my breast to my mother. At home, however, all was confusion. My mother had been hastily summoned away to a sick or dying friend, some ten miles off; my father was cross or cold; and I was, even then, not of a temper to disclose my sentiments or my sorrows to the menials.

Next day I rambled towards Auchendown, and, throwing myself beneath a tree, I meditated on the strange adventure of the past evening. I was attended by a pet terrier of my mother's; it was a great favourite, and seldom left her side; but, in the hurry of her departure from home, the animal had been either forgotten, or perhaps purposely left behind. A cross and testy creature it was to strangers, but faithful and affectionate to its friends. Suddenly its attention was roused, it erected its ears, growled, and, before I could discern who or what was the cause of its excitement, it burst from my arms, and fiercely attacked a woman who was passing by: it was Eeshpal Gorm! Before I had time to call off the dog, she lifted a large stone, and struck the animal with such force, that it fell completely stunned. Believing it to be dead, and enraged at the cruelty which had doomed my mother's pet to so sudden an end, I lost all caution; and, taking up the little terrier in my arms, I uttered a volley of boyish abuse on the beldam, concluding with these words: — "Where 's the bairn you buried last night, you old limmer?"

Were I to live a thousand years, I never should forget the start, the glare of wolfish, diabolical vengeance, which the old woman betrayed as these words escaped my lips. For a moment she stood quite still, both hands clenched firmly together, and her shrivelled lips so far apart as to show her yellow and fang-like teeth; the next, she seemed as if she were about to spring upon me; but I waited not: restraining with some difficulty the reviving Fanny, I rushed, ran, flew, from the spot, nor stopped until I found myself in the parlour, in the presence of my astonished father.

Then it was that I told my tale of wonders to him. He listened in silence, but, when I ceased, he laughed at what he called my romance. Yet, ever and anon, he recurred to the subject, and I could perceive that it had made some impression on him. But he was an indolent man; and not until my mother's return, some days afterwards, not until she had heard my story, and urged him to examine the spot, did he take any steps to investigate a circumstance that was at least of a suspicious nature. I then accompanied him and a chance visiter, who had taken my mother's side in the argument, to the mysterious grave. I found it readily, for the Howdie had taken little pains at concealment; nay, I could not help thinking that all things looked far less horrible by day than they had seemed under the influence of twilight. We had provided ourselves with a spade, the earth was soon shovelled off, and there, behold! lay the rotting body of the Howdie's well-known old doited *dog!*

My father and the gentleman laughed loudly, while I stood confused, and—shall I own it?—disappointed. I had sworn to a white cloth, and the dog was, certainly, of a whitish colour; and then they quizzed and jeered me about the grey dog which I had converted into a dead child, wrapt up in a shroud! I was ashamed and vexed then, but now, at this time of day, I am firmly convinced that my imprudent speech to Eeshpal Gorm was the means of preventing the discovery of an iniquitous deed.

I never saw the Howdie again, for in another month I was on my way to England, whence I proceeded, on the completion of my education, to India.

The Lady of Blairgowan's was a melancholy fate: after some weeks of severe indisposition, in which with singular obstinacy she rejected all medical attendance, she left Scotland for France, where she was soon restored to health; but, on her return, two years afterwards, while incautiously leaning over the side of the vessel, during a brisk gale, she overbalanced herself, and was precipitated into the sea. The night—for it happened in the night—was very dark, and, although every exertion to recover her, alive or dead, was made, her body was never found. What became of Pearse Watkins I know not, but the following extract from a letter which I received from my father, some ten years after the transactions I have thus briefly narrated took place, will tell the fate of the Witch with the blue cheek.

"You remember the object of your youthful detestation, Eeshpal Gorm, alias Isobel Hossack, the Howdie of Cawdor? Well, she is no more; and her death has been attended by some suspicious circumstances that lead us to conjecture its having been caused by violence; while other events tend to throw some light, a horrid and dismal light, on the transactions of former years. I have had reason to regret the injudicious ridicule I cast upon what to me seemed the mere result of your youthful and romantic imaginings; nay, I am inclined to believe that occurrences, which in this world can never wholly be cleared up, must have taken place at that time, between the inmates of Auchendown and Blue Eeshpal. The Howdie had been for several months in a very frail state; indeed, the old woman could not have been far short of eighty, and, as winter drew on, she seldom left her hut. Your mother, ever alert where charity has a part to play, took care that she was plentifully supplied with food and fuel, and, indeed, the peasantry, much as she has ever been their aversion, have recently shown her genuine kindness in her need.

"She, however, survived the winter, and was beginning to move about again; when one evening, about a month ago, two of the servants were despatched by your mother with some little comforts for her. As they descended the path that leads to her hovel, they picked up, among the bushes at the wayside, a handsome fur boa, (which, by the bye, has

since been recognized as having belonged to Mrs. Mackinnon.) They were naturally enough astonished at this, and still more so when, a few paces in advance, a shilling was found, and still nearer the hut a quilted cloth pocket, which was well known, inasmuch as Eeshpal was seldom seen without it. Their alarm was excited to the utmost, when, approaching the door, they heard the groans of a person evidently suffering from acute pain. The wretched old woman was, in fact, in a dying state; she was lying on the floor, half drest, as if she had either fallen, or been dragged from her bed, and, though apparently quite sensible, she was speechless. A gleam of joy shone on her countenance, as she saw who the intruders were, and she was gently laid upon her bed. Slowly she raised her hand, and pointed to her throat, which, indeed, betrayed marks of violence; the discoloured skin showed as if an attempt to strangle her had been made; one of her fingers, too, was dislocated, and on farther examination, they perceived that her large kist or coffer had been forced open and rifled.

"She expired before the light of another day, wholly speechless, though making great exertions to speak; and seemingly much pleased with the kindness that was shown to her, and the prayers that were breathed at her bedside by some of her worthy neighbours. It was after her decease that, sewed firmly into a thick corner of the old quilted pocket, where it must have escaped the depredators, a gold ring was dis-

covered. I wish you had seen our new constable, William Rose, the *ci-devant* gardener, when this ring was shown to him. His start would have been a study for a tragedian. He knew the ring instantly; it was that which many long years before had aroused his jealousy, on the finger of his betrothed bride! Inside were the initials D. N., and J. G.—Dennis Neale, and Jane Grant!

"Not a scrap of paper, or any thing, indeed, of an elucidatory nature, was found among the effects of the Howdie; but the discovery of this ring set a thousand wild surmises afloat regarding the fate of the unfortunate owner. Your adventure, too, was raked up from the ashes of the past; and at length the country-folks insisted on digging up the floor of the cabin, and burning the ruins, as a thing accurst. They dug, accordingly, but nothing was found, and the miserable bothy was consumed. The Howdie, however, had a hive or two of bees in her little garden, and these were sold. On removing them, two young lads, bent on the destruction of every thing connected with the spot, began to root up the kail-stocks, beds of parsley, &c. Taking spades, they dug and delved, till, coming to the space over which the bee-hives had stood, one of the spades struck against a broad flag-stone, at some depth from the surface of the ground; a shove or two served to displace it, and it was raised. Pieces of cloth, shreds of rag, and bits of crockery excited their curiosity. Presently they found the bones and skull of

an infant; and in two more strokes of the spade, the entire skeleton of a grown-up person struck the terrified gaze of the rustics! The skeleton has been examined, and proved to be that of a woman! There cannot be a doubt that Jeannie Grant died in this hut — how, or by what means, rests with God, but most probably in the pangs of child-birth. You will say :— 'But there was yet *another* child!' I do believe it! Over its *second* grave the cloud still depends! Its death may have been natural, but its birth was, at least, involved in mystery, and most probably in guilt."

REMEMBER ME.

BY MISS CHRISTINA KINGLAKE.

Remember not thine idle dream,
Or, if thou e'er shouldst think of me,
Remember me but as a beam,
Just passing o'er a stormy sea.

Remember me but as a sound
That on thy gentle slumber broke,
Yet perished ere its place was found,
Or e'en thy dreamy spirit woke.

Remember me but as a flower,
That bloomed throughout its little day,
Or as a sunny April shower,
That glistened in the morning ray.

Remember me but as a wave,
That broke in sadness on the shore—
Which to the winds its music gave
A moment—and was heard no more.

Remember me but as the foam,
Far on the bounding surge at play,
Yet having on *no* surge a home,
Swept by each passing gust away.

Remember me but as the snow
That perished 'neath a sultry beam—
Or as the false and fleeting glow
In which we steep a childish dream.

Remember me but as the breeze,
That gently o'er thy path did pass—
That woke the music of the trees,
And softly stirred the dewy grass.

As of a glistening drop of rain,
That quivered on the trembling bough,
So think of me;—'twere all in vain
To seek the quivering rain-drop now.

And as the wanderer thinks of Heaven,
While traversing Life's troubled sea,
So, till o'er me steals Life's blank even,
So shall my thoughts e'er turn to thee.

BLEEDING HEART YARD.

A LEGEND.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

If it were in my power to relate a tale as I heard it, years ago, from the lips of one who firmly believed in the marvels which she told, the effect upon others might be as it was upon me. But the place, the listeners, the narrator, with her earnest simplicity of diction, her overpowering sense of reality, and her thrilling tones, should all be brought up to produce that effect.

When we were young, how an old crone's ghost-stories, by the Christmas fire, shook the nerves, and froze the blood, and made Curiosity, like the Giaour in "Vathek," still cry out "More! more!" When the serious day-thought came, we could smile at the baseless terrors of yesternight. The scene, the dusky light of the midnight embers, the weak and wavering voice of the story-teller, herself a living personation of the Past, a link between the living and the dead — these combined to clothe her legends in the garb of wonder. Had they been told by others, at a different time or in a different place, how coldly would they

have fallen upon the ear, how feeble their spell to move us!

Thus, too, an anecdote which, in the relation (by one whose sufferings had almost unsettled her reason), had strangely stirred the very depths of my spirit, may fail to interest my reader to whom I shall present it nearly as it was spoken. For there is an impressive eloquence in the eye, the glance, the open brow, the tone, the thin and hectic cheek, the darkly flowing and dishevelled hair, the deep earnestness of spoken narrative, which the mind can scarcely imagine, and of which the pen vainly endeavours to represent even an outline.

With these words of preface, let me now relate the legend which I heard.

In this huge place called London, there is one spot, almost its centre, to which many close alleys, and crowded courts, and narrow lanes, and long passages, and murky yards, pour out a daily rush of population, like the arteries sending life-blood to the human heart. Not one of these places but has some sad memory associated with it, some story of sin and sorrow, of silent suffering, or of deep crime. Hundreds of these places there are within the space which we call Holborn. A populous world it is, with its hum of many voices, like the murmur of the angry waves when they dash into white foam upon a rocky coast. But it was not always thus, nor did it always bear that name. There was a

time when it was a space where the citizens of London met for sports, the very names of which have passed away, like the memories of those who practised them. Then, one of the kings of England enclosed these city-meadows with a wall, and gave them, as a gift, to some cunning courtier, who had found the way to his heart by flattery. And then, when king and courtier had alike departed, the fair fields came into the hands of a brave old soldier who had won fortune and fame in the wars with France.

This was the Lord Hatton. He built a palace in the centre of his estate—a grand chateau, like what he had seen abroad. He had a gardener from the Low Countries to lay out for him a beautiful place, with fruits and flowers, and quaint sculptures, and rare birds from far lands beyond the sea. The palace and the pleasure-grounds are gone—the most searching antiquarian would fail to find a trace of either. But the place which we now call Hatton Garden shews where they once were. They were the marvel of their day, and their owner was so proud of them that it was hard to say which he cared more for—them or the fair youth, his only son. Well and tenderly, piously and fondly, had he brought up this youth. But, in time, the old lord died, and the dwelling and the garden, the gold and the jewels, the honours and the title, descended to his son.

There was a gorgeous funeral, and the king attended it, with all his court. The young Lord Hatton wanted

some months of being of age, but preparations soon began to be made for the rejoicings. They ransacked foreign lands for what was rare and rich to celebrate his birthday. They brought arras from the tapestry-makers of Artois, and fine linen from the looms of Flanders, and rich wines from the valleys of Burgundy, and cloth of gold from the store-houses of Genoa, and tall mirrors from the manufactories of Venice, and spices from the fragrant land of Arabia, and royal carpets from the merchants of Persia. For the Lord Hatton had wealth to answer almost the very demands of extravagance, and he resolved that his coming to man's estate should be celebrated in no niggard way.

At last the gala-day came. The king himself was among the guests. The magnificence of that day was never forgotten by those who saw it, and it was talked of, far and near, as eclipsing even the most royal splendours. There were fountains, from which rich wines spouted from daylight to sunset; there were refreshments laid out in tents, to which all were welcome; there was a field-at-arms for the knights; and there was an extensive range in which the yeomen might exercise their sports. There was something to match the taste and rank of all—rich and poor, old and young, gentle and simple.

The place was thrown open to all, by public proclamation. Among the lowly guests was one who had more beauty than the highest of the fair ones present. She was very lovely, and exceedingly proud of that

rare and surpassing beauty. She was among the crowd, but not of it. Her father was an honest man, who earned a hard living by hard labour. She was discontented with her lot in life. Many gallants of the court, who had noted her remarkable beauty, had attempted to draw her from her father's lowly roof; it was pride, rather than principle, which, as yet, had prevented her fall. She was sick at heart with discontent. There was this aggravation also—she had been educated above her station. At a convent adjacent to her father's cottage, in what we now call St. Martin's lane, there was a convent where she had been taught to read and write—unusual attainments for one of her rank and sex, at that time—and increase of knowledge brought fuel to the flame of discontent which was devouring her heart. She was thus exactly ripe for temptation, and be sure that the Evil One ever watches the hour and seizes the occasion.

It would be difficult to determine what had brought Edith Lee, for that was her name, to the great festival that Lord Hatton gave. It is true that all her neighbours went, but that was no example for one who scorned to follow in the common track, and had hitherto avoided all exhibitions of grandeur; after they were over, when she sat down in the poor cottage of her father, it made her spirit very sad to think that others should be decked with splendour and surrounded with luxury, while she was subject to the lowest wants, yet felt that she had capacity for enjoy-

ment as high as they had. Surely she had not gone thither to display her beauty, for she was too proud to be vain, and had half hidden her face beneath the large hood which she wore, according to the custom of her humble condition in those days. Neither was it to gain that attention which young women strive to attract by dress, for she wore her plain and customary attire. It was a mixture of curiosity and impatience which led her forth. She was tempted by both. If she had endeavoured to define the impulse, she would have failed; there are times and circumstances which lead us to act, we know not why, as if some invisible hand pushed us forward—as if some viewless finger of Fate beckoned us on.

Perhaps, as she stood, pale and still as a sybil, in that scene of gaiety and mirth, her bosom was the only one in that crowd which covered a heavy heart. Naturally of a lively temperament, her musings had turned of late to that thoughtful meditation for which tears would be a great relief, but to calm which tears do rarely flow. But her beauty gained in expression more than it lost in fire by this change. The light of her glance was not dimmed but softened; and her tones had a subdued sweetness, like that born of the gentle kiss of the southern breeze and the voiceful chords of the Æolian harp. A deeper beauty than that of common life she now wore — a beauty over which Thought had passed and softly left its shadowy hue.

As she stood, herself almost concealed in the gloom and by the huge trunk of an ancient tree, her mind far away in the land of dreams, as she gazed upon the changing brilliancies of the sky, fancying each cloud an isle where it would be happiness to live and love, she heard the clang of music, and presently came the sounds of approaching footsteps, of light laughter, and of mirthful language. There was *one* voice, among the many which were speaking, that thrilled the very heart of Edith Lee. It was musical, low, and clear, as the pleasant sound of a well-played flute. And, as the crowd of gallants came in view, there was one face, one form, which she recognized the moment that she saw it—recognized with a heart-throb that covered her brow, cheeks, neck, and bosom with one sudden flush. The voice, the form, the face, were such as, night after night, had haunted her in dreams, ever since her proud spirit rebelled against her low condition in life. I told you that the tempter had marked that discontent.

Never before, never before had she seen *him*, living, breathing, speaking, in her presence. But he had been with her in the dream by night, and, more indistinctly, in her waking thoughts. His image had filled her heart with new and deep sensations—feelings so powerful that the blessed daylight sometimes became wearisome to her, and she longed for night, because then again she could see this spirit-love of her's. So overpowering was this new sense, thus strangely con-

jured up, that often, in the clear noonday, she used to shut her eyes, in the hope that, in this semblance of sleep, he would rise palpably before the vision of her mind. For it was a strange and strong peculiarity of this life-in-sleep that, while in dreams she traced a successive series of adventures with this creation of her fancy, her waking thoughts had but a vague and uncertain impression of him and them. But now she saw him, as glorious as he had ever seemed in the fair and boundless world of sleep!

The crowd of gentlemen passed on, and Edith Lee still remained leaning against the old tree, and straining her sight after them long after they had gone beyond her view. She only felt that she had seen *him* — that he was a creature of life like herself, and that his evident rank shewed him to be removed from her by a gulf which could not be passed.

Edith Lee's mind was the prey of such conflicting emotions that she did not know how long she remained by that old tree; but, after a time, she became aware that some one was standing opposite to her, and carefully reading her features. She saw a middle-aged man, well dressed and dark-featured, with a countenance which no one could give a plausible reason for not liking, yet its expression was such as one does not love to look upon. There was a sneer upon his thin and pallid lips, and a sardonic something in his glance, which, as their eyes met, made her feel uncomfortable. She would fain have moved from him, for his gaze

troubled her, but it seemed as if she had lost all power of voluntary motion and speech. He seemed to hold her there with his glittering eye, as the serpent fixes the wild birds in the Indian woods. He laid his hand upon her's, and the touch, light as it was, thrilled to the bone, and fevered her blood.

He spoke to her, and his voice, though sweet enough, grated harshly upon her ear — he spoke in a tone low enough for a whisper, yet every syllable fell distinctly upon her ear, and sank into her heart.

"You soar high, lady-bird!" said he. "It is a bold dove that would seek a mate in the eagle's nest. You would wed that gay young lord;" here he bent his face close to her's, while he added, "and you *shall!*" She shrunk back from him, and the expression of his features became terrible in its demoniac beauty. "What, pretty one!" he continued, "you shrink from your friend, who has the power and the will to assist the cottage flower that fain would flourish in the stately halls of the palace. Why, trembler, *I* have known your wishes, *I* have fashioned your dreams, until sleep has become for you a life more beautiful than reality. Your heart rebelled against the state in which you were placed, and the rebellion gave me power over you. See, now, you shrink from my words, and you never shrank from my works. You stand even upon ground that is mine own. Your foot rests upon the grave of a suicide—you need not start! He killed his mother by his pride of heart; he stained

a name that the breath of dishonour had never tarnished before; he betrayed his country; he denied his God, and came back—a broken man—to hang himself from the very tree you lean against. In childhood's innocence he had played beneath its shade, and the huge branch that bore him dead withered from that hour."

Edith Lee heard the words of mockery, and her frame sank beneath the scowl of that dark and mysterious man. She fell into a heavy faint, and there was a whisper in her ear: "If you would wed this young lord, meet me, at midnight, in the churchyard by St. Martin's monastery." It was dusk when she awoke.

She left Lord Hatton's garden, unnoticed amid the crowds, and sought the solitude of her own little chamber. Here she thought upon what had passed, and she shuddered as she thought. At last, she wept, and tears relieved her. She knelt down and prayed, and that night her slumbers were peaceful as the repose of an infant.

But the morrow came, bringing back the old discontents which had vexed her spirit, and new and stirring desires which the sight of Lord Hatton had excited. Day after day sped on, and there was an end to the dreams which had made night so longed for. The very lack of these sweet visions made her day-thoughts turn upon their living object. And, as she often saw him pass her door, but never bestow even the scanty

notice of a glance, she was in no chance of forgetting him.

Then came the rumour that the young Lord Hatton was about to wed a royal ward. The news unnerved Edith Lee. That night she did not pray, so the tempter resumed his power over her, and she dreamed that she saw a bridal throng, and that *she* stood at the altar, and that Lord Hatton was the bridegroom. And then she woke, and the moonlight, glancing coldly in, revealed the squalid poverty of her chamber, and then, once again, came that remembered whisper: —"If you would wed this young lord, meet me at midnight, in the churchyard of St. Martin's monastery." She started from her bed, for she knew that the hour was at hand. She wound up the contention between the evil angel and the better angel in her heart, by resolving to try whether the stranger would, indeed, be there. There was no necessity, she thought in her pride, of compliance with his demands, if he made any, and she deemed—foolish girl!—that he might be able, perhaps, to read the future for her.

It was not difficult to leave her father's cottage. She came back in an hour, with a pale cheek, and a throbbing brow, and a wild eye. Whom she met, what passed, and what promises she made, none ever knew, but it was said in after-times that she had signed a contract—signed it in her own blood!—with the Great Enemy, to give herself to him, body and soul, at a future day, if he would procure her marriage

with the Lord Hatton. She returned to her bed—but *could* not pray now.

The next day, as Edith Lee was standing at her father's door, a noble company of gallants rode by, and one of them, the chief, bent low, cap in hand, until his forehead touched the mane of his Barbary charger, to the beauty of Edith Lee. That evening, and often after, he came to the cottage, unattended and disguised, and strove to gain the favour of Edith Lee—for the cunning of her sex taught her that coyness wins better than submission. That day month, to the wonder of all, Edith Lee became the bride of Lord Hatton.

Who ought now to be half so happy as Edith Lady Hatton! Her beauty was so exquisite, that even the ladies of the court admitted it to be scarcely wonderful that she had won a coronet. All hearts admired and all eyes followed her. The breath of scandal never came near her. She was a faithful wife and a loving one. She was the idol of her husband, who thought nothing that wealth could procure half good enough for her. Yet, with all her beauty, state, and wealth, Edith Lee was *not* happy. One fatal remembrance darkened the hues of her life.

In time an heir was born to her noble lord. Then the shadow upon Edith's brow appeared to grow less dark, and her eyes lost some of that troubled expression which it sometimes had grieved her husband to look upon. Great alms she gave to the poor, but,

even in the abbey of Westminster, to which she sometimes resorted with her husband and household, neither her heart nor her lips were stirred with prayer. Something heavy was upon her mind, forbidding her to pour out her troubled spirit before her Maker. But her alms to the poor were great, her gifts to the religious houses were ample, and the common voice spoke loudly of her piety, as if Charity could avail without Faith!

As years rolled on, Lady Hatton became of lighter and more lively mood. For the most part, she now thought of the past as of an unpleasant memory which might best be buried in oblivion. But there were times when she had awful forebodings, and dread despair, and terrible fears—when her eyes would have a fixed and stony glare, as if they saw *that* in vacancy which they hated to behold, yet could not avoid—when the flush of beauty left the cheek, and an unnatural paleness succeeded—when her lips would breathe faint and hurried words of awe and supplication, and all the living, breathing world around her would be as nothing before the compulsive might of that dreadful Presence, unseen by all but her. And, at last, when a passion of tears would relieve her, she would anxiously inquire what she had spoken, and if they could glean meaning from her words, and would hide her face in her husband's bosom, and wonder at herself—or affect to wonder—for being so weak and so womanly.

She had one child, a boy of great promise, who was barely fifteen when her husband died. She bestowed great care upon his education, and he was brought up in the fear and love of God. For herself, she now frequented the Abbey oftener than before. She was ever at matins and vespers; but still she prayed no prayer to God for pardon and for succour. It seemed as if she fancied herself secure from her Enemy in the house of God.

The youth rose to manhood, and Edith made ample preparation for celebrating his twenty-first birthday.

I pass all the splendour of the brilliant festival, the smiles and the beauty, the glitter and the glare. The choicest of the company were dancing in a stately saloon which extended the whole length of Hatton House. At the top of the saloon was a chair of state for the Lady Hatton, who seemed almost as beautiful as in her early and untroubled days of youth and maidenhood. Who so proud as that fond mother, looking upon her beautiful and gallant son!

At last, upon the very verge of midnight, the latest time, according to the etiquette of that period, to which the festivities could decorously be continued, Lord Hatton went to his mother's chair, and entreated her to dance the last measure with him, and thus wind up a celebration which, he said, his heart could never forget. And, as he spoke, he took her hand in his, and pleasant tears filled his mother's eyes, as she looked upon him and drank in the music of his low and ear-

nest voice—for as she looked and listened there came back before her the bright dreams of her youth, and their glad fulfilment, and she joyed to see by her side such a fair image of that father whom she had loved with a love which seemed as if it were a very portion of her heart.

The Lady Hatton smiled upon her son, through her pleasant tears, and told him that years had taken away the buoyancy of her spirit and of her motions, but that she would even join with him in the dance, if he could find no better substitute. As she spoke, she looked round upon the bright company of maidens who were present; but her son said, with a smile, that in truth he had already danced with every lady in the room, so there could be no excuse for *her!*

So the dance was renewed, and the Lady Hatton and her son stood at the end of the room, that they might close the festival. And the music struck up, and mirth filled every bosom, and spoke from every lip. Thus it went on, until it was now almost time for the lady and her son to lead off, and conclude that pleasant measure.

But, hark! a loud crash at the outer door, as if a hundred hands were striking on it at once! There was a sudden pause in the music and the dance — a silence, deep as if a voice of command had sounded through the rooms — "Speak no more!" Men looked into each other's faces, as if to learn what could cause this strange noise at such a time. And then, smiling

at the interruption, they renewed the dance, and all went on merrily as before.

An attendant glided in, almost unperceived — but the Lady Hatton saw his quivering lip, and pale cheek, and frightened eye. He told her, in awed and broken words, but so low that no ear but her's could hear, that they had opened the door to a stranger who demanded instant audience with her. The lady said—but her heart sunk within her as she spoke — that he must be told this was neither time nor place to see any but the invited guests. The attendant speeded to deliver this message, and came back, with a more terror-stricken countenance than before, to say that the stranger would take no denial, for his second message was that 'there was One below who *must* have parley with the lady, and his token was their last meeting in St. Martin's churchyard.'

Very pale grew the lady's cheek, as she heard this message. There are times when the thoughts and the fears, the anxieties and the remorse, the pains and the despair, of a life-time can crowd upon the heart in one little moment of intensest agony; and such a moment was that in which the Lady Hatton's mind, awed, horror-stricken, and unnerved, was rent by pangs which I never could describe. She grasped the chair which stood by her, and endeavoured to steady herself by its support. The room seemed to swim around her; strange sights glanced upon her eyes, and strange voices made unearthly sounds for her ears. But this

bewilderment was brief, and the terrible consciousness returned, in its fullest reality, that evil, dreadful evil, was about to befall her.

Meanwhile, the dance went on, and it seemed as if no one had noticed the alteration which one little minute had made in the appearance of the Lady Hatton. Her cheek was pale as marble; her eyes were dulled into a fixed and death-like stare; her lip had lost its colour; and her frame was shaken by emotion. Her son, who stood beside her, was speaking gaily to a smiling maiden with whom he had danced earlier in the evening, and, thus occupied, he did not observe, and could not note, the strong heart-quake of emotion which agitated his mother.

A heavy sound of feet upon the stairs—still no ear heard it, except her's. The door was burst open, as if a mighty whirlwind had dashed against it — no one noticed the sound, and the dance went blithely on. A tall figure advanced to Lady Hatton, and her cry of terror was drowned in her throat. She had lost all power over herself. The dark stranger, with a smile which froze the very fount of her life-blood, led her forth to dance. A thick yellow cloud filled the room, and blinded the eyes of all who were in it. When the cloud dispersed, all looked for Lady Hatton — but she was not there. Her chair was crashed into many fragments, and of herself there was no trace, except that the attendant who had announced the fearful stranger declared that he had seen him lead her forth

to dance, and that thus they had glided out of the room together!

Suddenly there arose a dreadful confusion in the disquieted air. A yell of anguish rose high and clear — then came the unearthly laugh of a demon — and thus, yell followed yell, and wild laughter, the dreadful mockery of a fiend, rent the air, mingling with woman's shrieks of hopeless agony, and bodily pain, and dreadful despair. After a time, all was again silence, and the guests returned home. The young Lord Hatton, who had fallen into a swoon, was attended by his physicians, but many days elapsed before he awoke to consciousness.

In a remote part of Hatton Garden, beneath the very tree which shaded the dust of the suicide, where Edith had first seen Lord Hatton, and by which the Evil One had first spoken to her, were found, the day after the festival, one lock of long, dark, silky hair, and a human heart, broken in two, and bleeding! In various parts of that extensive garden, fragments of flesh were found — as if, indeed, a human being had been torn to pieces in the air, and scattered piecemeal on the earth. But it was beneath the old tree, and upon the unhallowed mound which covered the dust of the suicide, that they found the bleeding heart.

Lord Hatton, struck with awe at the terrible event which had occurred, never more took his wonted place in the world. He became a monk of the Cistercian

order of St. Martin, and gave his estates for the benefit of his monastery. These estates were sold after a time; the mansion was demolished, for none could be found willing to reside in it, as the popular rumour was that, at certain times, strange scenes were re-enacted within its walls. As the city increased, the land was built upon, and one portion, retaining the familiar name of all, is called Hatton Garden to this day. Even yet, also, the place where was found the heart of Lady Hatton, although the memory of the cause is known to few, bears the name of BLEEDING HEART YARD.

THE COLISEUM AT ROME.

BY N. MICHELL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE SAXON'S DAUGHTER, AN ESSAY ON WOMAN, &c.

Here let me muse on this moss-woven stone;
Silence and Night surround me—star-beams fall
Through rifted arches and on columns lone;
More grand this pile than Eblis' awful hall;
What scenes of pleasure past it doth recall!
While Fancy views it in its pristine day,
Throws back from buried Time the darkening pall:
The Cæsars live again! and reckless, gay,
Thousands within this dome keep Roman holiday.

The standard flies—with life the galleries teem,
Mixed in one mighty throng the fair and bold:
Here wave Patrician robes, there bright eyes beam,
Shine every where Barbaric pearls and gold.
Hark! 't is the trumpet blast! yon wretch behold!
Torn by a pard, a mangled corse he lies.
Now slow advance two Gauls of giant mould;
They front, strike, bleed—one sinks, no more to rise;
Pleased Beauty waves her hand, and plaudits rend
the skies.

Such was the Circus—what doth now appear?
Grey mouldering ruins, silent and forlorn—
Victor and vanquished, all who gathered here,
Have passed away as if they ne'er were born.
'Round porphyry pillars grows the shaggy thorn;
Through marble walks the sly fox slowly creeps;
The night winds moan through arches rent and worn;
Fame at Oblivion's progress sits and weeps,
While over all his watch stern Ruin grimly keeps.

Man! thus thy proud creations melt away!
Child of the dust! how humble shouldst thou be!
On all thine art achieves is stamped decay,
Cities and empires passing e'en like thee:
Nought save the rolling Ocean, wild and free;
Nought save the mountains pillaring the sky;
Nought save the worlds our rapt eyes nightly see,
Remain unchanged, as Ages wander by,
And smile o'er Time's dark wrecks, and Ruin's self defy.

Mrs. H. Adams del. London Pub.d by Ackermann & Co. 1834 G.A. Prieur Sculp.t

THE PARTING WREATH.

THE PARTING WREATH.

BY C. SWAIN, ESQ.

It was a form to dream of, slight and frail,
As though too delicate for earth—too fair
To meet the worldly conflicts which assail
Nature's unhappy footsteps every where!
There was a languor in her pensive air—
A tone of suffering in her accents weak—
The hectic signet, never known to spare,
Darken'd the beauty of her thoughtful cheek,
And omened truth more sad than even tears may speak!

'Twas not her own lov'd land, her village cot,
With chesnut wreaths and circling blossoms crowned:
She sought in vain her treasured garden plot,
The birthday rose she planted in the ground
When first her heart a living sister found!
The nameless comforts of her home in vain
She sought where all, save comforts, might abound;
The choicest offerings of the vintage-train
Were worth not one wild flower from her own village plain!

And, oh! that Wreath, the last her sister twined!
Whose heart-shaped leaves, slow falling, seemed to say,
Thus shall the hearts forsake thee, left behind;
Thus pass thy memory from their souls away:
Or, but in transient thought, unlovely, stray,
Like a poor flower that welcomeless appears!
But, no, she wrong'd them; where they used to play,
Her sister yet would speak of her with tears,
And think of all her love, her truth, in those gone years!

Still, still she drooped, although the heavens shone warm;
And every hour her beauty shed some leaf—
And every day still slighter waned her form—
Those mild blue eyes seem'd but the founts of grief;
Whilst they who might have soothed and brought relief
Were all afar, and seas between rolled high:
Yet, oh! for but one glance, however brief,
But once to see the faces loved come nigh,
She'd say—"Thy will be done!" nor weep so young to die!

The peasant, hastening to the vine-ripe fields,
Oft turned with pity towards the stranger maid,
Whose faltering steps approach'd yon mount, which yields

A view from shore to farthest sea displayed;
And there, till setting day, the maiden stayed,
Watching each sail, if haply she might find
The British ship which her dear friends conveyed;
And still Hope gave her wings to every wind,
And whisper'd, "See, they come!" till ached her wearied mind.

Then homeward to her chamber, not to sleep,
But restless think, and picture many a scene
Of home, companions, forms that made her weep!
Muse o'er the tomb and her poor altered mien,
Until Hope's lingering ray would intervene,
Making the tear imbue her pale lip's smile:
Yes, she might be again what she had been!
And nought should e'er her grateful thoughts beguile
From HIM who spared her yet to breathe a little while!

And they—the loved—her friends, would soon arrive!
A voice within had whisper'd to her soul,
She had beheld the ship with billows strive,
Ruling the tempest with a queen's control!
Another day—propitious moments roll!
Another day—blest Hope! and they might meet!
But never day brought one friend to console,
Though Hope would aye her faithless tale repeat—
Alas, that name 's baptized in waters of deceit!

O human heart! when may thy feelings find
As fond return—when thine emotions claim
Response as fervent, tenderness as blind,
Or friendship which is something more than name?
Still disappointed, and yet still the same,
Affections which should serve our latest years
Grow ashes on the altar of youth's flame;
And all too soon Experience appears,
The history of our hearts to register with tears!

O Heart and Mind! companions beautiful!
O noblest proofs of Deity benign!
How soon your brightest dreams of bliss wax dull;
How swift your rays of confidence decline!
Is there a friend one breast may say is mine?
Is Truth in the betraying world e'er found?
Then, come, bid here your tenderest influence shine
O'er her whose dying eyes strain feebly round
For one to bless her prayers, and lay her in the ground!

The minstrel Morn call'd to the woods, and they
Shook their green tresses, and from slumber rose;
The merry Morn, still singing on her way,
Called bud, and flower, and streamlet from repose:
Who could behold, and dream of earthly woes?
From dewy bloom to darken'd chamber turn—
Mark the dim eyes lift upwards to their close—
Gaze on the wasted cheek, and inly learn,
Vainly for human hearts the lamp of Hope may burn!

The shepherd loiter'd near the seaward mount,
But it stood lone! perchance her friends were here;
He gain'd the arbour'd seat, the shelter'd fount,
And silent sank his steps with sudden fear!
He gazed upon her casement, and a tear
Sprang trembling as he saw the "*Death Wreath*" spread!
Wake, dreamless sleeper, wake! for, lo, appear
The ships of England from the Mount's bright head!
Wake, wake thy victim, Hope;—wake, *for one look*, the Dead!

That night was with the stars a silvery cloud,
A form of radiance rising evermore,
Soaring in glory 'midst the starry crowd!
It seemed a seraph veil thrown lightly o'er
The heavenly way, for mortals to adore.
Some said they gazed on the Archangel's grace,
For never cloud such sainted beauty wore;
And, oh! they thought, they midst the stars could trace
The Dead they sought too late—their own loved daughter's face!

And did she stay and meekly bend her head
In lingering farewell to the friends so dear?
Was it the dew, or angel feeling shed,
But on her mother's brow was seen a tear,
As wept by Heaven upon a woe sincere;

And that bright drop was comfort to her breast!
Why should she call an angel from its sphere!
Why mourn that spirit in immortal rest,
The child her God had made companion of the blest!

SONG.

BY C. J. DAVIDS, ESQ.

Young Love, a little pedlar boy,
Pack'd up all his stock in trade;
With costly gem and glitt'ring toy
He tried to lure each thoughtless maid.
But, when the nymphs from every land
All flock'd to share the welcome booty,
His goods were seized as contraband,
Because the rogue had paid no duty.

Arraign'd at Hymen's judgment seat,
He told the court a piteous tale;
But, being a most notorious cheat,
No friend had he to put in bail.
Now, licensed by the Marriage Act,
Again Love sells his wares to Beauty;
And puffs them off with fearless tact,
Because they've paid a heavy duty.

THE CURSE OF MONTROSE.

SEVERAL years have elapsed since I first visited the county of Sutherland, by far the most desolate and uninhabited district in the British isles. Circumstances, over which the power of man had little control, have thinned its once populous glens, and driven the hardy mountaineer to seek some more genial climate where the fertility of the soil is such as may yield a better recompense to his labour. The gentry, also, of whom there were formerly many—cadets and vassals of the ancient house of Mackay—have dwindled away. One by one, their possessions have fallen from them, and now, with a few trivial exceptions, the whole of this extensive county, its wildernesses and forests, its mountains, lakes, and rivers, belong to that noble family who wear the ducal coronet of Sutherland.

Few are the travellers, even at the present day, who have explored the remote wilds of this singular country. Not that any great degree of courage is required for the task, for "there be no lions in the path;" and the hand of the Highlander grasps not at the dirk so readily as it did of yore; but the refinement of modern taste leads the generality of tourists to prefer the shelter of a comfortable inn to a couch of straw or heather in a shepherd's bothy, and the simmer-

ing variety of the flesh-pots of Egypt to a three-weeks' browse upon salmon and salted ham. Moreover, stage coaches are there unknown, yet for the sportsman or the painter Sutherland has abundant charms. Every one of its lakes and rivers abounds in trout and salmon; grouse and ptarmigan swarm on the hills, and often on the top of some precipice you may descry a noble red deer — a stag of ten — gazing down the valley. Then stop and look your fill. Another footfall, and the apparition has disappeared, silent and swift as the shadow of a passing cloud. To the painter its savage scenery affords the noblest study. Far nearer than Alps or Apennines are those materials to be found, from which Salvator Rosa drew his inspiration and his fame.

I belong rather to the class of sportsmen than to that of painters, and I have no shame in confessing that my first visit to Sutherland was made with more reference to the prospective contents of my game-bag and pannier, than my sketch-book. I had sojourned for several days amidst the dreary solitudes of Edderachylis, and was now proceeding slowly on my journey homeward, with my old white pony, the venerable Pantagruel, who had rather more than reached his grand climacteric, and a stalwart son of the mountains, Alister Macdonald by name, right cunning, as Dominie Sampson would have said, in the pastimes appertaining unto the fields.

One fine morning early, we had left the little inn

of Kyle Skow, and, after several hours' hard walking over the moors, during which Pantagruel's burden was increased by the desirable appendage of several brace of grouse, we reached the brow of the last hill which separated us from the magnificent valley of Assynt. It was still early in the day, nor had the long chain of clouds yet ascended from the mountain tops. But the scene below — the winding glen, which terminated the large expanse of waters — the low pasture lands, spotted with herds of cattle—and the surface of the lake itself, waveless and smooth as crystal, except where shattered by the leap of the trout or the plunge of the cormorant and diver, combined to form such a picture of calm and placid beauty, that methought there but wanted the chime of the village bells to make a sabbath of the day.

Near the termination of the lake, a peninsula projected a considerable distance into the waters, and on it there stood the ruin of a castle, or some other ancient building, of considerable size, which once might have been the residence of some powerful chieftain. This was an irresistible temptation to one who in his youth had been inoculated with the antiquarian virus; so, leaving Pantagruel and my dogs to the care of Alister, I descended towards the lake, in search of some one qualified to do the honours of the place. Nor was I long in attaining my wish, for close beside the old ruin I found an elderly man, whom I judged by his semiclerical appearance to be the schoolmaster

of the parish, stretched at length on the sward, with his fishing-rod lying idly beside him, and surveying the glassy surface of the lake, whereon there stirred not a breath of wind, with an air of sullen resignation.

Him, therefore, I accosted, and I soon found to my great joy that I had lighted on the best possible guide and interpreter. With one memorable exception in his youth, he, like the old man of Verona, whom Claudian so beautifully describes, had never wandered beyond the limits of his native county, and, therefore, was his memory stored with many a tale and legend, handed down for centuries from father to son, but which now, from the gradual change of the population, were falling fast into oblivion, and remembered only by a few old men like himself, who knew nothing of the world beyond their solitary glens, and whose records of history were the grey cairn on the mountain top, or the broken wall of the castle, fast sinking into the sod.

So much was I delighted with the beauty of the place, that a far less temptation than that of hearing the old man pour forth his antiquated lore would have induced me to linger out the day without proceeding further. I, therefore, by signal dismissed Alister from his watch, and along with my companion wandered by the shores of the lake, and held much converse on the scenery that lay around us. Many a marvellous tale did he tell of the raids and forays of the old Sutherlands and Mackays, but one in particular struck me

as so remarkable, connected as it was with the history of Scotland, that I shortly afterwards committed it to paper, and, although, doubtless, much of its interest arose from the presence of the scene where it was acted, still it may possess some attraction to the reader, as a true story of one of the most gallant leaders whom Scotland ever produced.

Two centuries ago, said my informant, that castle and the country for many a mile round it belonged to a powerful family, the Macleods of Assynt. It was not then a ruin, although you can now scarcely trace its former extent, except by the green mounds, so much of it has fallen to the ground, and been covered over by the accumulated growth of years. But the central tower or keep still remains comparatively entire, though it looks not now so proudly as it did of yore, before the Macleod became a traitor to his country and king.

These were the times of the great revolution, and of the civil wars which followed; the royalist party, although almost annihilated, as I have heard, in England was still strong in this kingdom, for a kingdom it was then. Many of the northern nobility and great chiefs refused to acknowledge the power of Parliament, and among these, the most distinguished was James Graham, Marquis of Montrose. For a long time he had maintained the contest with his hereditary enemy, Argyle, and, so long as the northern Highlanders under his command were opposed to the western clans, victory

was doubtful, and alternated from side to side. But the discipline of the parliamentary levies under Generals Leslie and Strachan at last prevailed over the stubborn and untrained courage of the clans, and the last great battle fought at Invercarron put an end to the hopes of the royalists, and scattered the forces of Montrose. His standard, with the well-known motto of Queen Mary: "Judge, and avenge my cause, O Lord!" was that day found on the field, together with his cloak and star, and the garter of his knightly order, but whether he had fallen or escaped none could tell. The strictest search was made for him, but no other trace could be found. Therefore, lest he should have fled, he was declared by open proclamation a traitor and an enemy to the Commonwealth, and a price was set upon his head.

Some days after the battle, a stranger presented himself at the gates of Assynt, and asked to be shown into the presence of the laird. He was dressed in mean clothing, but his air and demeanour were not those of a peasant, and his voice, though sweet, had a commanding tone, which did not correspond with the general poverty of his appearance. He was ushered into the great hall, where Macleod was sitting at table with his family and retainers. The chieftain glanced his eye on the stranger for a moment, as if to discover his clan by the chequer of his plaid, and then, motioning him to a seat at the lower end of the apartment, resumed his meal in sullen silence. It was, indeed, a

perilous time for the Macleod. At the commencement of the war, he, in common with the other northern chiefs, had raised his clan, and taken the field along with the royalist party; but, as soon as Fortune seemed to incline to the other side, he took advantage of a casual quarrel with a neighbouring chieftain, and retired altogether from the conflict.

Still he had not taken the new oath of allegiance, and, his former conduct having been well known, he had much to apprehend from the vengeance of the Parliament, and more from the cupidity of a rival branch of his own family, who had marched under the banner of Argyle. When the banquet was ended, the chief turned to his guest and said:—"I see by your tartan that you are a Mackenzie. Come you from the Lewis?"

"I came last from Invercarron," replied the stranger.

"Then you can give us tidings of the battle," said Macleod, eagerly. "We have heard that Leslie gained the day, and also that the Mackays passed yesterday by Loch Naver, on the way to their own country, but I have seen none that were at Invercarron."

"I was there," replied the stranger, sadly, "and would to God that I had lost my eyesight before I witnessed such a day! The best hearts in the Highlands were struck down by the southern horsemen, like deer at the driving of the Tinchel."

"And the Marquis?" asked Macleod; "know you

what has become of him? was he slain, or taken, or has his good fortune not yet deserted him?"

"Slain he was not, nor taken prisoner, if report say true. He was the last man who left the field. I saw him, when all the others were gone, dash through the ranks of the enemy, with none beside him save O'Brien and Hector Mackenzie of Conan; and, though the troopers spared not for stab or spur, he distanced them all, and rode towards Torridon. Hector was not so fortunate. He was shot dead on the spot."

"And where wert thou to have seen all this?"

"Not far from the side of Montrose. As near to him there, as you were, Macleod, at Inverlochy."

"So, we have met before then?" said the Macleod, doubtfully, for he did not much relish this allusion to his former conduct in the war. "I remember no Mackenzie like thee, and yet I think I have seen that face before."

"Perhaps this token may quicken your memory," said the other, undoing from his plaid a brooch, which he handed to an old clansman, who carried it to his chief.

Macleod sprung up, as if he had seen an adder. "Out of the hall, all of ye," cried he, hastily, "and leave us alone!" So his family and retainers rose up and went out in haste, wondering much who the stranger might be, and what the token was, which had worked such an effect on their gloomy chieftain. They sate down in the outer apartment, and for a

time there came no sound from within, save that Macleod drew bolt and bar after them. In a little time, they heard voices apparently in high debate, and, to their astonishment, the voice of the stranger sounded the loudest and most imperative, while Macleod seemed rather to expostulate against some proposal which the other was forcing upon him. Then the stranger was heard to stamp on the floor, and both appeared to pace the hall hurriedly and in silence. Again the dispute commenced, and at last the stranger's voice alone was heard. Shortly afterwards, Macleod entered the room where the rest of the family were sitting. He seemed unusually agitated, and there was a deep flush on his countenance, and a sternness in his eye, which betokened unwonted emotion, but what the cause of it might be none were hardy enough to inquire.

"The stranger abides with me to-night," said he; "see that the best chamber is got ready. He will take his evening meal alone. To-morrow he sets forward. Lachlan!" and he signed to his henchman, a strong athletic man, who had followed his master in many a field and foray, and who possessed more of his confidence than any one else could boast. Followed by this man, Macleod left the castle. They tarried some time without, and the chieftain returned alone. He was again closeted with his guest, who did not appear to the family that evening, but retired early to rest. The family and servants shortly afterwards dispersed.

But the secret was not confined to Macleod alone. The old servant, who had carried the brooch, recognised the badge which he had often remarked before on the bosom of the bravest of the brave, on that of Montrose himself. This discovery, however, he studiously concealed from every member of the household, and he determined, moreover, to keep a strict watch over the motions of his master, whose fidelity to the royal cause he had long learned to distrust.

When, therefore, he saw Macleod leave the castle, accompanied only by his henchman, he stole up to the battlements, and observed that Lachlan, after receiving apparently minute directions from the chieftain, mounted the favourite horse of Macleod, and rode off to the eastward, sedulously keeping the covert of a natural wood as a screen between him and the house. The clansman then descended, and, mixing with the rest of the family, conversed of the stranger, as if he were as ignorant as the others. So the night wore on.

But the old man could not sleep. Strange misgivings crossed his mind as to the henchman's errand. The royalist forces had all retired towards the north, and the south and east country were entirely occupied by the troops of Leslie. "Alas!" thought the old man, "if such treachery should stain the honour of the house which I have served for three-score years, it were better for me that I were in my grave!"

Towards morning he heard some one pass the door of the room where he lay, and his practised ear recog-

nized the tread of his chieftain. Scarcely had the sound died away, ere he started up, and, hastening again to the battlements, looked forth into the valley.

The sun had not yet risen, but the rosy clouds which streaked the east announced his early coming; a heavy breeze swept along the surface of the lake, and the air was clear and cold. Suddenly there came down the glen, at a furious pace, as if hard pressed by the huntsmen, three noble deer. They raced along the greensward by the margin of the lake, until within two bowshots of the castle, when they halted, and, looking fixedly behind, seemed to take a new alarm, and held on their course towards the mountains of Loch Inver.

The watcher gazed anxiously up the glen, and still he could discover nothing. He then peered over the battlements, and there he saw Macleod in the act of affixing a flag to the signal-post in the yard beneath. Next moment it was hoisted, and, as if in answer to the summons, a numerous body of horse wheeled out from the woods, and came at full speed down the meadow. Swift as thought, the old man rushed from the battlements, and burst into the apartment of the stranger.

"Rise up, rise up, Lord Marquis," cried he, "the enemy are at hand! Hasten, for the love of God!—it may not yet be too late!"

The Marquis sprang from the couch on which he had thrown himself without even taking off his clothes, so

familiar had he become with danger. "Where and who are they that seek me?" asked he. The servant pointed to the window. The rays of the sun now risen above the mountain ridge flashed on the helms and corselets of Leslie's troopers, as they rode hastily round the lake.

"Where is Macleod?" cried the Marquis. "Let the gates be instantly secured. Or, hold—is there no secret hiding-place in the tower? Perchance they will but search the place and pass onward."

"Trust not to the Macleod," answered the clansman. "Woe is me that I should say it! but it is he who has brought the soldiers hither. Yonder is his henchman riding at their head. Down, down, my lord, if you would save yourself! there is a boat behind the outer wall. Could we but reach it, I can carry you across the lake to a spot where no horseman can follow."

"The foul villain!" cried Montrose. "By Heaven, he has hoisted the very flag of the rebels which he took from them with his own hands at Inverlochy! Down then, in the name of God, old man! They shall not find James Graham unprepared."

But the prey was already in the toils. Fearful of some such alarm, the wily Macleod had secured the door of the turret stair, which now presented an insuperable obstacle to escape. Stung almost to phrenzy by the imminence of his danger, the Marquis dashed his powerful frame against the thick oak, till panel

and bar cracked and clattered, but in vain. Now the trumpets of the cavalry sounded close to the gates—the heavy tramp of the horsemen's boots in the hall announced that the last hope of escape was extinguished. The door was thrown wide open, and before it stood a body of troopers, with their weapons pointed into the stair.

"James Graham, Marquis of Montrose," said an officer, stepping forward, "in the name of the supreme Court of Parliament, whose commission I bear, I summon you to surrender yourself my prisoner, to answer high charge of treason and misdemeanour against the Commonwealth. Yield yourself, therefore, peaceably, and force us not to use violence."

"Major Beattie," replied the other—"for I think you are he—I surrender not to the servants of an usurping body. You and those who sent you are the traitors, and not I; nor will I yield my weapons even now until they are wrung by violence from my grasp."

"Be it so then," said Beattie, "and your blood be on your own head! Soldiers, do your duty! Take him alive or dead." Two of the troopers and the henchman rushed into the stair. One of the soldiers instantly fell, run through the body by the Marquis; but, before he could extricate his weapon, the Highlander sprung upon him, and, holding down his arms, endeavoured to throw him prostrate on the stair. But the intentions of the miscreant were frustrated. The

old clansman, who stood close behind, drew his dirk, and struck it into the body of the assailant, who uttered a deep curse and fell. The other soldier, in the mean time, had seized the Marquis by the collar, but now let go his hold, and, drawing a pistol from his belt, discharged it with fatal effect at the devoted servant. Others of the troopers then came up, and the Marquis was secured after a desperate struggle, in the course of which he was severely but not dangerously wounded.

As they led him through the hall, he turned to Macleod, who had taken no share in the conflict, but stood with his arms folded. His share of the work of treachery was discharged. "Macleod!" said the marquis; but the Highlander kept his eyes fixed on the ground.

"You have done well," continued Montrose. "I came a fugitive to your door, and I leave it a prisoner. I have drunk of your cup; I have slept under your roof; you have fought under my banner: and you have sold me to my enemies. Mark my words, chief of Assynt — they are the words of a man whose hours are numbered, and they will not fall to the ground. Henceforth, the curse of him thou hast betrayed shall be on thee and thine. Thy name shall be to all true Scotsmen odious as the name of the false Monteith. The canker in the stem shall wither the branch. Thou hast lands and houses — the last of thy race shall be landless and houseless; nor shall the doom depart

from thy lineage, until the grave has closed over the last Macleod of Assynt. Fare thee well, dark and perilous traitor! our roads lie asunder—mine is to the scaffold, thine to eternal infamy!"

It seemed as if Macleod would have answered, but the words died away on his lips. Conscience-stricken, he hastened to his chamber, without even glancing at the cavalcade which now took its departure, nor did he issue thence till more than one day had gone by. When he appeared again, the cloud was gathered on his brow, even deeper than before. Whether he repented or not, God alone knoweth, but never afterwards was he heard to pronounce the name of his victim.

Years passed away ere the curse fell upon his head. Perhaps he thought after a time that the words of the marquis were but the ravings of passion, the wish of an injured man rather than the invocation of an indignant accuser. But the blow came at last. His only daughter fell a victim to a painful and lingering disease. Of three hopeful sons two perished in one day; the eldest was slain in a casual quarrel with a gentleman of the house of Mackay, and the younger was drowned in a storm returning from the Hebrides. One alone remained, and ere long he, by contracting a low and imprudent marriage, alienated the affections not only of his father but of all his kindred and clan. Old Macleod died broken-hearted—few lamented him, for the tale of his treachery was caught up, and

passed from mouth to mouth like contagion, and even those who bore no good-will to royalty shrank from his approach as from the infectious presence of a leper.

Down to the period of his death, the estates of Assynt remained unincumbered, but the next chieftain was a wild and reckless prodigal, and made sad havoc with the property. Shunned by the gentry, as much on account of his low and profligate habits as for the taint which still clung to his name, he associated only with those whose company was feared by the timid and avoided by the good; and his lands, meanwhile, went to wreck and ruin. What was strange enough, considering his parentage, he became a fierce and furious Jacobite, and, by supporting the cause of the then exiled Stuarts with a fidelity that might have done honour to a better man, he put the finishing stroke to the misfortunes of the family. His lands were confiscated, and passed away to the Mackenzies.

He too died, and left an only son. This man, had he lived a generation earlier, might have still redeemed the honour of his name, for I have been told that a better or more honourable gentleman was not to be found in the country. But what could he do? House and lands were no longer his. The clan were scattered and broken, for they joined the Macleods of the Isles in the rebellion of 1745, and few returned to their native glen. Ashamed, it might be, to serve in

an humble office, when he should have commanded as a chief, he took no part in that unfortunate expedition, but remained at home, the tenant of a little steading, scarcely better than a cottage, and there devoted himself to the education of his only daughter.

There was not a sweeter or a more beautiful girl in Scotland than that last scion of an ancient house. Many gentlemen, distinguished for their family and wealth, sought her in marriage, but she would listen to none of their proposals, for her hand and heart were already engaged to a brave young soldier, one of the Macdonalds of Keppoch, poor indeed in every thing except reputation and hope. To better his fortunes, he followed Wolfe to America, and long and wearily did Mary Macleod wait for the return of her lover. He never came back. He fell, carrying the colours at the head of his regiment to the assault of Quebec.

It was a sad day when the news came to the country, and still sadder were the hearts of all a week afterwards, when they were told that bonny Mary Macleod was dead. The whole neighbourhood for miles around came to her funeral, and I have heard the old people say what a piteous sight it was to see her father laying the head of his only child, the last of his race, in the grave. While the ceremony proceeded, he said nothing, nor shed a tear, but stood gazing on the spot where the coffin had been laid, like one bereft of sense and motion. But, when all was over, and the turf had been rolled over her, and while the crowd yet lingered

in the churchyard, anxious to offer him consolation, and yet fearful to intrude on the privacy of his sorrows, he lifted up his eyes, and looked on the lake and the mountains that stretched beyond it, and the deserted though still stately castle, and he saw that they were no longer his. He looked upon the bystanders, but there was not one of the blood and lineage of Macleod, not one clansman who owned him as his chief — all were strangers. He looked once more at the mound of earth which covered the lifeless body of her who was dearer to him than any thing on earth or in heaven; he turned to pass to his now desolate home, but his strength failed him, and he sunk senseless on the ground. Not many days afterwards, they laid him by his daughter's side, and, ere the mourners departed, the old pastor of the parish motioned them to silence, and said—"Take ye this to heart, my people, for the Lord our God is a jealous God, and visiteth the sins of the fathers upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generation."

"And here," said my companion, as we passed through the churchyard on our way homeward, "here, in these graves, where the headstones are almost sunk into the turf, lies buried the CURSE OF MONTROSE."

W. E. A.

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MARGATE.

THE MARGATE ROMANCE.

A CHAPTER FROM THE CONFESSIONS OF AN UNLUCKY TRAVELLER.

> On Margate beach, where the sick one roams,
> And the sentimental reads,
> Where the maiden flirts, and the widow comes,
> Like the ocean, to cast her weeds.
>
> MERMAID OF MARGATE.—HOOD.

> A day or two they go wandering on the shingles, picking up cockle-shells, and thinking them great things: but, in a poor week, imagination slackens; they begin to discover that cockles produce no pearls, and then—O then!—if I could interpret for the pretty creatures, (I know they have not the courage to confess it themselves), how gladly would they exchange their sea-side rambles for a Sunday walk on the greensward of their accustomed Twickenham meadows!
>
> THE OLD MARGATE HOY.—ELIA.

Did I but know the name of the Saint who presides over crowds, I would most assuredly be constant, and (I hope) not niggardly, in my tributes of gratitude to his High Celestial Transparency! During all these years of my town life, endowed as I am with an unwise propensity for finding myself a placid spectator in the thickest of bustle and hubbub—whether so near the burning Houses of Parliament as to be well nigh roasted by the flames—or, at less momentous seasons, winning my way between the Opera barriers, when the whole choir of Italian nightingales are drawing half London to hear them—or, mobbing it, as

I did, for some twelve long hours, when the young Queen of England did the lord mayor and the lady mayoress the honour of "meeting a few friends" at Guildhall;—in all such times of perilous confusion, I say, the Saint aforesaid, most bountiful of unknowns, pilots me whithersoever I push, protects me, whosoever pushes me! On all such occasions, timid damsels fly for protection to my arms, (and they are no arms of Hercules), as instinctively as hairs direct themselves towards amber: incipient riots are subdued to favour and prettiness when I speak. I am, as it were, Civility and Security personified!

It is far otherwise with me when I am abroad on a journey. The patron Angel of travellers, (I have not the kalendar by me at this moment of writing), deserves at my hands no better treatment than the presiding Santa Barbara or Santa Lucia of some Italian *speronaro*, when she is reviled and abused, for breaking faith with its crew, and permitting riotous waves and "hurricanoes stout" to peril mariners, who had bespoken from her a mirror-like sea and a breeze conformable. Let no one set forth with me, whether on land or on water, if he wish for an easy and speedy journey. It is not often that the mantle of a companion's good luck is found large enough, by its extension, to shelter and excuse me from delay and inconvenience. Boilers burst whensoever I tread the deck of a steamer—sometimes there is a mad dog on board. Axle-trees are sure to be just used for the last time, (a

day longer than safety warrants), on the coach I mount. My own familiar friends even refuse me the patronage and accommodation of a sociable drive. I have spent a little fortune on the broken knees of borrowed horses, on the battered ribs of wherries doomed by my Jonah-like entrance. I am the author of "*further particulars by an eye-witness*" concerning all the seven fatal railway accidents. The proprietors of Vauxhall wisely refuse to let me mount with Mr. Green in the monster balloon. Nay, the intrepid Mrs. Graham herself hesitates to tumble in my company:—short-sighted woman!—little dreaming that I could write a chronicle of our disaster, twice as flowery, ten times as moving, as that published by H. R. H. the Duke of Brunswick himself! Once, when travelling peaceably through Derbyshire, did I narrowly escape making acquaintance with the interior of Bakewell Bridewell, simply because, in the fulness of my catholicity, I had lent a spare cloak to a tremulous shabby-looking old man—half dominie, half mole-catcher, in appearance:—the said elder turning out to be no less reputable a personage than Swing himself, for whom constables were lying in wait, which latter, seeing me, on his compulsory descent, reclaim my garment, testified no small disposition to detain me likewise, as an accomplice and familiar friend of the incendiary. As for weather .... it matters not that I venture forth in the most unexceptionable of midsummer seasons, under the fairest possible promises ever made by barometer.

I might keep in standing use, for meteorological journal of the days when I travel, that American report of a day, which made some nine months since the round of all the newspapers: "First it blew, then it snew, then it friz, then it thew — and then it friz again."

One day's journey, however—and I may add a day's pleasure—lives in my remembrance as an exception to the general rule I have just propounded. The sight of an engraving in which one of our watering-places is faithfully drawn out — yet withal made to look as picturesque and sunbright as though it were Cologne or Bordeaux, or any other continental city, displayed by the wonderful pencil of Turner — has brought back this single instance of better fortune to my remembrance, and with it a few subsequent events. Were these wrought up in detail by an adept, they might, I think, furnish the materials for a three volume novel, with a title upon which, for canvas, Puff might embroider a thousand mysterious and piquant incitements, tempting the credulous public to believe and to buy! How seldom, alas! now-a-days, is that indefatigable spirit allowed so fair a chance for the exercise of *esprit* or ingenuity!

I had not seen Prosper Thornton for nearly a twelvemonth. I had heard sad tales of his exuberances and his expenditures, and I knew that he had no bottomless fairy purse of gold to bear him out in them. His relations, it was generally under-

stood, had renounced him; and, indeed, they were but persons of moderate fortunes. His sister had married an old nabob without bargaining for a settlement, and, therefore, feared to countenance one so handsome, impudent, and extravagant. His brother was a fashionable clergyman in London—with the best tied of white cravats, the most scrupulously precise of lead-coloured gloves: he could give counsel and nothing more. His mother, broken down by vicissitudes and weak health, had only tears to bestow, and those were generally forestalled by her lap-dog, which was lamentably delicate in constitution—poor Pippin! But I had always a corner of liking and excuse to spare for "old Prosper," and, for his sake, made my one exception to a somewhat starched unwillingness on my part to keep upon terms with, or to predict good in, such busy sowers of wild oats as he was. I hoped that his folly would one day pass—his reckless hospitality be sobered down into a decent charity—his high spirit be turned energetically into the pursuit of some honourable career. In short, I loved the man: frankly, perhaps, because he was one of my few flatterers—and I had missed him: and I had wondered what had become of him for six months and a day. In London it is not common to remember the best beloved for half that period—*not even the dead!*

"Give me joy!" exclaimed Prosper, bursting into my room one morning when I was sitting at breakfast—deep in Victor Hugo's, clever, but most one-sided

preface to Cromwell — "give me joy, Lubin!"—the nickname given me for my puny looks and quiet habits, and which he had retained. "I am come to claim your congratulations. There you sit, to be sure —what a bookworm!—just as I left you fifteen months ago, when I started for Vienna."

My quondam playmate did not look a day wiser— though bronzed, it might be, by his travels. "And why am I to give you joy, Thornton? Have you come into a fortune? are you married, soberly married?"

"Both! both! old fellow! as good as both. Six thousand a year, young, clever .... just in time, Lubin! for I was fairly stopped in Paris, regularly pulled up. If your play had come out (I am sure it would have succeeded and made you lots of money) I should have written you a prodigal son's letter, I dare say, and .... as it was — you know I am philosophical, and can make the best of matters. So, having no alternative, I was obliged to marry. I turned out on the Boulevards, one fine afternoon— show yourself *there*, if you wish to make a sensation as a well-dressed Englishman!—and the end was, that we all came home together in company, a fortnight last Tuesday."

"Well, Prosper," said I, so soon as his fluency allowed me to reply, "I hope you will make a good husband. You have told me the tale in your old random style, but I trust you are properly in love. Is she handsome?"

"Um . . . . . I've been spoiled for beauty, as you know. As for love . . . I would not marry," (speaking seriously), "if I were not sure I should like her, and take good care of her — let alone her money — but as for *Love!* Come, you who make verses, ought not to expect any thing of the sort from *me.*"

And, rather eagerly, (I fancied), and, as if he was pinched by my question, he digressed at once into the kindest of kind inquiries about all my schemes and fortunes — with a thoughtfulness for which I had not given him credit. Unless I was egregiously blinded by *amour propre,* (that Claude Lorraine pair of spectacles, through which authors are too apt to look at things the most common and unimportant) Prosper Thornton had been thinking!

"And so you wish me joy!" resumed he, rallying himself as he returned to the object of his visit. "Perhaps, then, you will not refuse to help me to strike the nail home. In short, you can, and *will* do me a very essential service. I am ashamed to ask you the first time of our meeting, though."

"Come, Prosper, do not be modest, or I shall fancy you are going to leave this world. I will be groom's man, with all the pleasure in life."

"It is not come to that yet," replied he, with a half serious, half comic expression of countenance. "It seems . . . . . in short you know, I have been too riotous a fellow, and they have heard as much, or guess as much. For she is clever and keen-sighted

— terribly keen-sighted, though with the sweetest temper!"

"They?"

"And my sister, you know, would not stir an inch to help me, even if she had not married that old mummy — and Master Herbert is far too busy paying pastoral calls among the miserable sinners of May Fair to care one straw whether I sit upon 'Papa's bench,' (as Delpini called it), or not. Now, upon my soul, I shall lose her if you will not help me!"

"What am I to do, Prosper? I knew a country gentleman who went a courting with his cousin—and, as often as he attacked the lady with a new temptation, he would appeal to his companion, and say: — '*Is n't it true, cousin?*' Do you want me to answer, as my friend's friend did, '*Yes, cousin,*' for you? You have not been playing any tricks, Prosper?"

"Upon my soul, no! She knows I am a beggar; she knows I am in debt; she knows my family have cut me."

"And so rich, you say? What can be ....."

"Never ask. You'll see: for, in short, she will not promise any thing, she says, till she is better acquainted with me. And so she has proposed a little journey, which I am to take with her — come with us —'by way of trying me,' she says."

"You are joking."

"I? By Heaven I am in grave earnest. She said, 'You will be worn out with only dangling after two

women from morning till night. Mamma would be happy if any friend of your's would join the party, Mr. W—, for instance ;' for she knows your name well, Lubin, has read all your books, and likes them of all things. You will come with us. She will see, by my knowing you, that I am not quite such a hopeless scamp as they may have told her. I would rather starve than marry her, till she was convinced I should make her a good husband. You *must* come with us."

Never had I seen Prosper in such earnest — no, not when a sheriff's officer had been in the hall, and my friend meditating an ascent up the chimney, by way of escape. There was something strange, almost indelicate in the proposal, and I was able to plead close and pressing engagement by way of excuse.

"Well," said he, looking dispirited, "my best hope is gone, if you don't come — my one chance of respectability, if I lose this girl. Could you not bring your pen, ink, and paper with you? You 'll have plenty of time: for how the deuce we shall get over the day at Margate, I can't guess."

"Margate!—but whose choice? ; . . ."

"Now he 's fancying some vulgar city girl — I see by his sneering lip—for he knows *I* would never take a woman there! But, on my honour, *you 'll see* you are wrong: though she will go to Margate — for she rules her mother with a thought. It 's a caprice: all heiresses have caprices. Perhaps," (with a glimpse of his old *roué* smile flashing across his face) "she wishes

to keep me out of temptation's way: for she has a beautiful foot, Lubin—quite a Fenella's foot; and has heard, no doubt, of the yellow shoes there and the hoofs that wear them by thousands. Come, Lubin, if you ever cared for me, do oblige me for this once. Say yes, and do your part towards making me a reputable member of society—many 's the lecture you have bestowed upon me."

I am neither curiosity nor persuasion proof, and I fancied the sea air would be good for my chest and my epic. As I have said, too, I loved Prosper rather beyond reason. So the end was that I gave my promise, and for six sad days repented of the same, when it was too late. I always hated a steamboat, and it was by a steamboat that we were to go, and on board a steamboat that I was to be presented to Miss Halden. "He may say what he will," soliloquized I, when—my packages and preparations completed—I had time to admire my own devoted friendliness and to grumble: "he may say what he will about her refinement: but if she were not a very vulgar person, wherefore Margate? and why is he so nervous? I never saw Prosper Thornton at fault before. And yet I am sure this arrangement of the introduction was his—for he thinks that when it is once made I can't turn back. Well, I shall grow wise in time, and cease to trouble myself with other persons' business. Which of my books, I wonder, does she like the best? I could guess what she is by that, if I knew."

Odder thoughts accompanied my waking moments on the eventful morning than had fallen to sleep with me the night before: and the eternal question, "Why Margate?" chimed to my ear, in all the many church clocks that rang nine just as I planted my feet on board the Brilliant. It was blazing weather — the prime of cloudless July; and the deck of the steamer creaked under some hundreds of holiday-keepers, bound like ourselves. My friend de K——, who finds the personages that figure in his inimitable tales on the Boulevards and in the *guingettes* of merry Paris, and paints them just as he finds them — might have written a novelist's library after threading his way but once from the rudder to the forecastle. It is only on such occasions that we are livingly impressed with the curiosities of human ugliness!

It is better to laugh than to swear; and the audible *sotto voce* of a young lady, who—finding me unwilling to relinquish my seat, and no less so to accommodate her on half my knee — complained that I was "hot and vulgar," had already amused me out of my sulkiness, when I caught a glimpse of Prosper's handsome head and shoulders working their way among Melton coats, and gaudy bonnets, and parrokeet shawls. And presently, (with many a suppressed oath, I could see by his lip), he succeeded in winning a passage for three ladies. One of them was elderly, insignificant, and claiming but scanty further mention at my hands; but of the other two, the foremost was so

pretty, so *petite*, so *piquante*, in spite of an indescribable costume that, with my usual indiscreet haste, I blundered forward, and, while shaking my friend's hand, whispered in his ear, (I fear too loudly) "Charming!—charming!—lucky fellow!"

"Miss Halden," said he, in a tone I knew well as *not* betokening the satisfaction I had intended to awaken by my remark, "let me introduce my friend W—— to you." And from behind her nimbler companion another lady stepped forward, painfully and with hesitation:—"Heavens!" was my mental exclamation: "if she be lame! How could I be so precipitate? Poor, poor Thornton!"

She was not lame, however. A second glance at her pale countenance, shrewd, irritable, and tender in its expression, at her low stature, and at her figure shrouded and shawled so unnaturally for a summer excursion, disclosed to me the truth. But that glance engaged my interest also: for, if a face could speak, (and I have a foolish faith in physiognomy) Miss Halden's told of talent, refinement, and an affectionate nature. My second thought was, "Poor, poor heiress!"

"By Jove," whispered Prosper in my ear, endeavouring to laugh off the mistake I had made, "I never before looked at Leonie (her maid, my boy)—and she is very pretty! You can understand," he added, in a tone of graver feeling, "why my friend has chosen an ample toilette for both:—but that little French girl, (that 's her foot, just between those boobies

in green coats and spurs—spurs on board a steamer!) —that little French girl, I say, has a figure, when she is dressed like other people, or I am mistaken." And Prosper's eye rested upon the tiny foot to which it would seem that my usual *etourderie* had for the first time drawn his attention. A discreet friend and counsellor I, for such a quicksilver lover!

We were now under way, threading our way through the craft-entangled mazes of the Pool, with a prodigious bustle and sputter: the world of our fellow-passengers venting its good spirits in such talk, half humorous, half ignorant, as is only to be gathered among a party of Londoners. Prosper remained dutifully at the side of his lady, to whom I had relinquished my seat, and was entertaining her so well—if I might judge by the delicate colour which went and came on her transparent cheek—that I began to marvel what was my vocation in such a party; if not to set down my presence there to some trick on the part of my mischievous old fellow-collegian. Once I thought of trying to beguile the weary voyage for Mrs. Halden by essaying her amusement: but I saw in her look that taciturnity, at once resolute and acquiescent, which warned me that I should have my labour for my pains. And, to say the truth, I had not toleration enough to be willing to toil without reward. If you wish to lose your patience and temper, at the smallest possible notice, gentle reader — go down to Margate, as I did, on a tropical Saturday morning in July.

Vexed with myself for my pettishness, I began to look hither and thither for my amusement, to pick out the few exceptions to the generally Cheapside and Finsbury character of my fellow passengers. One, in the shape of a foreigner newly caught, interested my curiosity a little, and sufficed for an object of speculation, at intervals during the whole day; none the less so because I fancied that he might possibly find something to examine and comment upon in our party. The ridiculous vanity crossed my mind — I record it to humble me—"Surely, he cannot have found me out as the author of ——! The Germans are so well read in our modern English literature!"

How I made him out to be a German, save by the instinct of the above-mentioned vanity, it would be hard to explain, there was in his look so much more of the *Caballero* than of the *Graf*. A man of birth and breeding he must be: that I was sure — not one of those adventurers who, (to quote Sir Walter Scott's sharp but "o'er true" sarcasm), "wear diamond breast-pins upon dirty shirts" — with a sweet but serious countenance, such as might befit a young Apostle — save for an earthly brilliancy and *malice* (according to the French acceptation of the word), which glanced from his deep eyes, as often as any absurd shape swaggered or flaunted past him; or, presuming upon his undeniably foreign appearance, discussed his inches and his moustaches, and a quaint gold chain which peeped out among the spotless folds

on his bosom, in terms more familiar than polite. "I will go and speak to him," thought I to myself, "it is only civil to a foreigner, and one obviously so intelligent—but what in the world can be taking *him* to Margate? To make the romance complete, he ought to be some princely lover of Mademoiselle Leonie, following her in disguise; though, not like Sheridan's Prince in the disguise of a beef-eater."

I was recalled from my speculations by Prosper's voice in my ear — a voice which so many a time and oft had, on former occasions, put day-dreams of mine to flight! "My friend wants you — wants to make better acquaintance with you. Go and take my seat."

"She shall lead the conversation," I mentally resolved, as I sat down beside the heiress. She did—and in the sweetest speaking voice I ever heard: poor Malibran's not excepted.

After a few common-places about Erith, and Belvedere, and Tilbury Fort, and the other wonders of the river, she suddenly cast a piercing look of inquiry round her — such a look I never met before or since! "He is gone," she murmured *sotto voce*, "and mamma never hears . . . . . You cannot tell, Mr. W—," she continued, addressing me, "how deeply I feel indebted to you for thus seconding my caprice."

I was only "too happy—too much obliged — too much honoured" . . . . .

"No, no," was her impatient answer, as she waved off my compliments, with a hand like a fairy's, (it was

so small and exquisitely formed) "no, no! you must learn neither to speak to, nor to answer me in that manner. If I were even *as other people are,* I think I should feel its mockery. I begged Thornton to ask this great favour of you because I fancied I could rely on your sincerity."

She paused for a moment, then went on more earnestly. "You see what I am — you have heard that I am rich — you know that Prosper Thornton wishes to marry me. Is it for my money?"

"Dear madam" . . . . .

"What now? I know you took me for a fool," continued she, suddenly changing her tone, and smiling at my perturbed countenance. "I am not crazy, if I can quote Crabbe, you see, though very, very odd. But better be either crazy or odd—better be both than suspicious; and how is a deformed heiress to help it?"

I stammered out some common-place about the very fear being a safeguard.

"Yes, perhaps it is: but there is no telling what one *may* become. I believe I may trust your manliness — I *ought* to trust your knowledge of character" (I bowed; this *must* be a compliment to me as an author); "but, in any case, I will run the risk of your thinking me coarse and bold—an English George Sand. I like your friend, but I will neither marry him nor any other man with my eyes shut.—Will you open my parasol for me?—our foreign neighbour seems re-

solved to cast an evil eye upon me. I wonder," she added, with a mournful and sarcastic smile, "that he is not afraid of my returning the compliment, and then calling for my broomstick, and making for the Reculver spires." It was the *Caballero* or *Graf*, whose earnest gaze had arrested Miss Halden's attention.

"Will you tell me," resumed she, when I had provided her with the required screen, "what his previous life has been, exactly, and without concealment? He knew I should ask you, and he told me I might rely upon your honesty."

"This is really so unexpected—you cannot but understand how surprised . . . . how impossible" . . . .

"I know," continued she, "how extravagant he has been—how—how—*gay*, I believe, is the genteel word. You see I dare look at things as they are (except our neighbour's fascinating eyes); but he is not mercenary? Honourable I know him to be—he has never protested, or flattered, or tried to make me forget *what I feel even when I am asleep!* He has never played the Romeo. Had I been poor, he would never have looked at me. This I must expect. But it is one thing to be sought *with* one's money, and another to be tolerated *because* of it! He is not mercenary?"

I could honestly do my friend a service, and relieve the heiress by my prompt answer. I had a million generous and disinterested things to tell of Prosper Thornton. But, while I was talking, without raising

my eyes, I detected a japanned boot (I was sure I knew its possessor), dangerously near the trim, tiny black silk slipper, which still showed itself in advantageous contrast between the terrific spurs of the two Meltonians of Budge Row.

"She will not catechise me concerning Prosper's constancy, I hope and trust," was my thought.

"Where's Leonie? my foster-sister, Mr. W—; where can Leonie be?" In a moment the nimble girl was at her side with the required *flaçon*, and fortunately sheltered under so close a bonnet that, *had* she blushed or looked guilty, no one could have seen it. "Thanks! that will do, *ma petite*. Now go again. Mr. W— and I are holding close council—go!"

"The most faithful, affectionate child! If I could find any one else whom I dared trust so wholly as her . . . . but that is a chimæra. Well, you are wondering at me, I am sure, more than enough, and I will tell you in plain terms what my position is here. I must *try* your friend before I can unite myself to him, and I chose purposely for my trial a place the most opposite to our liking that I could fix upon. If I see his temper hold out — if, being thrown mainly upon my society for a month or so, I feel that he neither flags nor fawns, but that we advance in understanding each other—and if you answer me honestly and kindly about his habits and my hopes (as far as you can without committing your friend), I may set

against the reason of his first advances my pale, plain face, warped figure, and " . . . . .

" Mademoiselle has dropped her *flaçon*," said a foreign voice close to us, hardly less musical than that of the heiress herself. The voice, and the little courtesy most gracefully accomplished, belonged to the *Caballero*.

Miss Halden bowed mechanically as she took the phial, and the stranger retreated to his adjacent post of observation. By this time the japanned boot and the Parisian shoe were no longer visible. Prosper, I feared, was the old Prosper still!

The interruption had the effect of changing the current of our conversation. The heiress had sufficiently explained her caprice to me, and, with that singular frankness which distinguished her from every other Englishwoman I have ever known, continued talking to me as to an old friend, but no longer about her own hopes and fears, or Prosper's past *escapades*. She had a painfully quick sense of the ludicrous; and, as I have said, the deck of the Brilliant presented us with an unrivalled field of study. But there was a sense and a spirit in her humour that distinguished it from common, vulgar quizzing. " I am city born and city bred myself," she said, " and, of course, cannot comprehend why Grosvenor Square should turn up its nose at Bedford Row. And yet, do look at those girls in blue satin pelisses, there—just where Thornton was devouring those sandwiches—and can you won-

der at the ignominy which has been heaped upon us?"

I was glad to follow her lead, being myself uneasy at the disappearance of Prosper, and anxious so to engage her that she should not remark it. It was another good hour and a half ere he re-appeared. In the mean time, the Illustrious Stranger might, with far greater probability, have been considered the accepted wooer of the heiress, so pertinaciously, but without the slightest impertinence, did he continue riveted in our neighbourhood. At last, however, to the great relief of my irritability, the truant made his appearance, and, what was thoroughly provoking, with an air of *such* complacency and assurance of being welcome! Many wise things did I revolve concerning the extent of some men's conceit — many an excellent resolution did I make, never again, upon any pretence, to be even the passive, far less the active, *confidant* in any delicate affair whatsoever. I had not then the prospective comfort of turning the whole *historiette* to account by "Trollopising a bit" (as Miss Martineau's American bookseller phrased it) for the benefit of Forget Me Not!

The rest of the hot, tedious, noisy voyage was accomplished without any event or conversation worth narrating. At last we arrived. I will not falsify truth by saying that, to my jaundiced eye, Margate looked as well (even on that splendid afternoon, and when animated by legions of gaily dressed people

who streamed around the pier to witness our disembarkation), as it does in the view which the reader has been admiring.

One thing I noted, however; which was, that the *Caballero*—still chancing to remain near us—*chanced*, also, to hand Leonie on shore. My romance had advanced another step. I was next to certain ....

"Step out of the way, sir — get on, and let other people pass!" blustered one of the Meltonian gentry; "I wonder what some people can mean, blocking up the place all day! Come, Eliza Anne, come, Juliet!" — and meekly I followed the two sporting youths and the two blue satin pelisses ashore. They were traced some fortnight afterwards by an omnipresent friend of mine to no less royal precincts than those of a magnificent gin-palace—not a hundred miles from the Victoria Theatre!

"The hundred halls of Lord Lafeu
Were glad from east to west,
And round his porch what roses grew!
A flower for every guest.
What summer jousts on shaven lawn!
What vintage dances long!
What New-Year revels kept till dawn!—
When Fleur-l'Epine was young.

From east to west the ivy creeps
Around those hundred towers,
One rose-tree on the threshold weeps
Its few neglected flowers.
Gone are the hawks, the virelais,
Bright maids, and champions strong—
Why am I left to mourn the days
When Fleur l'Epine was young?"

It is not often that the cliffs of Margate, doubly impregnated with the echoes of the "Brave old oak," "Polly Hopkins," and the like choice ditties, are cognizant of so sentimental a canzonet as the above. It is not often that any singer is indulged by fate with a listener (whether seen or hidden) at once so enthusiastic and intelligent as il Serenissimo Principe di Vallombrosa.

We two had made a certain acquaintance in the course of our peregrinations through and about Margate, at which delectable place Miss Halden (constant in her caprice) would stay. The prince was one of those persons whom it was a privilege to know. Being immensely rich, he had travelled through England to observe its society for his own pleasure — but with no intention of publishing his observations after the fashion of Semilasso; and, in pursuance of his plan, to mingle among the proscribed as well as the exclusive—to understand the spirit of our Dandins as perfectly as he had entered into that of our de Sotenvilles, he had made a progress to Margate. But what detained him there—true to Tivoli, true to the libraries, true to his daily strolls upon the jetty among some hundreds of human peonies—it passed my skill to divine.

"She sings gloriously" (I too had paused to listen, turning away when the lay was over)—"she sings gloriously, does she not? I have not heard such a *contralto* since Pisasoni's. Walk a little with me,

will you, Mr. W——? It is such a lovely evening!" And the prince took my arm.

"I am very much afraid, though," continued he, still thinking aloud, "that she will find the wear and tear of her profession too severe for a frame not very strong. How wretched that she should have such delicate health, with such a voice and such a mind!"

"Her profession, M. le Prince?"

"Ah! you thought I did not know her secret! but we Italians are very curious when the arts are concerned. Her little friend, Leonie, told me."

That odious, mischievous, little Leonie! Was it not enough that she should be flirting in a manner past disguise with the acknowledged suitor of the heiress? Was it not enough that she should abuse the unsuspicious affection of her protectress? for, in spite of all that Miss Halden had said, she never seemed disturbed by what every chance visiter of Margate must have seen? But must she also be playing double with a stranger, spreading a tale (for what purpose there was no guessing) so utterly without foundation? I was thoroughly disgusted, but for some days I had firmly resolved not, by any possible chance or change, to be seduced into further interference. Why I lingered, a silent witness of so much that shocked and grieved me, it would be hard to explain to the reader, unless I possessed him with the notion that I, too, had become attracted by the brilliant wealth and fascinating singularity of the heiress. No!—I would

disturb myself no further; whatever happened, I would not disabuse the prince. So I walked on, saying nothing.

"You have known her family long?" he resumed, full of one subject, and, without waiting for a reply, added, "how *spirituelle!* how superior to most women I have ever seen! how admirably brought up! I wonder whether she is very fond of her profession. A winter with Bordogni will make her faultless. She winters at Paris. And how she will act, with that passion, that soul, that genius! But it is a cruel thing to think of her coming before the public. Could it not be prevented, Mr. W—?"

"Why," exclaimed I, surprised out of my discretion by a new and inconceivable idea, "would you prevent it?"

"We are growing too serious, I suspect," was his reply, obviously evading, and with effort, a more direct answer. "The Turks' philosophy is, after all, not an unwise one, which does not encourage much talking about women. But there's .... permit me ....." and in a moment he had quitted my side. In spite of the rapidly thickening shadows of twilight, there was no mistaking the party he was so eager to join. It was Leonie!

Sick to the heart at all this masquing and mystery, angry with Thornton, angry with the prince, angrier at Leonie, most angry with myself for not being able to disentangle my mind of concerns in which I had no

concern, I was strolling homeward, when I was overtaken and detained by another of the *dramatis personæ*. I would have passed him with a "Good evening, Prosper," but that was not permitted me. Never saw I my friend, before or since, look so gravely perturbed.

"Lubin, for God's sake don't walk on in that indifferent manner! I want to consult you worse than ever. I have a long story to tell you."

"You will excuse me," I answered drily, "but I am not disposed to listen to-night — I am in a solitary humour."

"You must hear me—you *shall* hear me! I know the right you have—every one has—to be angry with me! I know better than you can tell me how utterly despicable I am; but you must help me out of this scrape, or I shall grow mad."

"Prosper, I have already helped you beyond the limits of my conscience; if once, I have repented one hundred times, that any earthly temptation drew me here as your friend . . and why I have stayed so long I know not. Tell me nothing more. I shall return to town to-morrow."

"I deserve it! I deserve it!" was his exclamation in a tone of positive agony. I would have broken from him, but he clung fast to my arm. "And yet, Lubin," continued he desperately, "for you *shall* hear me! — I am not so very shameful as you think— I have made no secret of it since that very day of

our arrival. Any other woman must have guessed, a thousand times—*guessed!* must have *known*—that I could not, in honour, pursue the treaty — that we had each of us been deceived! Any other woman .... My God!—and she tells me (here is her note) that the time of my probation has expired, that she has written to her solicitor some days since—that he will be down from London to-morrow, and appoints me to meet him! I thought Leonie ..... What am I to do? What am I to say? If she were poor, however, I *must* have blown my brains out!"

This last burst of Prosper's old spirit, wrung from him in the emergency of his dilemma, did its work in mollifying me. My better angel whispered me that, had *I* been gifted with all his captivations of appearance, and voice, and address, I might have been less rigidly prudent than I now could be. Nay, as it was, had *I* not been permitting, if not nursing, an unjustifiable dream? To escape from the last thought, which made me wince, I turned hastily to him (more charitably than he deserved). "Poor fellow! what can I do for you?"

He fairly burst into tears.

"What a fool this makes of me!" exclaimed he, when, at last, he rallied; "after all, Lubin, it is not so bad as bigamy! You must see her to-night for me — you must tell her how unworthy I was of her patience, of your friendly offices. You must explain to her that I am a ruined man, fit, henceforth, for

nothing but to work with my hands, at driving a stage-coach, perhaps, or going to sea — I'm a famous sailor, Lubin—but that it is of no use to apologise. I *must* marry Leonie! I have tried every way to get it out of my head, and I *wished* Isabella might see it, and be angry, and be jealous, and turn me off. It is my fate, and I must meet it like a man. We were married this morning."

This was even worse than my worst imaginings. "Married! . . . but why, in Reason's name! why did you not commission your . . . *her* to speak to Miss Halden? and her own friend and *protégée* too. O, it is too shameful! I cannot assist you! I can take no part in the matter. Married!—why are you *here?* You are not going to be base enough further to carry on the stratagem, the deceit?—and as for *her*" . . . .

"After all, Lubin, remember she is my wife," said Prosper, with a touch of spirit in his tone. "Blame *me* as you will, and no blame can be greater than I deserve . . . . who knows what motives there may be for her? . . . . Come, we will end this at once. I am, after all, not such a wretched and cowardly villain as I may have seemed. Here we are at Miss Halden's. You shall go in with me; I will neither trouble you nor Leonie for your intervention. *She* is there already!" And, with a sudden and desperate energy, he ascended the steps, and rang the bell furiously, dragging me after him.

"Is Miss Halden at home?"

"Yes, sir, but particularly engaged."

"*Is my wife with her?*" exclaimed Prosper, firmly.

The very footman gave a step of amazement backwards, which shook out half his powder, as he stammered out something about the "Prince Vallombrosa."

"No matter, I must see her immediately."

And up stairs we hurried; he, though a principal, scarcely less highly wrought with the suspense of the moment than myself—only a bystander.

"Mr. Thornton and Mr. W—," said the servant, breathless with his endeavour to overtake us, and throwing open the door of the little drawing-room.

We found there the whole party assembled—Mrs. Halden, statue-like and insignificant as usual (she had been long schooled to find nothing wonderful in her daughter's concerns), the Prince of Vallombrosa, looking most radiantly handsome and buoyant, and Leonie and the heiress, both in tears; and, what was stranger, both smiling through their tears.

"How will Prosper," thought I, "explain himself before such a conclave?" for, on explaining himself, and making an end of his misery, he was obviously bent.

"Will you not sit down?" said the heiress, in a tone which conveyed to me—by what magic I know not—a certain sense of consolation and good cheer on *my friend's* account. "Will you not sit down? or do you prefer to receive my congratulations standing, Mr. Thornton?"

"Leonie!" cried he, irresolutely, scarcely daring to look towards his wife, "has Leonie?" . . .

"Leonie is the best, most charming, little wife for you in the world, sir, and was not likely to contract any marriage engagement without making me her *confidante* all the time. She dared not, dear child! even with a gentleman so prudent and constant as you! And, if you think that you did not deserve something of a lesson in the shape of a fit of anxiety, I can only say that our opinions differ, and that your helpmate thinks with me. Prince, have I spoken prettily?"

What answer could my friend make, abashed as he was beyond the power of speech, and yet relieved, in spite of himself? The Prince *looked* his reply. For myself, I sate still and admired at the unconcern and gaiety of the lady. Throughout the whole of this scene, openly as she spoke, no one could have been more refined, no one less demonstrative *in manner*. No wonder that Leonie (now forgiven by me) smiled through her tears!

"Come, Mr. Thornton, if woman's wit and woman's cunning have saved *her* from mortification, and you from future self-reproach, do not look moody, I beg of you, or I may fancy, (who knows?) that you are still regretting the heiress. But never mind; this dear mischievous Leonie of our's has found in the last four-and-twenty hours .... don't tell him, child, for a year and a day, till we see how he behaves himself."

"Thanks to" .... exclaimed Leonie, bursting into April tears again. But Miss Halden stopped her

mouth with her faëry-like hand. Heaven forgive Prosper! if, after all, at that moment, his man's inconsistency permitted him to feel a twinge of regret for the prize he had lost.

"You did not know," whispered the foreign *magnifico* to me, "that she has settled a handsome income upon Leonie; the papers to come down from London to-morrow. How we have been cheated and played with by these two girls, Mr. W—, *n'est ce pas?* Here have I been this moment offering myself as the alternative to the career of a *prima donna*, just within the half hour, and never dreaming .... It was listening to the echo of her speaking voice on board the steamer that day that did it! And it was a hint of this, I fancy, that made your wife, Mr. Thornton, set about mystifying me, and making me believe she was training for the profession. O, how glad I am that I came to Margate!"

"Now, my lord of Vallombrosa," said the heiress, "you are already interfering with my privileges, and deafening good Mr. W—, who has had enough of our projects, and the masquerade, which this poor unlucky figure of mine" (a slight sigh) "suggested to me by way of trial—if I may judge by his weary look. Come," (to me) "you came down as counsellor, you shall go back as chronicler, and, when you visit us in Italy, shall bring us one of your charming little novels, showing how heiresses who are afraid to be married for their money, and (how shall I put it, Mr. Thorn-

ton?) young gentlemen who are obliged to espouse themselves all for love, cannot do better than follow our example, and seek their adventures in the colonies of Cockneydom—in short, put themselves on board a Margate steamer. And now, Leonie, ring the bell for tea, and let us all be sensible again!"

It has been but a melancholy pleasure for the poor author—to borrow Franklin's simile—in the disrespectable and useless condition of half a pair of scissors, to fulfil the commission of his happy friend, the Princess Vallombrosa. But it was necessary for me to comply with her bidding, ere I cross the Alps.

ENGLAND.

BY WASHINGTON BROWNE, ESQ.

Sail from the south, and from the east and west,
To one small Isle amid the northern sea;
Ply unto Britain, mariners, cheerily:
For, though it seem but like a sea-bird's nest,
The world, wide wanderer, has no nobler guest.
Great are the island-people, brave and free;
Most wise her sons, most fair her daughters be;
And her great fame on the whole world doth rest.
Joy to your course, adventurous seamen bold,
Who seek the modern Tyre, the ocean-queen,
The very East for splendour, and for gold,
Where the whole world in little may be seen!
Her cities are what Athens, Rome, have been—
And Venice, famed for glories manifold.

THE INDIAN'S REASONS
FOR WORSHIPPING THE SUN.

BY J. FORBES DALTON, ESQ.

With reverential awe
An Indian bent him low,
When the Sun's first beam he saw
O'er the heaving ocean glow!

"Oh! why that light adore?
Hear me!" the white man cried:
So, his devotions o'er,
The Indian thus replied—

"The first man ne'er was taught,
But in wonder gazed around,
As wildly a cause he sought
For all that covered the ground.

"He looked on the earth and sky,
On the water, in the air,
On the beasts as they passed by,
But he saw no cause was there.

" Then he laid him down and sighed,
While darkness hovered o'er,
Till yon light arose in pride,
Then he bent him to adore.

" And he felt 'twas the glorious Sun
That warmed his heart and brain,
Till the end of his race was run,
And he turned to dust again.

" But the Sun still rose and set,
And saw his children rise,
Who worshipped as we do yet,
With awe and with downcast eyes.

" And then ages rolled away,
Yet that orb shone on as bright—
In his presence all was day,
Without him all was night.

" So I, in the little space
I fill in the stream of time,
With rapture behold his face,
And his majesty sublime.

" I know that each tree and flower,
And all creatures that have breath,
Are cheered by his wondrous power,
Would sink without him in death.

" I know that without his light
In vain we should delve and toil,
For his beams alone have might
To raise the fruits of the soil.

" Without him all things would die,
And my race would soon be run.
Now, white man, I've told you why
I worship the rising Sun."

THE POET AND THE MAGICIAN.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

MAGICIAN.

Thou of the wild and wandering eye,
Thou of the forehead pale and high,
Wherefore dost dwell in thy chamber lone,
Touching thy lyre, the lofty of tone,
Framing thy lays, so graceful and sweet,
The echoes of thoughts in thy heart's retreat,
And of dreams that like stars in thy spirit lie?
Little they bring thee—oh, cast them by!
Fling down the lyre, and come with me,
I can teach thee spells over earth and sea;
I will lead thee wherever the floods are rolled
Over the dust of the rich red gold;
I will show thee the founts whence the rubies start,
Branching, like veins, through the Earth's deep heart;
I will give thee the key to the innermost shrine,
Where the diamond lights up the secret mine!

POET.

Vainly, indeed, had the minstrel sung,
If only for *gold* had his lyre been strung!
Little he wins from the hand of Fame,
Save a wreath for his brow, and a life for his name;
But from the depths of his soul he hath brought
The gold and the jewels of glorious Thought;
Therefore, thou master of earth and seas!
I yield not the lyre for such treasures as these.

MAGICIAN.

Nay, but we part not thus! I have power
To raise from its ashes the perished flower;
I can show thee the place where the cool spring lies,
Too deep for the frost, 'neath the wintry skies;
I can tell thee of herbs, with mysteries rare,
That have power o'er the genii of earth, sea, and air;
I can teach thee to bid what wind shall blow,
And to bind the floods in their wildest flow!

POET.

Mighty the boon! yet my lyre's sweet tone
Hath spells and a magic all its own;
Memories of days gone by 't will restore;
Like thy mystical flower, they bloom once more;
It can find out the heart's unfathomed springs,
Where the frost of the world no fetter brings;
It can bid the whirlwind of passion rise,
Or stay the tear in the mourner's eyes!

MAGICIAN.

Yet—listen yet! For those fragile strings,
Behold, I can give thee weariless wings;
We will not number the thousand miles,
As we pass like thought to the Eastern isles;
I will take thee to gaze on the desert plains,
On cities of old, and on storied fanes,
On all thou hast longed in heart to see.
Lay down the lyre, and come with me!

POET.

Nay—not for this! in that lyre's sweet swell,
I have heard the sound of the camel's bell,
And, with the spirit's inner eyes,
I have seen the cities of old arise;
I have felt in my soul the spice-wind's breath,
And raised up pictures that know no death,
Pictures of beauty, and scenes so fair,
I marvel if brighter on earth there are!

MAGICIAN.

Heed me this once! I can teach thee a lore
Mightier than all I have proffered before;
Dost thou not long, when thine earnest eyes
Are raised to the depths of the evening skies,
To read in the orbs that sparkle there
More than their aspects of light declare?
I can teach thee the language that is not of earth—
Fling down the lyre, and at once come forth.

POET.

Oh—not with thee! let the clear stars be
Still full of wonder and mystery;
Still let me look, with a child-like love,
On those worlds of light as they roll above;
Enough that my spirit hath reverently trod
On that starry path to the Throne of God,
That a holier Teacher their voice doth tell—
Mighty Magician, I bid thee farewell!

NO MORE OF LOVE.

BY MISS LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

Oh speak no more of Love, I pray,
  Nor thus a genuine Friendship end:
Forget the theme of yesterday;
  No more of Love, my valued friend!
Must I this open manner change,
  And thy impassioned words reprove?
My trusting thoughts wouldst thou estrange?
  My valued friend, no more of Love!

Must I withdraw the willing hand
  Which I to welcome thee extend?
Thy fervent pressure reprimand?
  No more of Love, my valued friend!
The eyes—which once might fearless rest
  On thine—must I confused remove?

Be Friendship still by thine expressed—
My valued friend, no more of Love!

Thy favourite songs may I not sing?
Must all our chosen readings end,
Lest they too soft a meaning bring?
No more of Love, my valued friend!
The dance with thee must I avoid—
From thy sustaining arm remove—
Shall confidence be quite destroyed?
My valued friend, no more of Love!

And when I scornful phrases hear
Of "*How Platonic Friendships end!*"
Must I distressed and vexed appear?
No more of Love, my valued friend!
Thy altered tone brings nought but pain,
As Love would vain and hopeless prove:
Give me warm Friendship back again,
But, valued friend, no more of Love!

The world may say, "A female heart,
Whatever coldness it pretend,
Rejoices in its winning art,
And seeks a Lover in each Friend!"
I scorned with spells thy sense to bind,
Since proudly to the world I 'd prove
There is a Friendship—pure—refined—
And such I value more than Love!

IL PALAZZO.

The passions of the Italian resemble the landscape of his country; the soil, alternately barren and of the most abundant fertility; the climate, a burst of tempest that seems to root up the hills and forest, followed by a serenity undisturbed by a cloud for weeks together; the face of the land, mountains that shoot up to the heavens, covered with perpetual snows, or plains, where the eye sees league on league of rich flatness, unbroken by the slightest undulation of the ground. All is in extremes, and man is, if possible, most in extremes of all. In no country of Europe are nobler things conceived, and darker things done; in none have more brilliant triumphs of genius been achieved, and more lives been wasted in shapeless indolence; in none more professions of principle lost in feeble practice, or more zealous homage to religion absorbed and extinguished in the ceremonial of the altar.

But it is in the great passion which lays the heart at the foot of beauty that the Italian exhibits his wildest contradictions. There he is at once ardent as his own volcano and rigid as its lava — flame kindled at the moment, and rock hardened by the lapse of a

thousand years. His own magnificent and capricious Mediterranean does not heave with fiercer tumult, nor subside into deeper stillness. There his whole soul is concentrated, all his powers are employed; and neither time nor obstacle, neither fear nor artifice, can deter or lead him from his purpose, until it is consummated either in happiness or solemn and desperate revenge. If those are the more prominent instances, all take their tinge from the national complexion of his mind. The feelings of the peasant and the prince are cast in the same hot, yet rigid, mould. On earth there is no man less common-place than the Italian, even of the nineteenth century.

The Palazzo di Vimondi, on the shores of the Lake of Murino, has been for a century among the noblest structures of Italy. The family, originally come with the Norman invasion, had settled in the Milanese, had distinguished themselves by a long line of warriors in the struggles of the middle ages, and, loaded with honours, titles, and estates, had become the chief supports of the remaining independence of their country. But, Austrian gold and Austrian iron gradually corrupting the heart and fettering the limbs of the States, this once powerful family subsided into opulent and sumptuous noblesse, looking for honours at the court of Vienna, and giving subjects for the true romance of Italy, in that strange and often disturbed life which is to be found in the Italian castle.

It was late in the autumn of the memorable year,

1796, when the Duca di Vimondi returned from Vienna, where he had resided since the period of his marriage, nearly twenty years before. No nobleman of his time had commenced life with more attractive prospects before him; vast fortune, and high confidence with the Emperor Francis, were crowned by an alliance with the Lichtensteins, one of the most distinguished families of Austria, and that alliance more than crowned in the person of his only child, the loveliest girl who had appeared for many years at court. But a cloud suddenly lowered over this rich vista, a cloud which also overshadowed, though still at a distance, the fortunes of the whole empire.

The French war had just broken out. The mighty Republic, first scoffed at, and next an object of abhorrence, had now become a source of universal terror. The furious declaration by which she pronounced herself at war with all the world, the desperate violence with which she tore up society at home to fling its fragments on all other nations, and the remorseless execution with which she took vengeance wherever she conquered; had fixed all eyes, however remote, upon her wild and almost superhuman progress. Austria, the oldest, most powerful, and most principled of the continental monarchies, felt that the tempest was rolling towards her, and she prepared, though with the habitual tardiness of German councils, to meet its havoc. But, with the habitual ill-fortune of the continent during the Republican war, she threw

her whole force on the barrier of the Rhine. While this great empire waited calmly under arms, in the hope of seeing the raw French levies plunge themselves into the defiles and forests of the difficult western frontier, the danger came from an unexpected quarter; a hurricane of steel and fire was already gathering on the Alps. The intelligence of the Italian invasion came to the astonished ears of the court like a thunder-clap.

It was at first laughed at as a fable to amuse the idlers of Vienna, and then reprobated as a mark of disaffection. But courier after courier galloping to the capital at length put an end to all doubt, and converted scepticism into consternation. The Italian nobles at Vienna immediately crowded the Imperial levee, and, as a matter of etiquette, requested to be sent with the reinforcements destined for the armies beyond the Tyrol. The Duca di Vimondi, brave, sincere, and always among the most honoured, volunteered, was allowed to take with him his own regiment of Hussars, and was appointed to the command of a province in the direct line of the enemy. His lovely daughter resolved to follow him; and thus this gallant noble was embarked with all that was dear to his existence in the common chances of the peasant and the soldier.

But he was manly and intelligent beyond his countrymen. He took full measure of the crisis; he raised sharpshooters among his gamekeepers, trained

the most active of his peasantry into light troops, and, obtaining horses from the Imperial studs, equipped among his more opulent tenantry a corps of lancers, hardy, dexterous, and peculiarly fitted for the operations of the field in a mountainous and broken country. At his palazzo he kept up an hospitality unusual among the Italian noblesse, and his hours were a constant succession of business and splendour, reviews and banquets, which gave it all the reality at once of a court and of the head-quarters of an army.

It was at one of those nights of princely festivity that their enjoyments were broken off by the sudden arrival of an officer of Hulans, with despatches from Marshal Wurmser, then commanding the Austrian forces on the side of Piedmont. The despatches were opened, and their contents were sufficiently formidable. They detailed that the Austrian troops had been attacked by a vast superiority of force, had resisted bravely, but, in consequence of the failure of provisions and ammunition, had been moved to a position more in the rear, where they awaited reinforcements; and where the Duca was directed to send every disposable man and horse, loaf and cartridge, in his province, without a moment's delay.

This language was perfectly intelligible. It was clear that the army had been severely beaten, and were in full flight. The officer who brought this startling letter looked not unsuited to be the bearer of ill news, for a more sullen and savage aspect probably

never appeared in a courtly hall. His Hulan beard and moustachios obscured the greater part of his visage, but the remainder was of the darkest hue of the gipsies. His voice was rough, his manner abrupt, his glance stern and strange. But the times forbade any remarkable attention to the formality of things, and the Duca was the first to make large allowances for a brave soldier coming out of the very crush of battle. The dialogue at the supper table was characteristic.

"I fear that affairs have gone on badly with the field-marshal," observed the Duca, anxiously.

"He has been beaten — and he deserved it," said the Hulan, to the infinite astonishment of every body in the room.

"Of course the enemy had an overwhelming superiority of force?" observed the Duca, qualifying the affair.

"No; but of sense, activity, science, and courage," growled the Hulan.

The Italians raised their shoulders and eyebrows to the utmost possible elevation.

"I presume," said the Duca, in a tone intended to win a blander answer, "the marshal was pressed on some point which he had been compelled to expose."

"Yes, he exposed all, he was pressed upon all, and he was beaten upon all: Wurmser was routed on front, flanks, and rear!" said the Hulan, swallowing a goblet of wine.

"Astonishing! he has a great name," said the Duca.

"Yes. Among the old women of Vienna," was the answer.

A low laugh began to break out round the circle.

"Who commands the enemy?" asked the Duca, to get rid of the marshal's deficiencies.

"A general who commands every where," was the equally prompt and abrupt answer.

"Explain. You speak in riddles, captain."

"No, their commander and our conqueror is—Mind."

"But the name?"

"Lucifer!"

The roar of laughter could be suppressed no longer, and, though the Father Confessor crossed himself, the inquiry was pursued.

"His sable majesty's manœuvres are often sufficiently active," said Vimondi, "but I should doubt their being so very palpable as to drive the Austrian battalions, cavalry, and artillery off the field."

The Hulan now spoke out, and loftily. "The art of war never showed a more brilliant spectacle, finer movements, or a more complete victory. First, the French attacked the field-marshal on the very point on which his whole staff had pronounced that all attack was impossible. Next, they attacked him at a time when *he* pronounced that no general in his senses would think of fighting. And, thirdly, at the moment when the marshal was putting on his nightcap and smoking his last cigar, after writing a despatch in which he had annihilated all the French; a fire of cannon took the flag

clear from his tent-pole, a storm of musketry rattled through our bivouac, and a torrent of bayonets, that seemed to have started out of the rocks, swept our battalions head over heels across the mountains. In short, we were beaten, in the most thorough contempt of the art of war. If Wurmser had the opportunity, he would doubtless bring the enemy's general before the Aulic Council to-morrow, to try him for a breach of discipline."

"Ha!—by what great name among the French has all this been done?" said the Duca, angrily.

"By none; by a boy, by a stranger, a savage, a Corsican! Wurmser has been conquered, and Italy will be overrun, by a general not twenty-seven years old."

The Hulan smiled, it was the first time. The Italians had ceased to laugh, and so strong was their reliance on the prowess of the Austrians, that they began to conceive their informant to be either insulting their opinions, or making an experiment on their loyalty. To prove that they were incapable of any republican sympathy with the French, their loyalty now grew outrageous, and a general whisper conveyed to the ears of the Duca the desire of the table that the Hulan should be arrested. The Duca begged, before a measure of this extreme nature, to put another question. "Pray, captain," said he, "how far do you suppose the enemy mean to extend their movement?"

The answer was instant.

"To Vienna!"

An uproar of indignation followed the daring reply.

The Hulan seemed wholly to disregard it. Standing up, and giving the full display of his tall figure, he said, "Excellenza—I have now done my office. I have delivered my despatch. But, I shall tell you more; that I had to make my way through the French chasseurs with it. I shall tell you more even than that—within twenty-four hours, unless your Excellenza fights a better battle than Wurmser, and commands better troops than Austrians, yourself and those noble persons round you will be either prisoners or fugitives; this palace either the French head-quarters or in ashes; and this province either ransoming itself by a contribution of half a million, or given up to plunder."

The Duca listened with interest to the strong expressions of the stranger. But the surrounding advisers had neither his temper nor his understanding. The times were delicate; and, on the Hulan's being requested to retire and await the answer to his despatch, the debate grew long and loud. The Italians were unanimous for conceiving him to be either a French spy, or infected with that jealousy of the Imperial arms, of which his Hungarian comrades were in the habit of exhibiting such specimens. The result was, that the Duca was prevailed on to order him into arrest, as "the propagator of rumours injurious to the public welfare." The excessive surprise and indignation with which the Hulan received the intelligence confirmed the nobles in their conception. He argued, threatened, nay, almost intreated, but all was in vain.

He was consigned to the custody of a pair of centinels, who were planted at the door of his apartment, with orders to prevent any access whatever to the prisoner.

Night fell, the hours wore away miserably to the Hulan—but they wore away. There was a *fête* in the palazzo. Music sounded through the shades of the gardens; lights at a distance, glittering from the tall windows, showed where all was festivity: lacqueys hurrying through the courts of the magnificent building, and the noise of equipages rolling in, told that the neighbouring noblesse were crowding to the *fête*. It happened to be a high day, for it was the Saint's day of the daughter of Vimondi. And all this the unlucky Hulan saw, heard, and felt through the casement of a small garden pavilion, closely barred against the access of depredators from without, and now as closely bolted against the escape of prisoners from within. Three hours had been passed by him in a condition enough to have thrown a philosopher into a rage; and the Hulan was no philosopher. At length, by a glimpse of the moonlight he saw a female figure approaching along a walk which passed under his casement. From the lightness of her drapery, she had evidently issued from the ball-room; and the eagerness of her approach to the wreath of lamps which decorated the outside of the pavilion, and the circumspection with which she drew a letter from her bosom, showed that she had chosen the most secluded spot to indulge in a luxury of the heart.

And who was the fair reader, and what was the subject of that perusal which so seemed to absorb her?

Under that casement stood the loveliest girl of the Milanese reading the letter of her lover. As she read, her colour went and came, her heart palpitated, her eyes swam with tears of delight, her lips murmured faint tones of wonder, joy, and acquiescence. The prisoner had a full view of that most exquisite of all displays, an impassioned heart, unconscious that its impulses are observed, and giving way to all the delicious vividness of its nature. But the countenance, radiant with smiles, suddenly grew pale, the letter was brought nearer to the light, and the hands which held it visibly trembled. It was evident that some startling intelligence was contained in the closing lines which she now read with such paleness and perturbation. "He is coming here!" she spoke aloud. "I shall see him!" Her cheek glowed again—

"Celestial rosy red—Love's proper hue."

But other thoughts soon followed. "His generous heart will ruin himself," she soliloquized. "He will be taken; undone! Oh Carlos, into what miseries may not one moment of rashness plunge us both for ever!" She paused, and sank her forehead, with its jewelled tiara and nodding plumes, in her hands.

"Sophronie," pronounced a low voice. She started at the sound, buried the letter in her bosom, and would have fled. "Sophronie, *I am here*," said the Hulan. "I found it impossible to leave your fate to chance; and, at all risks, I have come."

"Santa Maria!" exclaimed his lovely and astonished hearer, "what is this! Carlos a prisoner! a soldier, too! and within my father's house! Tell me, how can all these things be? Your letter did not lead me to suppose that you had passed the Pyrenees."

All this was asked with the palpitating voice of love and terror. "Soul of my soul," was the rapturous answer, "I found that I could not live without you! But I determined to see you no more till I had made myself worthy of you — if man could ever be so. I resolved to compel even the haughtiness of your noble father to acknowledge that his rejection of me was unfounded in reason; that I had the power of bringing a name to his alliance which would not dishonour even a Vimondi; and that, in laying my heart at the feet of the most unrivalled and loved of human beings, I was not laying a dishonoured tribute before her to whom I would have rejoiced to offer the world."

"But the danger? this arrest? your coming here at this unexpected moment?" eagerly asked Sophronie, with her eyes sparkling like diamonds, through tears of mingled alarm and joy, and her cheek suffused with the deepest glow of beauty and sensibility.

"I asked a commission in the Spanish guards," said the prisoner, "and was sent, on business of the staff, to the French Government. From Paris, I was sent by our ambassador to the young and extraordinary general who now commands the army of the Alps; he professed to be pleased with my military ardour in

some slight affairs which lately took place on the frontier. I was then in his confidence; and, last night, immediately on the defeat of the Austrian army, I was despatched with orders for the advance of our left wing towards this line of the mountains."

"I see it all," wept the agitated Sophronie. "You abandoned your duty, you hazarded your life, you thought only of me, you flew to save me; and now—you are a prisoner, and we are both undone!"

"Be calm, my love," was the answer, in a voice scarcely less anxious than her own. "The first thing to be done is to relieve me from this most luckless arrest, and that must be done by the Duca without delay; for, if he should be found here by to-morrow, he will be inevitably in the hands of the French; and now I alone can lead him beyond the track of their advance."

"And you, *you* will be sacrificed!" exclaimed the half-fainting Sophronie.

"Not if I have those two centinels taken from my cage, and can try my own wings," said the Hulan, with a mixture of that sportiveness and melancholy, to which the mind is sometimes so strangely prone in peril. "My Hulan cap and beard, however they might have assisted my passage through the Austrian outposts, or disguised me from the Duca's guests, would make but a feeble mask against Buonaparte's eagle eye."

"Farewell," said Sophronie. "I shall not lose a moment in telling the Duca the story of your generous

attempt to save us, and in bringing him to thank you; nay, in acknowledging before him — that there is one heart which I prefer to all the world besides." The sound of footsteps came nearer; she darted into the shade, and disappeared.

Carlos was now in that transport of the imagination which is to be felt only by the lover, and by him only when he feels that he has deserved, by some high and noble service, the full esteem of his beloved. He had shown that no danger, no praise, no thirst of glory, could stand in competition with the safety and happiness of the beautiful creature, for whose sake he had now abandoned the most dazzling career of soldiership. Every moment till she should return was counted by the pulsations of his heart. He tore off his disguise, and prepared to meet her, the handsome cavalier that Nature made him, and the devoted worshipper that he had been made, by the brightest pair of eyes in Italy.

But the hours waned—and he looked in vain. The lights of the banquet-room gradually became dim, the sounds of the equipages driving off were heard, and yet no tidings came from his fair liberator. The sound of the centinels' feet pacing outside his door was as heavy as ever; what was to be thought of the delay? Had the Duca, indignant at such a suitor, determined on keeping him in arrest, or even giving him up to the Austrian tribunals? In the latter case, death was inevitable; in the former, suspense was scarcely less fatal. Or, had his Sophronie, in the levity

of the Italian heart, forgotten him on her return to the ball-room; or, changing her mind altogether, repented of her confession? The mind is quick in administering to its own torment, and Carlos tortured himself into thoughts of fire. At length, his impatience grew irrestrainable. He attempted to burst open the chamber door. The centinels threatened to fire on him. He promised them money. No man has a keener sense of gold than the Italian; but the promise of a prisoner, who would probably be shot within the next twelve hours, was not worth hazarding a bullet through their own brains. Those were hours of agony. He was on the point of flinging himself on their bayonets; when the distant discharge of cannon struck his ear. The sounds soon came thicker, and he saw many a symptom that the French cavalry had advanced towards the neighbourhood, and that the unfortunate Duca had been completely taken by surprise. The flames of a farm-house blazing on the hills, immediately above the palazzo, now showed a long column of French cuirassiers pouring down, and their light troops sharply engaged with the peasantry and raw levies, who kept up a scattered and feeble discharge of musketry, as they alternately rallied and ran towards the building. Carlos now saw that all hope of resistance was over, and resolved to try what chance remained of saving the Duca and his daughter. With the preternatural strength which wild emotion sometimes gives, he flung himself against the door — it gave way, and he

found that he was left alone. His guards had fled in the general alarm, and had even thrown away their arms to expedite their flight. Taking up one of their musquets, he rushed through the apartments, which, but a few hours before, had rung with such stately revelry. All were now silent, or but echoing the sound of the enemy's bugles, and the dropping fire of the skirmish, through the forest and fields.

What was to be done? There was not a soul to be found in the Palazzo to give an answer to any of the hundred questions with which he was teeming. The lights were still burning in the chandeliers—the remnants of the banquet still lay on the tables. It was evident that universal terror had produced immediate and universal flight. But where, or how, the Duca and his daughter had escaped, or whether they had escaped at all, were matters of the deepest interest, on which he yet had no hope of discovery. If the scene within the walls was melancholy, the scene without was fearful. The enemy had set the cottages on fire as they advanced, and their squadrons were seen galloping everywhere, and plundering, or pistoling, in all directions. The night was wild, and a tempest was coming from the hills; the thunder had begun to growl, and the long flashes of lightning mingled awfully with the reflection of the flames upon the heavy and low-hung clouds. At length the whole weight of the storm came down, and the palace was crowded with the French rushing in from its violence. Carlos

now felt his danger. In his eagerness to save Sophronie and her father, he had committed a breachof discipline, of which the penalty would have been immediate death on his capture. He left the palazzo, and, encountering all the rage of the storm, rushed into the forest.

Wandering from thicket to thicket, as he saw the French chasseurs and dragoons starting upon him in groupes flying towards the shelter of the only roof which their wanton devastation had left; he remained for some hours in a state of inconceivable doubt, distress, and anxiety. At length, resolved to encounter death rather than this intolerable suspense, he retraced his way, and was once again in sight of the palazzo; when he heard a struggle in a dark corner of the wood, now darker than ever through the storm. A flash of lightning, which seemed to tear the heavens open, suddenly showed him a groupe of plunderers surrounding a low car, on which a prisoner lay, tied hand and foot. The prisoner was bleeding from a wound in the forehead, and his hands, clasped on his face, concealed his countenance. But Carlos, by an instinct of humanity, plunged into the midst of the groupe, and saw—the Duca!

A crowd of peasants who had followed the car, in evident indignation at this treatment of their lord; took courage at the sight of the new champion, and, with a general roar, rushed on the escort. The affair was over in a moment; the French, surprised and

startled, fled, and the captive was liberated from his bonds.

The first question on the lips of Carlos and of the Duca together, was—"Where is Sophronie?"

Nothing had been known of her, from the moment of the interview at the grate of the pavilion; she had not been seen in the gardens; she had not returned to the ball-room, she had not been heard of during the whole period of uproar. The ball had broken up through alarm at her loss, and, in the Duca's attempt to discover her, he had been captured and wounded.

What was now to be done? The Palazzo was in the hands of the enemy, and to return thither was equally useless and hazardous. The peasantry offered to guide them through the hills to a convent, where it was at least possible that the lady had taken refuge. There were still three hours till daylight, and they had to toil their way through the defiles of mountains almost impassable by the human step. At length the foot of the mountain ridge was reached, on whose picturesque summit stood the stately convent of Santa Martha. But it soon became evident that War too was there. Lights were seen moving along the summit of the hills, and, as they approached within a league, they heard the sound of cannon. On their nearer advance, the sharp rattle of the musquetry was heard, and it was obvious that the convent was vigorously attacked and defended. Another and not less conclusive sign was given, as they reached the

skirts of the hill, in the flight of the peasantry and monks, who brought the intelligence that a retreating battalion of Austrians had thrown themselves into the convent, been followed by the French, and, from the inferiority of their force, must soon be overpowered. Still, it was determined in the agony of their hearts to proceed; but flames darting from the turrets, followed by huge volumes of smoke, and those again succeeded by vast sheets of lurid flame, soon showed that the Austrians had been burned out of their stronghold. Still, to avail themselves of the last desperate chance, Carlos and the Duca determined to persevere alone. In this intrepid resolution, leaving the peasantry behind, they made their way to the gate of the convent. But there their adventure was palpably at an end. To enter was impossible — all was a torrent of fire. To retreat was in the next instant equally impossible. A company of French voltigeurs threw themselves upon them. Neither of them had spirits to fight, or fly. Both were instantly led to the general!

The Duca, then, for the first time, saw the extraordinary man who was destined to convulse Europe. Buonaparte received him with some appearance of respect; but, turning his fiery eye on Carlos, asked him fiercely, what could have induced "a Spaniard to desert the cause of honour." "The Austrians," said the young general, turning to his soldiers, in the usual strain of his exaggerated, but vivid eloquence, "the Aus-

trians may give you money, but France gives you glory!—Monarchs can give you nothing but the chains which they give their subjects, the Republic gives you freedom!—the despots of Europe may give you titles, I shall give you thrones!" The soldiers received these lofty words with a general shout.

Carlos simply but firmly said, "General, I am neither a traitor nor a coward. I came for neither money nor titles, but to save the woman I loved." Napoleon looked sternly at him, and gave no other answer than taking out his watch, and saying to the officers of his staff, "It is now six o'clock. By twelve the army must be across the mountains. It will then halt; these prisoners must go along with us. At twelve this traitor must be shot."

The movement took place. The army passed the mountains, the Austrians vanished before them; and, as the sun reached the meridian, Carlos, weary of life, stood in front of a platoon to receive the final message which dismisses the soldier. The men had knelt down to fire, and the officer was on the point of giving the fatal signal, when Buonaparte was seen galloping up from the rear. Resolved to set an early example of discipline, he had determined to be present at the execution of an officer who had been his known favourite.

The signal was delayed until he came up; but, just as he arrived, a detachment of Austrian prisoners were seen advancing, and the execution was again delayed until the general had glanced at the new arrivals.

They were a part of the Austrian staff captured on their retreat; and in the midst of the groupe was a small waggon of the country, and in that waggon a young female, whose beauty, even in that state of terror and confusion, attracted the general's eye. He rode up to the waggon, asked her a few questions, and turned his horse's head, to attend to the more melancholy business of the day. In the next moment a scream was heard, and the beautiful girl was seen to spring from the waggon, rush through the crowd, and throw herself fainting round the neck of Carlos.

Buonaparte had more romance in his head than in his heart, but the scene had some effect even on his stern nature. The French soldiery, always brave, were then in the glow of conquest; and the whole scene was captivating to the circle of young and dashing warriors who formed the staff of the predestined conqueror of Italy. "It was *dramatique—touchant—irresistible!*"

Even the platoons dropped their muskets; and wherever Buonaparte turned, he was met by imploring eyes. The ladies too of the camp—for when was a French camp without its Armidas?—having, by the instinct which belongs to the sex in every region of the globe, discovered that something of a nature demanding their presence was going forward, came in whole battalions to the spot. All this was beyond resistance. Buonaparte would have found it much easier to storm the Alps a second time. He persevered for a few minutes, but then gave way. "Let the deserter be

shot to-morrow," was his parting order; then, putting spurs to his charger, he rushed away with the speed of the whirlwind, his natural representative. Of course, that to-morrow was never to come. That midnight, Carlos, Sophronie, and the Duca in one carriage were on their road to Milan, narrating the wonders of the last twenty-four hours; Sophronie, with blushes and tears of joy, congratulating herself on the miraculous good fortune which had brought her to the rescue of her lover at the very moment of peril. She then told her tale.

On the night of the ball, as she was hastening to claim her lover's freedom from the arrest, she had been seized by banditti placed for the purpose by a powerful but profligate noble, who had already tormented her with his addresses. She had been hurried away through the woods, and thus prevented from returning to the palazzo. A party of French dragoons had subsequently met the band, put them to flight, and brought their prize to head-quarters. The Duca's influence with Buonaparte was too powerfully pressed to suffer his intended son-in-law to fall under the bullets of his platoons, and their midnight escape was the general's simplest way of getting rid of the embarrassment. At daybreak Milan was reached, and at noon, instead of being buried under an Alpine hillock twenty-four hours, Carlos, in full health and happiness, stood beside the altar with his fellow prisoner, lovelier than ever, fonder than ever, and prouder of her lover and herself than ever.

Life is a dull and dreary thing to ninety-nine hundredths of mankind; but it *has* moments of delight, exquisite, brilliant, and indescribable. And such was the one, when Carlos the husband pressed his lips to Sophronie the wife, and her lip, glowing as the rose, returned the pressure.

SONG.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

Oh, for the days that have passed away,
The happy days of old!
When we scarcely wished glad hours to stay,
But hurried on, away, away,
The future to behold!
Oh, for the spirit's lightness,
Its fearless setting forth,
Armed only in its brightness,
To meet the ills of earth!

Then had we days unmixed with ill,
And nights of happy dreams;
And hearts too joyous to be still;
And all the power, and all the will,
To drink Life's pleasant streams.
Not, not as we are now,
'Midst the chains we cannot burst,
Seeing the waters flow,
Yet perishing with thirst.

We are grown in years, and grown in worth,
And grown in Wisdom's lore;
We are reckoned with the wise of earth;
But the sunny smile, and the careless mirth—
These, these will come no more!
Oh for the days Elysian,
The happy days of old,
Their hopes a fairy vision,
Their joys like fairy gold!

THE FLAG OF ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

When whirling flames round Moscow rose,
And fetters bowed the pride of Spain;
When Austria, chased by Gallic foes,
Fled from Marengo's fatal plain;
When Italy and Egypt knew
The woes their dread Invader hurled,
Then high the Flag of England flew,
And carried Freedom to the World!

Then honoured be the Flag that bore
The light of Triumph o'er the sea,
That burst the bonds which Europe wore,
And made the Homes of millions free!
May Peace her laurelled reign prolong,
Whilst Beauty crowns each valiant name;
And be the Poet's noblest song
The Union Flag of England's fame!

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